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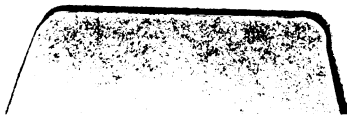
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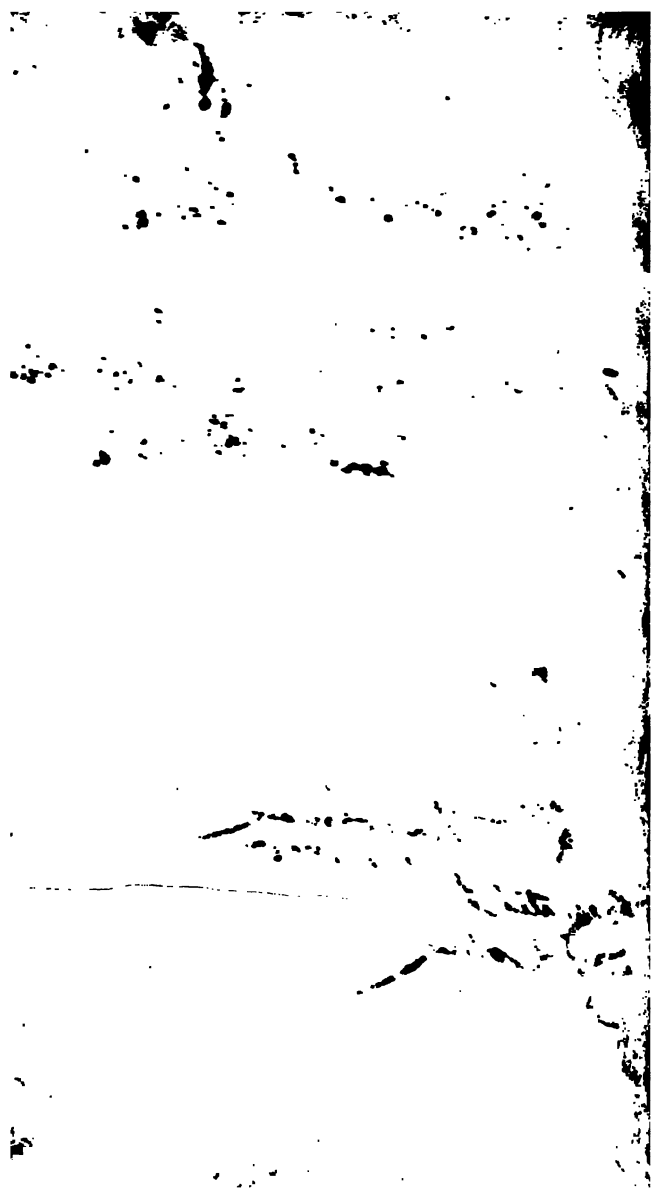
Presented to him  
by his brother Wm Emmons  
in 1812

E. W. Emmons

Wm. Emmons  
1905

presented by  
Wm. Emmons





Albert W. Jones's Book  
presented to him By his  
Brother Samuel 18 12





THE  
**READER'S CABINET:**

CONSISTING OF

MORE THAN A HUNDRED PAPERS, ORIGINAL  
AND EXTRACT,

*IN PROSE AND VERSE.*

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Calculated to Instruct the Mind....Reform the Morals....and Amend  
the Heart.

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BALTIMORE :

PUBLISHED BY JOHN KINGSTON, BOOK-SELLER, NO. 16,  
MARKET-STREET.

Samuel Magill, Printer.

1809,

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DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, SCT.

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Rector of St. Paul's Parish, Baltimore.

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A celebrated Eastern Philosopher very observes, The perfect education of a gro consists in three points, in cultivating proving his understanding, in assisting forming his countrymen, and in proc himself a fixed and unalterable habit of The great end proposed by learning. to to benefit mankind and ourselves, either or in peace, by action or speculation however, make a slight deviation from- nition of the philosopher, by fixing th ourselves and our fellow-creatures a ry end proposed by a liberal educat considering the cultivation of our a and the acquisition of knowledge. dary objects of it:—for, know- tainly be acquired before it can others; the consequence of action before the good can be seen and the mind must be enlighten ment of our natural reason. tinction can be made between apparent good.—Now, a neither be perfectly obtain



pletely improved, in the short duration of human life, unless the accumulated experience and wisdom of all ages and all nations be added to which we can gain by our own researches necessary to understand the language of the people who have been in any period distinguished for their superior knowledge; and that attainments may be made generally beneficial, must be able to convey them to other nations either in their respective dialects, or in some language which, from its peculiar excellence, may be in a manner universal—It follows, therefore, that the more immediate object of education is to learn the languages of celebrated nations, both ancient and modern—but, as these cannot, consistent with reason and propriety, be taught before our native tongue, our first step must be to make ourselves perfect masters of the language of the country in which we are born.

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THE  
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EDUCATION.

THE education of youth was ever esteemed of great importance, that we find Solon made a law, that those parents should not be relieved or regarded in their old age, by those children upon whom they had neglected to bestow a virtuous education. By this, the sentiments become generous, the carriage endearing, and the life honorable and useful.

Yet trust not in cultivation alone. It is the blessing of Heaven, which imparts success to such labours of love. If God "seal up the bottles of heaven," and command the clouds to withhold their fatness, the best manured plot becomes a barren desert. If he restrain the dew of his heavenly benediction, the rational plantation languishes; our most pregnant hopes, from youths of the most promising genius, prove abortive. Their root will be rottenness, and the blossoms will go up as dust." Isa. v. 24. Therefore let parents plant, let tutors water, but let both look to the Father of spirits for the desired increase.

*The Advantages of Education.*

It brings children into order. Such is the state of human nature, that we plainly see that those

who are not educated are wild and rude, and although some, after receiving a good education, are very disorderly, yet the regular discipline and instruction of schools have brought multitudes to be prudent and orderly all their lives.

It brings them under the means of religion and virtue. It is indeed to be lamented, that children at school too often corrupt each other ; but this is not the fault of education, nor of the master ; in general we have reason to believe that the morals of children are well guarded at most schools ; and when the teachers are truly religious, the scholars have great advantages.

It puts them into the way of great mental improvement. At all schools, there are (or should be) such instructions, and such books to be read, that if a scholar is permitted to stay a reasonable time, has a tolerable capacity, and will properly apply to learning ; very great proficiency may be made, not only for a trade and business, but the three learned professions, physic, philosophy, divinity, and to qualify for any departments of life.

It capacitates for future usefulness. It will be readily acknowledged, that some persons of great natural parts, or great application to learning, have been eminent without a regular education, but there are but a few such instances ; but in general, those who have been the most eminent as divines and poets, or literary men, are those who have had a liberal education ; and supposing that some never rise to any very eminent state, still a good education teaches us how to conduct ourselves properly in whatever state of life we are placed, and is of continual use to us.

## APPLAUSE.

To be moderate in our desires after applause, manifests a christian spirit, while it frees us from that anxiety which they are subject to, who idolize their reputation. We degrade our character when we allow it more than a subordinate regard. Like other worldly goods, it is apt to dazzle us with a false lustre; but if we would ascertain its true worth, let us reflect both on whom it is bestowed, and from whom it proceeds; and let the man who is vain of public favour, be humbled by the reflection, that in the midst of his success, he is mingled with a crowd of impostors and deceivers, of hypocrites and enthusiasts, of ignorant pretenders, and superficial reasoners, who by various arts have attained as high a rank as himself in temporary fame.

To be eager of applause discovers a slender merit, and self-conceit is always the attendant of ignorance: a man should blush when he is praised for what he does not possess. Praise would be valuable, did it confer those perfections we want. Nothing seems more sweet than praise bestowed by a person who is himself generally praised. Be careful how you receive praise from good men; neither avoid it, nor glory in it; from bad men, neither desire it, nor expect it: to be praised of them that are evil, or for that which is evil, is equal dishonour. He is happy in his merit, who is praised by the good, and imitated by the bad. Praise no man too liberally when he is present, nor censure him too lavishly when he is absent; the one savours of flattery, the other of malice, and both are reprehensible. The true way to advance another's virtue, is, to follow it; the best means to *decry* another's vice, is, to *decline it*.

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... and all the sciences which are necessary to the life and all the arts which are necessary to the convenience, are not neglected. For the regular education and instruction in sciences and in all the necessary arts to be pursued and improved in these parts.

It is strange to see that the means of religion and virtue, which are necessary to be improved, and which are a source of great comfort and joy, are not this is the result of the education of the people in general. We have seen, in several parts, that the mode of education is well qualified in most schools; and when the teachers are truly religious, the scholars have great advantages.

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Mr. Hervey, being in company with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand to his heart, "O, sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause, if you knew how much corrupt tinder I have within."



#### PATRIOTISM—A VIRTUE.

*Friends and fellow citizens,*

If ever there was a period when patriotism should burn in the heart of every native born, and every adopted son of America, it is now. We live at a most eventful period; a period unparalleled in all the history of the world: a period when that Almighty Being, at whose command empires rise and fall, flourish and decay, is terribly shaking the nations of the earth, and the signs of the times are still big with the most portentous events. But amidst the general anarchy and confusion, the clouds and thick darkness, the wars and rumours of wars—garments rolled in blood; the frightful consternation and affliction, until groaning Europe is almost become an entire aceldama, one dreadful field of gore, there is, I say, this consolation, this proud reflection, that America, the largest and most fertile quarter of the globe, is no longer a den of Dragons where the wild Asses bray, but a peaceful and pleasant land, a goodly habitation. The great disposer of events seems to have reserved this country to be the last discovered, and to be the last resort for millions of human beings, that they might shew forth his praise. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, O king of Saints; surely the Lord

hath dealt with us as he hath not dealt with any nation in all the intermediate ages from the first discovery by Columbus, to the days of Washington. There never was so favourable a circumstance to this country as it's emancipation from a foreign yoke. Events in succession, make this plainer every day. But for this propitious circumstance, we had this moment been painfully involved in the bloody European wars. Foremost in the foremost ranks of our worthy country-men, stands Washington the great. Immortal man, thy deeds shall live perpetual as thy name—before thy more valiant feats and vast achievements, “the Roman heroes and the Grecian chiefs, the boast of story, those mighty thunderbolts of war,” shall hide their diminished heads; yea, even the great Napoleon, with conquered Europe at his nod, shall bow and stoop to thee. This is no ranting senseless panegyric; this is stubborn fact, and will stand the test of ages. Then let us emulate their deeds and live as brethren and fellow citizens, in peace and love at home, and in principles of honour and honesty to all; ever remembering, that none but Americans can destroy America. In this solemn moment, the devoutest wish of my heart is, that we may hand down, unsullied, our own civil and religious liberty to the latest posterity, that myriads yet unborn may call us blessed.



A Russian peasant has lately made a watch of singular and curious workmanship; it is of the size of an egg; within it are represented the sepulchre of our Lord; the stone closing it, and the guards standing nigh—the watch is a rep aster—when the hour strikes, the stone is suddenly r

led from the mouth of the sepulchre, the guards fall on their faces, angels appear, the blessed women arrive, and the music is played which is usual to be played on Pascal Eve.



THE CHEAPSIDE APPRENTICE.

*The very affecting history of Mr. Francis H. —  
as related by himself.*

I was bound apprentice to a respectable tradesman in Cheapside. My master, Mr. Vincent, had acquired a very fair character, whilst he was making a comfortable fortune. His wife was a dressy, flashy woman, who liked visiting and jaunting more than taking care of her family; whilst my master was plodding late at night in the counting-house, Mrs. Vincent and her daughters were either making parties abroad, or giving entertainments at home. As we kept no footman, I was allowed, when shop was shut, to run from one public place to another to call a coach, to bring Mrs. Vincent and her daughters home. To lounging about the purlieus of a Playhouse I owe my ruin. I was generally allowed to be a handsome, well-made young man; this unfortunately drew upon me the notice of a set of those wretched women, who nightly crowd the Theatre; I should have been delighted with the notice they took of me, had not my vanity whispered me that Miss Vincent was in love with me. This suspicion was fully confirmed to me by one Potter, an elder apprentice, but for whose wicked advice, I might have lived happy, and died virtuously.

*The idea that Miss Vincent was in love with me, at once completed me for the coxcomb. I*

now neglected my business, and to dress out my person became the only object of my thoughts ; I began to commit little frauds on my master, in order to obtain money to dress out ; for, ever since Potter had laughed me out of my religion, every principle of moral honesty sat loosely upon me.

I am sorry to say, the holy Sabbath, in our family, was only distinguished from other days, by the shutting of the shop ; my master spent the greater part of it posting his books, and my mistress and her daughters were either dressing to go abroad, or else to receive company at home. We young men, indeed, were sent to church, but as we had no examples set us by the heads of the family going thither themselves, Potter and I generally hired a gig, and dashed away from one tea-drinking place to another ; these scenes soon made me lose all respect for virtue and religion. It was at the Dog and Duck I first saw the infamous Miss West : she was many years older than myself, but her person was as lovely as her heart was wicked. She was no sooner informed that I was to come into possession of £3000 the day I came of age, than she made use of all her deceitful arts to ensnare both my soul and body, as she often prompted me to defraud my master to supply her extravagance. My attachment to Miss Vincent was now on the decline, for Miss West had so far wrought upon my vanity, as to make me believe that so handsome a young fellow as I was, should look higher than a tradesman's daughter. From that moment I treated Miss Vincent with the most marked neglect, although I saw my conduct cut her to the heart ; yet, at the same time I was base enough to borrow money of her, which I wantonly squandered away on Miss West..



When Potter's apprenticeship expired, instead of improving his fortune by throwing it into trade, he plunged at once into all the vices of the town. He possessed a plausible kind of prate, which caused him to be appointed chairman to our club, which was chiefly composed of clerks and apprentice boys. Potter's principal excellence consisted in singing a merry song, telling an indecent story, and teaching his hearers to laugh at morality, and set all religion at defiance, for religion he maintained, was only an old woman's tale, invented by cunning heads to keep children and fools in order.

There was an honest old Porter lived in our family, who for some time had set himself to watch my conduct, and at length he made such a faithful report of it to my master, that he gave up my indentures, and turned me out of doors.

I was too much delighted with my liberty, to feel the least sense of shame at the means by which I obtained it.

I was sorry, however, to break off entirely with Miss Vincent, for I still had a lurking affection for her; I told Potter so; his inventive genius soon laid a plan whereby I might get her into my power, and take a complete revenge on her whole family at the same time. This was by writing her a letter, setting forth the violence of my love, the unmerited disgrace I had received from her family, and at the same time requesting her to grant me a private meeting in order that I might justify my conduct to her, as otherwise I feared the violence of my passion would drive me to a fit of despair.

This poor imprudent girl met me at the time *and place appointed*. I will not here shock my *readers with relating* the vile stratagems I made *use of to complete the ruin of this young lady,*

9

nor the tremendous oaths I swore to repair her wrongs by marriage, as soon as I came of age, which would be in a very few months; this somewhat abated her sorrow for the very indiscreet step she had taken.

The day I became of age I went down into the country. My friends having been apprized of my profligate life, received me very coldly. I practised the deepest hypocrisy on my good mother, to make her believe I was quite a reformed man, in order to wheedle her out of a sum of money, telling her at the same time, I had an immediate prospect of entering into a very profitable concern with a partner of great responsibility, if I could but increase my capital.

“Frank,” said she, with firmness, “there is no trusting to your promises; as long as your conduct deserved my love, you ever found me an indulgent mother; but you shall never have cause to say, I acted towards you like a weak woman, by robbing my virtuous children, to supply the wanton extravagance of a profligate son. Your wicked life, Frank, has nearly broken my heart, but it shall not shake my justice.” The well known steadiness of my mother’s temper convinced me at once she was not further to be imposed upon by the fallacy of my arguments.

As soon as I had settled my business, I returned to London to Miss Vincent, who had waited for me with the utmost patience, fully expecting I was come to fulfil my promise of marriage to her. “I can struggle with want, dear Frank,” said she, “but I will never consent to live in shame.”

Nothing, I am certain, hardens the heart like vice; for although this poor young creature was brought into a very trying situation by the prospect of soon becoming a mother, I swore I would

never make *her* my wife, who had disgraced herself by living with me as a mistress. On hearing this, in all the tender agonies of grief, she urged me to repair the wrongs I had done her, reminding me at the same time of the wicked arts I had made use of to beguile her of her innocence, and then, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she threw herself on her knees before me, beseeching me to pity the agonies which rent her soul, yet my hardened nature was untouched by her sorrow, again I solemnly swore I never would marry her.

Through excess of grief she fainted away, in which pitiable state I left her to the care of a servant, went out and spent the rest of the evening with Miss West, whose flinty heart turned into ridicule the sorrowful tale I related to her.

On returning to my lodgings the next morning, I was informed Miss Vincent had left them without leaving behind her the least information where she was to be found, and much did I rejoice when I heard it, that she had taken herself off so quietly.

I now lavished my money as though it would never have an end. By all I was esteemed the most noble spirited fellow in the world, and even little wits would be silent in my presence, because I was sure to pay for the wine upon which they were to riot. My cash at length beginning to run low, as I had been all along drawing from the principal, I advised with Potter how to get furnished with future supplies. He advised the gaming table as a never-failing friend, saying it had long since been the only resource from whence he derived his subsistence.

I took his advice, and for some months was so successful, that I began to dash away in higher *life* at the west end of the town. I bought an ele-

gant phaeton which I drove every Sunday in Hyde Park, with Miss West by my side. One day as I was driving furiously through Temple Bar, I had the misfortune to overturn a poor man with a heavy load on his back, and on his getting up I perceived him to be Mr. Vincent's old porter, to whom I formerly owed my disgrace.

"Ah! ah! what is it you young hopeful?" cried he, on seeing to whom he owed his misfortune, "well, he must needs go whom the devil drives; thy prancing nags may die a natural death, master Frank, but verily, I think it is more than thou wilt, boy, for if thou diest out of thy shoes, the gallows will be robbed of its due. What is become of poor Patty Vincent, thou profligate dog, hast thou broken her heart, as thou hast that of her poor afflicted parents?"

The sudden recollection of that unfortunate girl caused such a swimming in my head, that the reins dropt from my hands, my horses took fright, and it was almost a miracle that I got home alive. The porter's words had made such an impression on my mind, that I could not shake them off. Soon after Potter calling in upon me, I told him of my interview with the old porter, and also the effect it had on me. "Frank," said he, "if a fellow of thy spirit can be thus easily overcome by qualms of conscience, let us instantly adjourn to the tavern, since good wine is the best remedy in the world to drown all uneasy recollections in." I gladly accepted his proposal, we called a coach and off we went. He no sooner saw my spirits inflamed with wine, than he drew me to the gaming table, where, before morning, I lost every shilling I had in the world; I applied to Potter to lend me 50 guineas, as he had yvon more than 200 of me.

Laughing heartily he told me, it had ever been a maxim with him, never to lend his money to a man who had not prudence to keep his own; "but harkee, Frank," said he, "I'll give thee my best advice gratis: such a noble spirited young fellow as thou art, needs never be at a loss for money, while he can snap a trigger, and the highway is left open for him to practise upon. Men who follow the same course of pleasure, are the last people in the world to help each other in the hour of distress; virtuous men, Frank, only feel for the wants of their friends, and they alone find pleasure in relieving them." He then whistled himself off.

When I got home, I sat revolving in my mind how to get myself out of my present difficulties, when in a fatal moment, Satan whispered in my ears the word FORGERY. At first I started at the thought, but my poverty was clamorous, my pride startled at disgrace, although my conscience did not shudder at the crime. I knew I could copy Mr. Vincent's hand exactly. I snatched up the pen to draw a bill upon him for 500l. but a cold shivering seizing me, it dropt from my fingers—a strong sense of my guilt now overtook me—I tore what I had written to pieces, and exclaimed, I am a free man again; and for a moment felt thankful that I had been enabled to resist the violence of temptation. I sat pondering, however, how I should maintain myself; again I was assaulted with the dread of poverty, and again I snatched up the pen, drew the fatal bill, and instantly went out and got it accepted.

But the moment I sought to take rest at night on my pillow, I felt as if all the horrors of Hell had seized me. I jumped out of bed in my sleep, *and was going to throw myself out of the window, having dreamed that I was apprehended, the*

people of the house, awakened by my cries, ran into the room, concluding some villains had broken in, and were going to murder me.

I never afterwards went into the street but my fears told me I was the subject of conversation of all the people I met. Once I happened to hear one man say to another, pointing to a third, "that's he, that's he," I took to my heels, concluding that I myself was meant, and ran from one street to another, without knowing whither, till my sight failed me, and through loss of breath I dropped down in a fit. Some humane people however, recovered me, and put me into a hackney coach which carried me home.

#### PART 2.

One day a sudden gust of wind blew open my chamber door, again I concluded the officers were coming to take me. Snatching up the poker to defend myself, I swore I would not be taken alive, when turning about suddenly I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass, my eyes looked wild, my lips quivered, my jaws dropped, my teeth chattered, and my body shook, as though the last agonies of death were upon me. On finding I was once more become the dupe of my fears, my spirits rallied again, I dressed and went to the play; there I met Sally West, whom I had not seen for some weeks; for, to say the truth, I dreaded to meet an old acquaintance from the time I committed the forgery; after the play, we went off together to sup at a tavern, we had not been there a quarter of an hour when she made an excuse for quitting the room; in about ten minutes she returned to me, expressing in the tenderest terms the satisfaction she had to see me again.

I was seized and brought hither. I have, however, since been prevailed upon to send my poor half famished babe to my parents, hoping they will afford her that bread which her dying mother dared not ask for herself." Observing I was speechless with agony, poor Patty went on. "I did not wish to see you, Frank, to afflict you, I wish only to warn you with my dying breath, to repent the evil of your ways, and humble your soul before God. Repentance for sin, Frank, though bitter for the moment, yet I have found healthful to the soul, and however the wicked who are at ease, may deride the God who made them, yet the sighing and the sorrowing heart will flee unto him, as the only present help in time of trouble; I shall very soon lay down my heavy burden of sickness and sorrow, and escape from a darksome prison, as I humbly trust, to everlasting rest.—O Frank! Frank! It is far safer to die a penitent in a jail, than to live in a palace, with a heart untouched with God's grace."

Here she was interrupted by the unexpected entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent. O ye, who shall hereafter read my story, drop a tear of pity at the agony I now endured! They no sooner beheld their child, than each by turns, tenderly embraced her, assured her of their forgiveness, and gently chid her for having concealed herself so long, adding, that as a penitent child they would most gladly have received her, though they would have shunned her if they found her living in prosperous wickedness. She thanked them, and said,

"Mourn not my death, my dearest parents, but rather rejoice that I die penitent for my *transgression*, and since I have received your blessing *and forgiveness*, I have but one more favour to

ask in life, which is, that you my kind father, will extend your pity towards that young man," pointing to me. "O save him, if possible, from an ignominious death, and remember that *my* child is also *his*. My business in life is done, and now, O heavenly Father! receive my spirit, and pardon my sin through Jesus Christ my Redeemer." Here her speech failed her, and after a few convulsive struggles she expired.

Great Heaven! is there any punishment for me to suffer hereafter beyond what I endured at the moment? A dead silence succeeded for some time, my groans only were heard. As soon as Mr. Vincent had somewhat recovered the shock, he raised himself from the body of his child, and spoke to me as follows:

"Behold, O young man, the calamities which your crimes have brought on my family! Behold my departed child lying on the bosom of her fainting mother; yet I am not insensible to the agonies which rend your soul, and sorry am I to add to them, by telling you, your excellent mother went out of her senses, on hearing you had committed a crime, by which you had forfeited your life to the laws of your country. O Frank! Frank! what deep distress can one profligate child bring on whole families! Your crimes, alas! have brought on your own destruction, for I fear it will not be in my power to befriend you on your trial, much as I am disposed to do it in consideration of your relations. Too late, Frank, you must now see how fatal an excessive love of pleasure must prove to a young tradesman. Honest industry is generally a sure road to wealth: as a sober religious life is to happiness. To your cost you must already have experienced, that the wicked can *have no repentance upon each other*, since you



are betrayed, and brought to shame, by those very friends who first led your youth astray."

"O, Sir," cried I, "few and evil have been my days, but the great God above who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, can alone judge of the sorrows of mine: it is not, Sir, the punishment of death which I fear, but the just revenge of offended Heaven which must follow it; for, though a very young man, I am a very old sinner. Alas! my dear and honoured mother, is it then true, that the crimes of your own child have robbed you of your senses? And yet the merciful hand of God has hitherto withheld his vengeance from striking me dead. To whom shall I fly for mercy and pity in my distress? from the law I cannot expect it, and from the offended majesty of high Heaven I dare not hope it, since my present punishment is but the certain wages of my sin." Here I am told I fell into strong convulsion fits, and in that condition was conveyed to my cell.

*Written the night before my execution,*

It is now a month since I was put on my trial, and my guilt being fully proved to the court, I am condemned to expiate the enormity of my crimes upon the ignominious gallows!

O ye thoughtless young men, who have forsaken the God of heaven to follow after the enticing pleasures of this world, attend to my words as to those of a man speaking to you from the grave, since the dawn of that day is now breaking on the world, in which I shall be numbered with the dead. Although at the time I write, I am in all the prime of youth, and all the vigour of health, I shall this day die a just victim to the broken laws; and my precious soul may be consigned over to everlasting torments, unless the great *Judge of all things* will be graciously pleased to

accept my sorrow for my sin, through a merciful Redeemer.

My days are numbered, my hours are few,  
and the tolling bell will soon be summoning me  
to meet my God in judgment. The convulsive  
struggles of death are already upon me before  
I reach the gallows, whereon I must shortly  
hang as a warning spectacle to gaping thousands,  
and from whence I must shoot through the great  
gulf which parts

TIME FROM ETERNITY !

O, blessed Lord, have mercy on my soul.

The above account was found in the young  
man's pocket after his execution.



Lines written by the king of Prussia, after a  
most decisive defeat, when one of his general of-  
ficers had proposed to set him the example of  
self-destruction.

In these sad moments of severe distress  
When dangers threaten and when sorrows press ;  
For my defence behold what arms are given,  
Firmness of soul and confidence in Heaven :  
With these, tho' fortune hunt me thro' the land,  
Tho' instant, utter ruin seem at hand,  
Compos'd and self-collected I remain,  
Nor start at perils, nor of ills complain ;  
To mean despair the low the servile fly,  
When hope's *bright star* seems darken'd in their  
sky ;

Then shines the christian, and delights to prove  
His faith unshaken and unchang'd his love.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION BY MR. VER-  
PLANCK OF NEW-YORK.

*Fellow citizens !*

This is a day of no common joy. This day we celebrate a triple festival—the birth-day of our nation, the return of peace, the triumph of principle. We rejoice, that another year has found our country free, and great, and happy. We rejoice, that the storm of war which hath long hung black and threatening over our heads, is now fast breaking away. We rejoice, that the warning voice of the sages and patriots of our land has at length been heard—that our citizens have been awakened to a knowledge of their dangers, and our rulers to a sense of their duty. It is indeed, a season of triumph. Each honest heart beats high with patriotic pride. And of such independence and such a land as ours, who would not be proud ? who so dull and cold as to view without exultation, the rising glories of such a country ? Our domain—of boundless extent, and of endless variety of soil, and clime, and produce—a land overflowing, bursting with redundant plenty. Our cities—gay with every elegance of polished life, and rich with the arts of peace and the profits of commerce. Our soil—filled by a race of freemen, lords of the soil, lords of themselves. Here reigns the true equality of civilized man, the equality of equal liberty and equal laws. Here, the mind free and unshackled as the body, cramped and confined by no rude oppression, expands and dilates itself to the full stature and proportions of perfect manhood ; and, as if labouring to repay the prodigal liberality of nature, essays its strength in every variety of ingenious speculation, of liberal art, and of useful invention—*one* while, like the Mohawk,

winding along in gay luxuriance through smiling meadows and fields glad with harvest, dispensing joy and health, and fertility}; and now again, like the Hudson, rolling its steady course to the ocean, and bearing on its broad bosom the rich products of our industry, our arts, and our enterprise.



*Reason of the use of the phrase "LET US PRAY," in the Liturgy of the Church of England.*

It is not in our power to prevent distraction, interruption and a vocation of thought even in our religious addresses to god. While the soul is immersed in matter, it will be sometimes too languid to raise its thought, or too volatile to fix them steadily upon God. This is our frailty, our misfortune—but not to be imputed to us as a sin, provided we strive against it: And when we have done all we can, we have done all we ought, for this reason, as soon as we enter the Sanctuary, we should beg the assistance of God's spirit, that our thoughts may be fixed, that we may be collected in ourselves, and serve God with that undivided attention which is due from a creature to a Creator; as knowing that it is ridiculous to expect God to hear us when we really do not hear ourselves, which is the case when our lips move as it were mechanically, but our minds are absent and inattentive. It was with this view (see Bisse's beauty of Holiness) that in the ancient Greek Liturgies, the deacon was ordered to cry aloud "let us pray fervently;" and again some time after "let us pray more fervently." And it would be well if we

could make this use of that extraordinary admonition which occurs so often in our Liturgy, viz. "Let us pray"—and which was inserted with this design, among others, to rally our undisciplined thoughts, to recall our straggling ideas, and to put us in mind, that we ought to be praying with an affectionate application.

[*Secd's Sermons.*

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*Reasons for the Perpetuity of the American Republic.*

1st. Our country presents a boundless field to active enterprize; and honest exertion can, here, rarely fail of success. As long as this state of things continues, we have little to fear from the irregular ambition of those aspiring spirits whose vigorous struggles for the attainment of wealth and power so often throw into commotion those old and populous states, where all the sources of riches are under the controul of a few overgrown capitalists; while the only avenues to public distinction, are the claims of hereditary dignity, or of seniority and slow ascent through the routine of public service. 2nd. Our division into state governments—The sovereignties of the states comprise so much of that part of legislation which comes most nearly home to the feelings and interests of the individual, that those passions, which if felt at once throughout the nation, and directed to a single point, might endanger the safety of the whole, are now employed on smaller objects and on a smaller scale. The flame of local faction may for a time blaze with vehemence, but it is pent up in the narrow limits of the state where it originates; its ravages are

slight, and the reparation easy. 3d. the facility with which party rage finds an easy and harmless vent—The immense number of legislative and corporate elective bodies in the United States, form a vast system of checks and balances, perhaps, more efficient than those regularly provided by the constitution; while the consequent frequency of elections, which to a mere speculative politician might seem of the most dangerous tendency, is, really, found productive of very salutary effects. For a week or two previous to every election, all is noise and tumult—but beyond this we have little to dread. All that is most dangerous in the excess of party feeling in the people is refined away by filtration through the medium of their representatives—the victorious party forget their anger and personal animosities in the joy of triumph, and the vanquished solace their mortification with boasts of what they can do at the next election; or are, perhaps, consoled for the loss of their president or governor, by succeeding in their members of assembly, or getting a majority in some city corporation.



#### A DEVOTIONAL REFLECTION.

The follies of an early life I see,  
 Nor aught so shocking now appears to me;—  
 Those actions never could from thought arise,  
 Whose only fruits are penitence and sighs!  
 O! may th'omniscient then the whole impute.  
 Not to the man, but to th'incautious brute:  
 Sunk by corruption, and restored by grace,  
 The Gospel terms I gratefully embrace;  
 Since reason and religion both agree,  
 Comfort, blest Saviour! only flows from thee.

*Friends and Brothers of the Washington Society.*

Among the many impressive lessons of political wisdom which may be drawn from the history of republican Rome, one of the most remarkable may be found in the conduct of their senate towards an unfortunate general, whose rash imprudence had almost caused the ruin of the state. When the senate was assembled to hear the disastrous tale of Cannæ, they learnt that through the misconduct of their chief, a chosen army, the last hope of the nation, had been utterly discomfited, and the flower of the Roman youth left dead upon the field, but when they were told that the consul, even in the hour of overwhelming shame and confusion, had not forgotten that he was the first magistrate of a great people—that he was rallying the scattered remnants of his routed legions, and summoning to his aid whatever of resource or succour the dignity of the Roman name, or the authority of his own high station, could yet command, every spark of resentment died away, and a vote was solemnly passed, that the consul had deserved the thanks of his country, for not having despaired of the republic. That praise, fellow-citizens, is yours. At a time when general and individual calamity pressed heavily upon all classes, when others stood in cold and stupid despondency, you did not despair of the republic.

In the darkest period of that gloom, ere yet the day spring had dawned in the east, you arose to the protection of your country and the relief of your fellow citizens. You collected into one channel each little rill of charity, which had hitherto wandered as chance or caprice might guide, *and bade them flow in one steady stream of judi-*

scious bounty. You reared the standard of principle and called upon every honest man to rally around it. Excluding with scrupulous care the bigoted monarchist and the rancorous jacobin, you united into one body all who honoured the constitution, all who venerated the memory of Washington. His life you selected as the great example of your conduct—his last solemn charge to his countrymen as the text book of your policy. The success, which has already crowned your efforts for the diffusion of truth and the relief of distress, is such as should excite you to yet higher exertion. Proceed then as you have begun. Though calumny assail, though difficulties arise, still persevere. Hand in hand—friends, fathers, fellow-countrymen—hand in hand boldly persevere. *Persevere* and you proceed triumphantly. Triumphant in the consciousness of virtuous principle, triumphant in the certainty of ultimate success—fully assured, that whatever dangers may seem to impend, if the nation be but sound at heart there is nothing to fear. The dream of delusion will soon flit away. The people will arise in the majesty of their might, and *save themselves*.

*Verplanck's Oration.*



*Hint to persons who come late to worship.*

A woman who always used to attend public worship, with great punctuality, and took care to be in time; was asked how it was she could always come so early; she answered, very wisely, that it was a part of her religion not to disturb *the religion of others*.

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## A SERIOUS REPORTEE.

Said Frank to his sister, 'I heard t'other day,  
 You pious folks always believe when you pray;  
 The Almighty is sure to attend to your prayer,  
 And grant you your wishes whatever they are?'

'No, brother, we don't, she meekly replied,  
 Some are granted in grace, some in justice de-  
 nied:

If heaven had answer'd my fervent desire,  
 You'd have long since been snatch'd as a brand  
 from the fire.



## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT:

Sweet babe!

She glanc'd into our world to see  
 A sample of our misery;  
 Then turn'd away her languid eye,  
 To drop a tear or two and die.  
 She tasted of life's bitter cup,  
 Refus'd to drink the portion up,  
 But turn'd her little head aside,  
 Disgusted with the taste, and died.

Sweet babe!

She listen'd for a while to hear,  
 Our mortal griefs, then turn'd her ear  
 To angel harps and songs; and cry'd  
 To join their notes celestial—sigh'd, & dy'd.

Sweet babe!

Sweet babe no more, but seraph now,  
 Before the throne behold her bow;  
 Her soul enlarg'd to angels size,  
 Joins in the triumphs of the skies;  
 Adores the grace that brought her there,

Without a wish, without a care ;  
 That wash'd her soul in Calv'ry's stream ;  
 That shorten'd life's distressing dream ;  
 Short pain, short grief, dear babe was thine,  
 Now joys eternal and divine.



#### ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

The language of *adulation*, especially if *delicate*, is pleasing to most persons. Listen not, however, with eager attention, to the compliments paid you by the other sex ; nor believe, because they may utter a few tender expressions, that they are enamoured with you. Remember, that some gentlemen think it a duty they owe to ladies, to be very complaisant to them ; but that the very same compliments they pay to one lady, will, with equal ardour, the next moment be conferred by them on another.

Avoid *affectation*, it indicates a want of sense. *Affectation* is also disagreeable ; it will expose you to ridicule, and may obscure the good qualities you possess.

While you shall hold virtue in the highest esteem, suffer not yourselves to be charged with *prudery*. It may cause your virtue to be suspected, and is often a cloak for a depraved heart.

Blush not to be *thought religious* ; nothing can so dignify and bless human nature as religion. But while you strive to be *strictly religious*, you will discard all the parade and ostentation of *hypocrisy*.

Be not hasty to propagate a report *unfavourable* to any of your sex. It is an evidence of a *bad heart*, to publish, with pleasure, the foibles

or vices of others. Such conduct must be very unbecoming in *young ladies*, for reasons too obvious to mention; and they should always remember, that the vices of others add not to their virtues.

If a present is *conferred* by you, on a gentleman, it should be done with *great prudence*; and it should be observed, that *equal prudence*, is required by you, in *receiving* a present from one not of your sex.

It should be considered, that beauty is *no sign of merit*; and that an handsome person may be rendered disgraceable by *pride*.

It will add to your *reputation*, never to be guilty of *detraction*, but to shew a *regard* rather for the *honour* of others; and to *your peace*, never to indulge the passion of *envy*.



### *Lions born in Paris and London.*

One of the lionesses of the Botanical Garden at Paris, whelped during the night between the 18th and 19th Brumaire (year 9) three young ones, alive and at the full time. This is the same lioness, which, having become pregnant, for the first time, last year, hurt herself and miscarried on the 17th messidor. On the day of her whelping she appeared languishing, and would not eat. She whelped her first young-one at 10 o'clock at night; the second at 11 o'clock within a quarter, and the third at 2 o'clock in the morning. She uttered no cry, and was as gentle to her keeper as usual. These young lions, all three males, were at their birth about as big as adult cats, but they had a *bigger head*, and their eyes were open; they *crawled along the ground*, and their cries were

like the very loud mewings of a cat when exasperated. Their heads were void of mane, and their whole bodies covered with a reddish hair, spotted with points and blackish bands; their tails were marked with black rings on a ground of tawny colour. These three young lions are well in health and grow stronger every day. The mother cherishes them with the greatest care. This is not the first time that lions have produced in Europe. An example of this is quoted in the *Ami de la Nature*, or *Choix d'Observations sur divers objects de la Nature et de l'Art*, which the author has taken from an English book, entitled *London in Minature*, and printed in that city in 1755. "Entering the Tower of London, we were conducted to some iron-grated cells, in form of half moons, inhabited by lionesses of different ages. The first shewn us was the Princess Dido, then in all the vigour of youth, about six years old, and handsome in every respect. The second was named Jenny; we were told she was about forty years old. This was the oldest lioness ever seen in the Tower, although for five hundred years this kind of animal has been kept there. She has been mother of nine young lions, all begotten by a lion named *Marco*, now dead. These nine young lions died in rearing, with the exception of *Nero*, who died about two years ago, having lived to be ten years old; and of *Nancy*, who lived double that age. It was not without extreme care that they could preserve these two last young lions, for no animals are more difficult to rear, on account of the convulsions which they are subject to at the period of dentition. They were kept for the first year in a warm chamber, and fed with milk. They were as gentle as sheep, but their natural ferocity was quickly developed with their growing strength."

## HASSAN ;

*Or, the Camel-driver.—An Eclogue.*

Scene, The Desert. Time, Mid-day,

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,  
 The driver Hassan with his camels past ;  
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,  
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;  
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.  
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,  
 And not a tree and not an herb was nigh ;  
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,  
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !  
 With desp'rate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man  
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus  
 began ;

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 “ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my  
 way !”

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,  
 'The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !  
 Bethink thee, Hassan ! where shall thirst assuage,  
 When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?  
 Soon shall this scrip it's precious load resign,  
 'Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear  
 In all my griefs a more than equal share !  
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,  
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,  
 In vain ye hope the green delight to know  
 Which plains more bless'd or verdant vales be-  
 stow ;

Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,  
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 “ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !”  
 Curs'd be the gold and silver which persuade

Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade !  
 'The lily peace outshines the silver store,  
 And life is dearer than the golden ore ;  
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown  
 'To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town :  
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;  
 And are we only yet repaid by thee ?  
 Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,  
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?  
 Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,  
 'The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?  
 Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,  
 'The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride ;  
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold  
 'Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?  
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"  
 O cease, my fears !—All frantic as I go,  
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,  
 What if the lion in his rage I meet !—  
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet ;  
 And fearful oft, when Day's declining light  
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,  
 By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,  
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train ;  
 Before them death with shrieks directs their way,  
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.  
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my  
     way !"  
 At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep ;  
 Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,  
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
 'Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,  
 From lust of wealth and dread of death secure ;  
 'They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;  
 Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my  
 way !”

O hapless Youth! for she thy love hath won,  
 The tender Zara! will be most undone.  
 Big swell’d, my heart, and own’d the powerful  
 maid,

When fast she dropp’d her tears, as thus she said:  
 “ Farewel the youth whom sighs could not detain,  
 “ Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain!  
 “ Yet as thou go’st, may every blast arise  
 “ Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs ;  
 “ Safe o’er the wild no perils may’st thou see,  
 “ No griefs endure, nor weep, false Youth! like  
 me.”

“ O! let me safely to the fair return,  
 “ Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;  
 “ O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,  
 “ Recall’d by Wisdom’s voice and Zara’s tears.”  
 He said, and call’d on Heav’n to bless the day  
 When back to Schiraz’ walls he bent his way.

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#### THE GOOD CHILD.

I very well remember a tender-hearted daughter in London, who with unremitting attention and filial love, sweetened the last declining periods of an aged parent, who had once seen better days. Truly of her it might be said, “ the father found a parent in the child.” My dear children, recollect this is almost your brightest earthly gem ; this is the first commandment ; with promises this is the way for God and man to bless you, and you will be sure to have a good reward, even in this world, if you “ honour your father and mother.”

*Observations on Oriental Eclogues.*

The genius of the Pastoral, as well as of every other respectable species of poetry, had its origin in the east, and from thence was transplanted by the Muses of Greece; but whether from the continent of the Lesser Asia, or from Egypt, which about the era of the Grecian Pastoral was the hospitable nurse of letters, it is not easy to determine. From the subjects and manner of Theocritus one would incline to the latter opinion, while the history of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it should still remain a doubt through what channel the Pastoral travelled westward, there is not the least shadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In those ages which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time we call the early ages, it appears from the most authentic historians that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd.

From these circumstances it is evident not only that such shepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the Pastoral kind; would take its subjects from those scenes of rural simplicity in which they were conversant, and, as it was the offspring of harmony and nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the most ancient poems treat of agriculture, astronomy, and other subjects *within* the rural and natural systems.



What constitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Pastoral is love, and the colloquial or dramatic form of composition is sometimes dispensed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought sufficient to distinguish the Pastoral. The tender passion, however, seems to be essential to this species of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from those pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in those Eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whose only purport is a trial of skill between contending shepherds, love has its usual share, and the praises of their respective mistresses are the general subjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time: we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the Alexandrian library.

Those ingenious Grecks, whom we call the parents of Pastoral poetry, were probably no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter sources, and kindled their poetical fires at those then unextinguished lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himself of those magnificent images and descriptions so frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Testament.

And as the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was *entertained at that prince's court*, had borrowed

some part of his pastoral imagery from the poetical passages of those books.

In consequence of the peculiarities of the eastern style so ill adapted to the frigid genius of the north, Mr. Collins could make but little use of it as a precedent for his *Oriental Eclogues*.



*The SWEET BRIAR ; written in August, 1798, at Keswick, in Cumberland.*

AS late along the flow'ry side  
 Of Derwent's murmuring stream I stray'd,  
 A rosy sweet-briar-bush I spy'd,  
 Full blooming in the sunny glade.  
 Its blossoms glow'd with crimson dye,  
 As o'er the glassy wave they spread,  
 And on the gales that sported by,  
 Their delicate perfume was shed.  
 This day, returning to the spot,  
 To view the bush so richly blown,  
 With tearful eye I marked it's lot ;  
 For all the crimson bloom was gone.  
 " Now far away thy blossoms glide,  
 " Along the stream that laves thy feet—  
 " Ah! cruel was yon faithless tide,  
 " To rob thee of thy flowers so sweet !  
 " Thy fate demands a pitying tear ;  
 " Yet why, sweet mourner, thus complain ?  
 " For smiling spring shall soon appear,  
 " To swell thy ruby buds again.  
 " Like thee the artless maiden smiles,  
 " Adorn'd with beauty's mildest grace ;  
 " Till robb'd by man's insidious wiles,  
 " The virgin bloom forsakes her face."

But when to *her* shall spring appear,  
 Soft beauty's germ again to break?—  
 Not all the roses of the year  
 Can animate her faded check.

Ye wintry winds! O, freeze the wave!  
 That caused yon rosy sweet-briar's doom;  
 And O! ye lightnings, blast the slave,  
 That dares despoil a virgin's bloom!



*Account of some of the singularities of the late  
 Mr. Howard.—By Mr. Pratt.*

Howard had many singularities, but very few affectations. It was singular for mere mortal man to go about doing good for the sake of doing it: to devote his fortune, and his life, to explore the most neglected, and the most forlorn of the wretched, and to relieve them "according to their several necessities"—to begin the work of benevolence, where other people's bounty commonly ends it—in a prison. All this, I say, was very singular, but wholly pure of affectation. Further, it was singular, deserving that word, indeed, inasmuch as in human history—it is without a parallel—to put himself to the greatest personal inconveniencies, and to encounter the greatest dangers, often of life itself, to accomplish the proposed ends of his philanthropy, since it is notorious that he traversed the earth, without any consideration of political distinctions, or the nature of climate, in search of his objects, by which perseverance and intrepidity of resolution, he overcame all impediments that would have deterred many excellent persons from attempting the like enterprizes; and made even those faint by

the way, who, with like good hearts, but with less firm minds, would have found themselves unequal to like undertakings : yet, in Howard, this was altogether unaffected : and, before any man sets down any part of it to a love of being particular, or to a love of fame, arising therefrom, let him well and truly examine his own heart, his own disposition, and see that he is not hunting about for an excuse to his own want of benevolence, or to his own vanities, in being bountiful by lowering the principle of benevolence in another. Let it not be imputed to John Howard, as a dishonour, that he had enemies, who, while they could not but applaud the blessed effects of his virtue, laboured to depreciate the cause : the Saviour of the whole world, whom, perhaps, of human creatures he most correctly imitated, had the same, and to resemble his divine example, even in the wrongs that were heaped on his sacred head, is rather glory than shame.

“ He was singular in many of the common habits of life : for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linnen, and clothes, to dry ones, and both rising and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get ; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, refreshed and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries ; nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as it depended on himself, for six and twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a person, a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life : and he had not for the last sixteen years of his existence, eaten any fish, flesh, or fowl ; nor sat down to his *simple* fare of tea, milk, and rusks, *all that time.* His journeys were continued from

prison to prison, from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day, and where he could not go with a carriage he would ride, and where that was hazardous, he would walk. Such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

There are those who, conscious of wanting in themselves what they envy in others, brand this victorious determination of suffering no let, or hindrance, to stop him from keeping on in the right way, as madness. Ah, my friend, how much better would it be for their neighbours, and for society, were they half as mad. Distractions they doubtless have, but it is to be feared, not half so friendly to the interests of human kind. But, indeed, all enthusiasm of virtue is deemed romantic eccentricity, by the cold hearted.

With respect to Mr. Howard's personal singularities above described, though they were certainly hazardous experiments, in the first instance, it was not useless for a man, who had pre-resolved to set his face against wind and weather, and after passing all sorts of unhealthy climates to descend into the realms of disease and death, to make them.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the fury of the plague in Constantinople, he favoured me with a morning visit in London; the weather was so very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock in my room struck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, *having set himself down with the utmost composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes, &c.*

“Yes,” said he, smiling, “I had my fears, as I knocked at your door; that we should go over the old business of apprehensions about a little rain water, which, though it does not run from off my back as it does from that of a duck, goose, or other aquatic bird, it does me as little injury; and after a long drought is scarcely less refreshing. The coat I have now on, has been as often wetted through as any duck’s in the world, and, indeed, gets no other sort of cleaning. I do assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broad cloth in the universe. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships, with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who, being familiar with storms and hurricanes, necessity and nakedness, are a thousand times (so forcible is habit) less to be compassionated than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers by night and fires by day, are taught to feel like the puny creature stigmatized by Pope, who shivered at a breeze. All this is the work of art, my good friend; nature is more independent of external circumstances. Nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her with indulgencies from the moment we come into the world—a soft dress and soft cradle begin our education in luxuries, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified: on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe, as it were, in fire, avoid a tempest which sweetens the air, as we would a blast that putrifies it; and guarding every crevice from an unwholesome breeze, when it is the most elastic and bracing, and lie down upon a *bed of feathers*, that relax the *system more than a night’s lodging upon flint stones.*”

“You smile,” added Mr. Howard after a pause, “but I am a living instance of the truths I insist on. A more ‘puny whipster’ than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen. I could not walk out an evening without wrapping up—if I got wet in the feet, a cold succeeded—I could not put on my shirt without it’s being aired—I was politely enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was, occasionally, troubled with a very gentle hectic. To be serious, I am convinced, that what emasculates the body, debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to us as social beings. I, therefore, entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapours, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this, I used to be a miserable dependant on wind and weather; a little too much of either would postpone, and frequently prevent, not only my amusements, but my duties—and every one knows, that a pleasure or a duty deferred, is often destroyed. Procrastination Young very justly called the ‘Thief of Time.’ And if, pressed by my affections, or by the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, not seldom afflictive.—I muffled up even to my nostrils; a crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me, a sudden slope of the wheels to the right or left, set me a trembling, a jolt seemed like dislocation, and the sight of a bank or precipice, near which my horse, or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much, that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and great fires, were to comfort me and keep out

the cold, as it is called, at every stage ; and if I felt the least damp in my feet or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be instantly put on, the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot going to bed, and before I pursued my journey the next morning, a dram was to be swallowed down to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being, so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease."

"Every man," continued Mr. Howard, "must in these cases be his own physician. He must prescribe for, and practise on, himself. I did this by a very simple, but as you will think, very severe regimen ; namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged. But as it is always much harder to get rid of a bad habit than to contract it, I entered on my reform gradually ; that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgencies by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, and a cheerful glass, that is to say, one more than does you good, made me incapable, or at best disinclined to any useful exertions for some hours after dinner—and if the diluting powers of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper comes so close upon it, that I was fit for nothing but dissipation, till I went to a luxurious bed, where I finished the enervating practices, by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen of hours on a stretch. You will not wonder that I arose the next morning with the solids relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the juices thickened, and the constitution weakened. To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It is really wonderful to consider, *how imperceptibly* a single morsel of animal



food and a tea-spoonful of liquor deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions without any injury to the corporeal—nay, with increase of vigour to both. I brought myself, in the first instance, from dining upon many dishes, to dining on a few, and then to being satisfied with one; in like manner, instead of drinking a variety of wines, I made my election of a single sort, and adhered to it alone.”

## PART 2.

“In the next place—but I shall tire you.”

I intreated him to go on till I shewed, either by words or actions, that I was weary.

He proceeded thus:—“My next business was to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish and bottle. My case, vivacity, and spirits augmented. My clothing, &c. underwent a similar reform, the effect of all which is, and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a mountain, or driven down a valley. If an accident happens, I am prepared for it, I mean so far as respects unnecessary terrors; and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, wet feet, night air, damp houses, transitions from heat to cold, and the long train of hypochondriac affections.”

“Believe me, we are too apt to invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe to ourselves. For instance, we are forever giving hot things when we should administer cold. On my going down to my house last week in Bedfordshire, the overseer of my grounds met me with a pail full of comfortable things, as he called them, which *he was carrying to one of my cows, which was afflicted sorely with, as he called it, a racketty*

complaint in her bowels. I ordered him to throw away his pail of comforts, and take to the poor beast a pail of cold water. Cold water, your honour, exclaimed the man, with every mark of consternation!—would you kill the poor dumb creature?—Why, she is in such *desperatious* pain, that I don't think a bucket of sheer brandy would have any more effect upon her, than if I were to pour it against a dead wall.—No matter for that, said I, take her a pail of water! Suppose, honest friend, she had all her life run wild in a forest, and fell into the sickness under which she now labours, dost thou think that nature would ever carry her the hot comforts you have got in that pail? Nature, your honour!—but with submission, Nature must, when either man or beast is sick, be clapped on the back a little: if not, Nature will let them die. Not she, truly; if they are recoverable, she will, on the contrary, make them well. Depend upon it, she is the best physician in the world, though she has not taken her degrees in the college; and so make haste to throw away what is now in your pail, and fill it as I directed; for whether my cow die or live, she shall have nothing but grass and cold water. Though the poor fellow dared not any longer resist, I could see plainly that he put me down as having lost not only my senses, but my humanity. However, the cow did very well, and I am satisfied, that if we were to trust more to nature, and suffer her to supply her own remedies, to cure her own diseases, the formidable catalogue of human maladies would be reduced to a third of the present number. Dr. Sydenham I think reckons sixty different kinds of fevers, for example; of these I cannot suppose less than fifty are either brought about, or rendered worse, by *misapplication* of improper remedies, or by

our own violation of the laws of nature. And the same, I take it, may be said of other disorders."

He now pulled out his watch, telling me he had an engagement at half past one, that he had about three quarters of a mile to walk to it, that as he could do this in twenty minutes, and as it then wanted seven minutes and almost an half of one, he had exactly time enough still to spare to state the object of his visit to me—"Which is, to thank you very sincerely," said he, "for the honour you have done me in your verses: I read them merely as a composition in which the poetical license had been used to the utmost: poets, you know my dear sir, always succeed best in fiction."

You will see by this conversation, that it was about the time when the English nation had been emulous of commemorating their respect for this great and good man, by erecting a statue, towards which I had contributed my mite, by devoting to the fund the profits of my little poem, called the "Triumph of Benevolence;"—and while I am touched very sensibly with even the recollection of the public favour which crowned this little work, I very sincerely attribute a great deal of it's success to the popularity of a subject in which every lover of humanity took such an interest.

In reply to Mr. Howard, I assured him, that he ought to be, and doubtless was, conscious, the liberty allowed a poet was never more unnecessary, or less made use of, than on the occasion alluded to; and that if an agreeable fiction was any test of the poetical art, I could pretend to none from having very closely, as his heart could not *but at that moment* tell him, adhered to truth:—*and that I assured myself he would admit that*

truth was the same, whether expressed in prose or verse. I added, it was my earnest hope, there was no ground for an idea that had gone forth of his refusing the offering of gratitude which his country was preparing for him.

“Indeed, but there is,” answered he with the most lively earnestness, “I was never more serious than in my refusal of any and every such offering, and for the simplest reason in the world; namely, my having no manner of claim to it.—What I do, have done, or may hereafter do, has been, and will always be, matter of inclination, the gratifying which always pays itself; and I have no more merit in employing my time and money in the way I am known to do, than another man in other occupations. Instead of taking pleasure in a pack of hounds, in social entertainments, in a fine stud of horses, and in many other similar satisfactions, I have made my election of different pursuits; and being fully persuaded a man’s own gratifications are always, more or less, involved in other people’s, I feel no desire to exchange with any man; and yet I can see no manner of pretension whereon to erect a statue;—besides all which, I have a most unconquerable aversion, and ever had, to have public exhibitions made of me, insomuch, that I protest to you, it has cost me a great deal of trouble, and some money, to make this insignificant form and ugly face, escape a pack of draftsmen, painters, &c. that are lying in wait for me——.”

Unless you had personally known Mr. Howard, it is impossible you should have the smallest idea of the pleasant manner with which he spoke on his own personal subject.—“I have detected a fellow at work upon this face of mine, ugly as it is,” said he, “even as I have been walking in *the streets of London*; and if a hackney-coach

has been within call, I have popped into it, drawn up the blinds, and sat snug, till I got to my own door, and then I have leaped out and run into my own house, as if I was apprehensive a bailiff was at my heels. Nay, I have often had my door itself infested by a lurking artist, who was literally in wait to take me off. But one day, since my return, a trick I played one of these takers off diverted me excessively. You must know, I am a great gaper at the novelties that are continually presented at the print-shops in this great city—I was standing at that of Carrington Bowles, in St. Paul's church-yard, the other day, to look at some political caricatures very pleasantly executed, when, happening to cast my eye side-long, I discovered a fellow operating on my phiz with all his might. Perceiving himself caught in the fact, he lowered his paper, and pretended to be, like myself and a number of others, looking only at the prints. I was just then in the humour to pay off this deception by another; so seeming, like him, to be wholly engrossed by a figure called Scotch Economy, well calculated to provoke the risible muscles, I threw mine into such contortions, and gave such sudden changes from one deformity to another, that had my painter etched any one of my features in it's then position, the resemblance betwixt my actual self and the copy would have been just as striking as I could desire it to be. The painter, however, at length perceived the stratagem, and smiling, as if he gave me credit for it, put his pencil into his pocket and went away. I own I enjoyed the joke, and have since practised it, more than once, with no less success."

You will, doubtless, throw these sallies amongst his singularities, my friend, but they are *by no means to be stigmatized as affectations.*

From a very intent observation of Mr. Howard, I am perfectly satisfied, that as he had but few who acted like himself, the proportion of those who felt in the same way the ordinary results of such actions were not greater. That he was insensible to honest praise cannot be supposed, without depriving him of emotions which the most ingenuous modesty may indulge, and which are indeed amongst the most natural pleasures of the human mind; but to court the reputation of benevolence, by suffering the lucre of it to mix with any of his motives, or, still worse, to make it, as alas too many people do, a first great cause of being bountiful, argues an envy or a depravity in those who impute to him such vanities. In a word, if ever a human being could be truly said to "do good, and blush to find it fame," it was the late Mr. John Howard.

I presume you have heard, that amongst his other singularities, is to be enumerated his generous care of his superannuated horses. He had a range of pastures sacred to the old age of those who had carried him pleasantly, or worked for him honestly and industriously, till they were no longer fit for service. This is the moment when horses are, in general, either sold at an under price to people who are constrained to allow no touch of pity to predominate over that charity which begins at home, or else they are destroyed and given to the dogs, their masters alledging that it is an act of humanity. Our philanthropist's humanity never leading him to kill an old servant, he turns his useless horses into the afore-said pastures, where they remain happy pensioners on his bounty for the rest of their lives.

I was much delighted on walking over those grounds with the generous master of them, to see *twenty or thirty of these quadruped pensioners,*

enjoying themselves in perfect freedom from labour, and in full supply of all that old age requires. Each of the fields has a comfortable shed, which the inhabitants can resort to in the hard weather, and are sure of finding the rigours of the season softened by a well furnished crib of the best hay, and a manger, either of bran or corn, or some other nourishing food. Chelsea hospital is not better accommodated—The day on which I made the circuit of the pastures was one of the finest of August ; some of the pensioners were renovating in the sun, others reposing in the shade ; but on the approach of their benefactor, all of them, actuated by a spirit of gratitude worthy of imitation, that could move with ease, came towards him, invited his attentions, and seemed very sensible of their situation. Some, whose limbs almost refused their offices, put themselves to no small difficulties to limp towards him, and even those, who being confined to their hovels, might be fairly said to be bed-ridden, turned their languid eyes towards him, and appeared sensible of his pity and caressings.

“ These have been all very faithful creatures, sir,” said he, “ and who have strong claims upon me :—that poor fellow, who has now scarce a leg to stand upon, was the constant companion of my peregrinations for six and twenty years, and was as proud and prancing, as he is now humble and decrepid ; and the iron-grey invalid, which you see yonder, dragging his slow length along, was, in the days of his youth, such a roving, riotous fellow, that no gate or hedge could keep him within bounds, and it was a day’s work sometimes to catch him :—nay, when he was *oaght*, it required more address and horsemanship than ever I was master of, to make him *understand*, that the philosophy of a parson’s pad

had more charms for me than all the flights of Bucephalus, or even of Pegasus himself. Look at him now. The morality of the contrast is obvious."

In this manner he went on, enumerating the several qualities, and historical anecdotes of the several pensioners. The one last described, he told me, "was at no time a horse for him, and would not probably have been amongst his pensioners, but that he had once been rode by a relation of his, a young agreeable rake, who valued him for the very points that made him useless to me, his skittishness and impetuosity; all which he asserted, were the sure remarks, both in man and beast, of a generous spirit, high heart, and noble disposition. Now, as my little frolic-loving cousin was precisely of this character himself, and after a mad, but not vicious, career of fifteen years, consolidated into a very good man, I suffered the horse and his master to reform themselves at leisure, and wish with all my soul, that half the reformed rakes about town, had turned out so well after sowing their wild oats, as did this young gentleman and his favourite steed, who, for the eight last years of his servitude, was a pattern of sobriety to horses and riders."

I do not recollect any other singularities respecting this extraordinary man: but if what I have here set down gives you a curiosity for more, I have no doubt but it will be amply gratified, as there needs no ghost to foretel us, there will be an historian for almost every anecdote and incident in his life! Luckily he is one of the subjects, which can never be exhausted, and as Dr. Johnson once said to me of his friend Goldsmith—"He was one who cannot be too much *praised or lamented.*" And never, perhaps, was *the famous expression of Hamlet more applicable*



though quoted on ten thousand occasions, than to Howard—

“ He was a man, take him for all in all,  
“ We may not look upon his like again !”

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#### ELOQUENCE.

There is as much eloquence in the tone and cadence of the voice, in the eyes and in the air of a man, as in the very choice of his words and expressions.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is to be said, and leaving out all that is not necessary.

True eloquence is good sense, delivered in a natural and unaffected way: that which must be set off with artificial tropes and figures, is acceptable only because the generality of men are easily imposed upon, and see things but by halves.

Great things must be delivered plainly, and small things should be said nobly; as nothing supports them but the expression, the tone of voice, and the countenance of him that speaks.

Speaking too much is so great a fault, both in business and conversation, that any thing that is good is doubly so, if it be short; and we often gain by brevity, what we would perhaps have lost by being tedious.

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#### EARLY GENIUS.

To see juvenile years graced with all the beauties of science and learning, strikes our minds as *a singular phænomenon*; such, however, have appeared, though to account for their extraordinary talents is not so easy.

Whether all human souls be equal, so that their powers are only expanded or restrained according to corporeal organization, or whether they are different in their own nature, may perhaps be a matter of much controversy.

It is evident however, that what has cost many the labour of years, have been almost the first thoughts of others possessed of an early and fruitful genius.

But it is a general observation, "that premature genius rarely enjoys a long career. The acceleration of nature in the mental powers seems to hurry the progress of the animal economy, and to anticipate the regular close of temporal existence."

John Lewis, a premature genius, was born at Candia, in the diocese of Nismes, in France, in 1719. In the cradle he distinguished his letters; at thirteen months old he knew them perfectly; at three years of age he read Latin, either printed or in manuscript; at four he translated from that tongue; at six, he read Greek and Hebrew, was master of the principles of arithmetic, history, geography, heraldry, and the science of medals; and had read the best authors on almost every branch of literature. He died of a complication of disorders, in Paris, in 1726, aged seven years.



*Comparison between the Gospel of Christ and the Koran of Mahomet. By Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London.*

If now, after comparing together the authors of the two religions we have been considering, we take a short view of the sacred books of those religions the Koran and the Gospel, we shall find a

difference no less striking between them ; no less strongly marking the truth of the one and the falshood of the other.

The Koran is highly applauded, both by Mahomet himself and his followers, for the exquisite beauty, purity, and elegance of the language, which they represent as a standing miracle, greater than even that of raising the dead. But admitting its excellence, (which yet has been questioned by several learned men) if beauty of style and composition is to be considered as a proof of divine inspiration, the writings of Plato and Xenophon, of Cicero and Cæsar, and a multitude of other inimitable writers in various languages, have as just a claim to miraculous origin as the Koran. But, in truth, these graces of diction, so far from being a circumstance favourable to the Koran, create a strong suspicion of it's being a human fabrication, calculated to charm and captivate men by the arts of rhetoric and the fascination of words, and thus draw off their attention from the futility of it's matter, and the weakness of it's pretensions. These are the artifices of fraud and falshood. The Gospel wants them not. It disdains the aid of human eloquence, and depends solely on the force of truth, and the power of God for it's success. " I came not (as Paul sublimely expresses himself) with excellency of speech, nor with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power, that your faith might not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." But, whatever may be the purity of the language, the matter and substance of the Koran cannot bear a moment's comparison with that of the Gospel. The narrative is dull, heavy, monotonous, uninteresting ; loaded with endless repetitions, with senseless and preposterous fables, with

trivial, disgusting, and even immoral precepts. Add to this, that it has very little novelty or originality to recommend it, the most material parts of it being borrowed from the scriptures of the Old Testament, or the New ; and even these are so disguised and deformed by passing through the hands of the impostor, (who vitiates and debases every thing he touches) that you can hardly know them to be the same incidents or transactions that you read with so much delight in the Bible.

The Gospel, on the contrary, is every where concise, simple, original, animated, interesting, dignified ; it's precepts important, it's morality perfect, it's sentiments sublime, it's views noble and comprehensive, it's sanctions awful.

In the Koran, Mahomet is perpetually boasting of his own merits and achievements, and the supreme excellence of his book. In the Gospel, no encomiums are bestowed by the Evangelists either on themselves or their writings.— Even the virtues of their Divine Master are not distinctly specified, or brought forward in a conspicuous point of view. It is from his actions only, and his discourses, not from the observations of his historians, that we can collect the various transcendant excellencies of his character. Here we plainly see the sober modesty of truth opposed to the ostentatious vanity of imposture. In the description of future rewards and punishments, the Koran is minute, circumstantial, and extravagant, both in painting the horrors of the one and the delights of the other. It describes things which cannot and ought not to be described, and enters into details too horrible, or too licentious, to be presented to the human mind. In the Gospel, *the pains and the pleasures of a future life are represented concisely, in strong but*

general and indefinite terms, sufficient to give them a powerful, but not an overwhelming influence over the mind.

There is still another, and a very material mark of discrimination between the Koran and the Gospel. Mahomet shews throughout the utmost anxiety to guard against objections, to account for his working no miracles, and to defend his conduct, in several instances, against the charges which he suspects may be brought against him. This is always the case with imposture.—It is always suspicious, afraid of being detected, alive to every appearance of hostility, solicitous to anticipate, and eager to repel the accusations of enemies. Truth has no occasion for such precautions, and therefore never uses them. We see nothing of this sort in the Gospel—the sacred historians shew not the smallest solicitude, nor take the least pains to obviate cavils or remove difficulties. They relate plainly and simply what they know to be true—they entertain no doubt of it themselves, and seem to have no suspicions that any one else can doubt it—they therefore leave the facts to speak for themselves, and send them unprotected into the world, to make their way (as they have done) by their own native force and incontrovertible truth.—Such are the leading features of Mahomet and his religion on the one hand, and of Christ and his religion on the other; and never was there a stronger or more striking contrast seen than in this instance. They are, in short, in every essential article, the direct opposites of each other. And as it is on all hands acknowledged that Mahomet was an impostor, it is fair to conclude, that Christ, who was the very reverse of Mahomet, was the reverse of an impostor, that is, a real Messenger from Heaven.—*In Mahomet we see every distinctive mark of*

fraud—in Jesus, not one of these is to be found. But, on the contrary, every possible indication and character of truth.

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There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a Mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the sea shore, and opened her passion to him ; but was received with coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprize at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea lady, that, in revenge for this treatment of her, she punished the whole island by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on a commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon it's cliffs.

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#### ANCESTRY.

Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed with wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. An empty man of a great family, is a creature that is scarce conversable. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of king Charles's.

parliments : *Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time*—upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short : *I would fain know what that gentleman means : Is there any one in this house who had not the honour to be born as well as himself?* The good sense which reigns in our nation, has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a footing of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependants or flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it. My lord *Froth* has been so educated in every punctilio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from the familiar nod, to the low stoop in the salutation. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly he no sooner came into the room, but casting his eye about, *My lord such-a-one*, says he, *your most humble servant ; Sir Richard, your humble servant ; Your servant Mr. Ironside ; Mr. Ducker, how do you do ? Hah ! Frank, are you there ?*

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a strong tincture of the Nursery ; younger brothers who have been brought up to nothing ; superannuated retainers *to a great house*, have generally their thoughts *taken up with little else.*

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. *Martha Ironside*, who would never marry beneath herself, and was supposed to have died a maid in the eightieth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life, in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits and alliances of the *Ironsides*. Mrs. *Martha* conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise from good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as *Lucifer*, but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to Heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when she found she was a tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would arise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching herself into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them, that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of mecklin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt *Martha* used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she de-



clared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the change in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's side to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it a secret among ourselves. A little before her death, she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers: but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of *Sir Gilbert Ironside*, who had a horse shot under him at *Edgehill* fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, *what is all this to me?* Upon which she retired to her closet and fell a scribbling for three hours together; in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister *Margaret*, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the *Ironsides*, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the *Ironsides*; after which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand.

*Addison.*

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THE PUPIL'S ADDRESS TO HIS SCHOOL COMPANIONS.

*My dear fellow Pupils,*

The power of Art and Industry have turned the wild wilderness and the barren waste, into a fruitful field; and now the dews of heaven light on those branches which gladden the heart of *Man*.—Even so the barren, barbarous, unculti-

vated human mind, producing spontaneously nothing but thorns and briars, which eventually yield a large produce of ignorance and immorality, unless timely cultivated by a well-appointed, well-disciplined Education. O Education, I owe thee much—Parents and Teachers, I owe you much also ; and may the glow of gratitude to my God and you, which this moment fills my breast, be taken as a pledge of my future care to walk by the same rule, to mind the same things—and let us, my literary companions, joy and rejoice, that the germ, the bud, and the fruit, do in some degree appear. Let us to-day resolve, in the face of this respected audience, that nothing shall stop us in pursuing, with an ardour worthy the greatness of the acquisition, those heights and depths of learning which lie before us, and to which we know we have not yet attained. Let us ever remember, that vice and idleness are fatal obstacles to mental improvement—Let us remember, that it is only by hard reading, study, and application, that we can attain to the honour of being good scholars, or famous literary characters—and this boon once obtained and virtuously applied, will procure for us credit and consequence in every station of life. And that this may be the case, let us by all means honour God and keep his commandments—Let us obediently love and revere our parents—Let us live in peace and love with our school-fellows, and nobly emulate each other in striving which shall be the wisest and the best. And let us, I entreat you, seriously and constantly regard the instructions, admonitions, and reproofs of our respected Teachers ; so shall we, by these means, lay a good foundation for the time to come, and, with our own hands, form a laurel wreath that shall never fade away !

*Lord Erskine's Defence of Christianity.*

Lord Erskine, bred as he was to the consideration of evidence, declared, he considered the prophecy concerning the destruction of the Jewish nation, if there was nothing else to support Christianity, absolutely irresistible. The division of the Jews into tribes to preserve the genealogy of Christ; the distinction of the tribe of Judah, from which he was to come; the loss of that distinction when that end was accomplished; the predicted departure of the sceptre from Israel; the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem, which imperial munificence in vain attempted to rebuild, to disgrace the prophecy; the dispersion of this nation over the face of the whole earth; the spreading of the Gospel throughout the world; the persecutions of it's true ministers, and the foretold superstitions which for ages had defiled it's worship—these are indisputable proofs of it's Divinity—And it would be a miracle greater than any we are instructed to believe, if there were no difficulties in the sacred writings; if a being, with but five scanty inlets of knowledge, separated but yesterday from his mother earth, and to-day sinking again into her bosom, could fathom the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of the Lord God Almighty!



*Extract from a Speech on the Slave Trade, delivered to the General assembly of the Leeward-Islands; By CLEMENT CAINES, Esq.*

I have directed, Mr. Speaker, four Africans, purchases lately made by myself, to be brought here to-day. The first is a huge skeleton, who lives in my kitchen, and wallows in victuals; *but neither plenty nor excess can put an ounce of*

flesh upon his bones. The second has never raised his head, or smiled, since I purchased him. There he is! Melancholy has marked him for her own. The third is a woman, the sickly victim of disorders, created during her passage, lest the value of her purchase should be diminished by the course of nature being manifest. These, and experience, which the grave now covers, determine me never again to contribute to this horrid trade. So may the great FATHER of mankind prosper those, who are dearest to me; so may he bless my children, as I here swear, I will not! The fourth, Mr. Speaker, is a boy; his father, who had a numerous offspring and but little clothes to give them, sold him in exchange for a piece of cloth. Youth, thoughtlessness, the frame of an infant-hercules, render him superior to the evils of slavery. If this shocking trade be still persevered in, it should then be confined to children, who are too young, and too inconsiderate to brood on the reverse, which has overtaken them. But, no, it must be abolished. Tho' the father sold him, who knows the pangs which the mother felt at their separation? Children leave behind them miseries and regret, equal to what the grown exile carries with him, and in his bosom. This trade must, Mr. Speaker, be abolished, unless every tender fibre of the human heart is to be explored, that torture may be lodged in it.—

Such is the danger, which now, more than ever, menaces the planter, who is surrounded with slaves. The sword of Dionysius was not suspended by a slighter hair, than the mischiefs which await the unthinking West-Indian, amidst his crowds of blacks. Let him reflect on the horrors which have desolated St. Domingo! Let him recollect, that not three years ago as dark a

cloud as what burst on that devoted colony, hung over Jamaica ! That if the winds of our climate had blown with their ordinary freshness for twelve hours together, the white men who preserved it, would have been transported out of the reach of the call ! Let him recollect, that similar dangers actually surround, and similar destruction perhaps await him, in consequence of the African trade, which in St. Domingo filled with Negroes every situation that ought to have been occupied by men complexioned like the planter."



*A letter to the Rev. Dr. Dodd.*

DEAR SIR,

Let it not surprize you in this tremendous hour to be accosted by an old, perhaps forgotten, but still sympathizing friend. The world smiles in prosperity ; the Christian loves in adversity ; and the hour of nature's sorrow, is the important period for such a friendship.

From the first moment the melancholy news had reached my ear, how truly was my heart engaged in prayer and pity ; I anticipated the dreadful pangs which rend your soul, and the awful consideration, that these things were but the beginning of sorrow, was ready to draw blood from my heart, as well as tears from my eyes. I turned to him, from whom proceeds all that is truly great and good, and was encouraged to entreat the merciful Redeemer to look down with tender pity, and cause this dark night to become the womb of a bright morning, yea, the brightest your eyes have ever seen.

Every stroke of your rod deeply affects me ; but, above all, I feel for your precious, your immortal soul.

Will you permit me, my dear Sir, to throw aside all reserve while treating on this important subject : shall I prevail with you to bear with the manner, for the sake of the matter ; and despise not truth, though ignorantly uttered.

I fear you have lived a long time in that friendship with the world, which the Spirit of God declares is enmity with himself. However excellent some or many of your actions may have been, you have rested in the letter, and not in the spirit of Christianity ; you have been contented without the experimental knowledge of these words, *He that is in Christ Jesus, is a new creature.* Your will, your actions, your desires and delights, have they not all been fixed on earthly objects ? Rejoicing in the possession, or mourning the disappointment, your daily delight has not been in the divine communications of the Holy Spirit ; fellowship with God has not been your chiefest joy ; the pursuit of empty shadows found nearer access to your heart, than the noble choice of following the despised Nazarene. Think not, dear Sir, I draw this judgment from the late unhappy event. O, no, that I only consider as the natural fruit of the unregenerate heart. The point I aim at, is the want of that change, that death unto sin, that new birth unto righteousness, whereby the children of wrath become the children of grace. St. Paul says, *I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith.* Therefore was he willing to be offered up, since nothing but a crown of righteousness presented itself to his opening prospect. He had kept that faith which *purifieth the heart, overcometh the world, and quencheth all the fiery darts of the evil-one.*

I remember when I was about fourteen, the season in which I was favoured with your most intimate acquaintance, you once told a story which I shall never forget, concerning one of the Scotch Divines, who said on his death-bed, *If every stone, timber and nail in this house could speak, they would bear witness to the many hours of sweet communion my soul hath spent with God therein.* O, Sir! can the beams of your house bear witness that your enjoyments have been such as eternity shall ripen? and this heavenly disposition, you must be sensible, can alone fit us for the enjoyment of the New Jerusalem. No object can give pleasure, unless it meets with a sense which suits and apprehends it. The grain of corn is more welcome to the fowl than the richest pearl. So to the soul whose treasure is yet ~~on earth~~, the beauties of the lovely Jesus shine in vain. But, alas! who can break this adamantine chain? Who can unlock the heart bound down with twice ten thousand ties, and bring the captive soul into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God? Can disappointment? Can reproach, dishonour, loss, or even death itself? Alas! these may torment, but never change the heart: it is a sight of the crucified Jesus alone which breaks the heart in pieces. *This Jesus waits to do you good; hear him saying, Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help.* O that you would cry; his ear attends the softest prayer. This is my fear, lest you should forget there is no way into the sheepfold but through the door, and no way of entering that door, but knowing ourselves to be lost and undone creatures, whose ways have been altogether perverse before him, and then to be saved by faith in Christ alone.

How often has Christ appeared delightful even in a prison? Several have praised God for bringing them there, and by that means awakening them to a knowledge of their lost estate, that they might be made acquainted with a happiness till then unknown. Adorable Jesus, so work on the soul of this my unhappy friend, display thy pardoning love, and write it on his aching heart,

“ No, my best actions cannot save,  
 “ But thou must cleanse e’en them ;  
 “ Yet when in thee I do believe,  
 “ My worst shall not condemn.”

I know not how to break off.—My spirit deeply mourns both for your present and approaching sufferings, and equally for her who so sadly shares your every woe. Had you remained in prosperity, nothing would have been farther from my thoughts than a renewal of acquaintance ; for I have found, in being despised and trampled under foot of the great ones of the earth, more solid peace, more lasting joy, than my warmest wishes could ever have expected : *But now* I cannot forget you if I would ; I long for your salvation : will you acknowledge all the wisdom of the world can never save you ? Will you look for salvation from the mere mercy of God ? How many have gone triumphantly to glory, even from under the hand of an executioner ? My dear Sir, that triumph may be yours ; and, *if you do not reject it*, it surely shall. The king of terrors shall appear no longer terrible, and your happy spirit, loosed from every earthly tie, and delighted with the freedom of the living water, shall spring into eternity with so feeling a joy as you have never known in all your life. You have tried the world and found it empty. Never did man strive more for the honours of it than you have done ; for *that*, you turned your back on the



closest followers of the Lamb, the little few despised indeed of man, but whose lives were hid with Christ in God; for *that* you have been conformed in all your life and conversation to the customs, fashions, and maxims of it: But while you were a slave to man, *ungrateful man!* who neither thanked nor paid you, you slighted Him who is able to cast both soul and body into hell. But, O the unbounded love of Jesus. He blasted all your hopes; he chastened and corrected; for what end? Only to convince you how ready he is to receive and make you a beloved son. The wicked have no bands in their death, they will not listen to awakening fears; but whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth: Yea, the body may be given up to suffer, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord.

I am not yet without hope, even for your life. It is founded on this: I know the hearts of all are in the hand of my God, from the king on the throne to the beggar on the dunghill, and he turneth them what way soever he will. I know if you seek but Daniel's faith, Daniel's God can shut the lion's mouth. If, with Nebuchadnezzar you have learned to acknowledge the Most High ruleth over all, he can restore you again to your former estate, or else take you to behold his glory. When I consider your great talents, and how much you might have done for God, I cannot help crying to the Lord once more to send you into his vineyard, with a changed heart full of the Holy Ghost and power. And now, my dear Sir, what shall I say, my heart is full: I know not how to leave off. It is as though my pen could not part from the paper. Nature shrinks *from that pang*, which is usually the sad attendant of a last farewell. But grace cries out, *Yet there is hope.* An eternity of joy presents a

kingdom, where no horrid alarm of war shall break our eternal repose ; where sorrow, death, and parting shall be no more ; and the Royal Army of Cross-bearers, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are ready to embrace and welcome you among them.

To that efficacious blood, with tears of love and sorrow, I commit you ; and though with reluctance, I must now conclude.

Your sincerely affectionate,  
And sympathizing friend,  
M. F.

*Feb. 1777.*

By a series of correspondence, almost weekly from the above date till within three days of his execution, I had reason to believe he felt a contrite heart, and found the sinner's friend to be his.—June 25th, 1777, he wrote me his last farewell as follows :

*My Dear Friend,*

On *Friday morning* I am to be made *immortal* ! I die with a heart truly contrite, and broken under a sense of its great and manifold offences, but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ. My earnest prayers to God are, that we may meet and know each other in that kingdom, towards which you have been so long and so happily travelling. I return you my most affectionate thanks for all your friendly attention to me, and have no doubt, should any opportunity offer, you will remember my *excellent*, but most afflicted partner in distress. I do not know where to direct to worthy Mr. Parker, but beg to trouble you with my dying

love and kind remembrance to him. The Lord Jesus Christ be with our spirits. *Amen.*

W. DODD.

Soon after the Doctor's death, I received from a faithful Minister of Jesus Christ, who constantly attended him, a very encouraging account, in which he declares he believes him to be singing the song of the Redeemed; and concludes his letter with the following words:

"Thus ended the mortal, and began the never-ceasing life of your old and my new friend, and I bless God our Saviour for this new proof of his saving grace, and the power of his precious blood.

"The time is elapsed; I have written more than I intended; and yet not a tenth part of what I could. You may be comforted as I have been richly. Your and my fears are at an end.

"May the God of all Grace keep your and my heart in the knowledge of him, yea, cause us to grow in grace and love. This is the earnest prayer of

"Your affectionate friend,

"And willing servant in Christ."



Sir Isaac Newton is reported to have said, that infidelity will overrun Europe before the millennial reign of Christ commences. The corruptions of religion in all the Christian establishments cannot easily be purged away in any other manner. They must be subverted by violence and blood. There is too much reason to fear it will be impossible to remove them in any other way.

*The Magnitude of our Globe.*

It is not so easy as we imagine to determine exactly the size of the earth. It is true there is but one longitude, but there are two latitudes, the North and the South. Both of these begin at the Equator; the one extends northward, the other southward as far as the arctic and antarctic poles—but no one as yet has been able to reach either pole. The mountains of ice in Greenland, and the Northern sea, have always obstructed the passage to the North Pole—and immense fields, mountains, and islands of ice, have rendered the passage to the South Pole, impossible. Thanks, however, to the geometers, we can at present, very nearly know the size of our Globe.

According to the most exact calculations, the surface of the earth is 199,512,595 square miles. The seas and unknown parts of the earth, by a measurement of the best maps, contain 160,522,026 square miles. The inhabited parts contain about 38,990,569 square miles, in the following proportion :

Europe	4,456,065
Asia	10,768,823
Africa	9,654,807
America	14,110,874

Hence it appears that scarcely one third of the globe is habitable. It has been calculated that there might be at least three thousand millions of men upon the earth at once; but in reality there are no more than about one thousand and eighty millions; of which there are

In Asia	650 millions
In Africa	150
In America	150
In Europe	130

If then, we suppose the earth to be inhabited by one thousand millions of men, or thereabouts, and that 33 years make a generation, it follows that in the aforesaid space of time, a thousand millions of men die—therefore the number of men who die on earth, amounts

Each year to	30,000,000
Each day to	86,400
Each hour to	3,400
Each minute to	60
Each second to	1

This calculation must necessarily strike us—If the mortality be so great each year, and even each day, is it not very possible that I, myself, may soon be one that shall increase the bills of mortality—at least it is certain, that this consideration should lead me every hour, to make the most serious reflections: at this very moment one of my fellow creatures has departed from this world; and before an hour has elapsed, more than 3000 souls shall have entered into eternity. What a motive to induce us to think often and seriously upon death.

Prodigiously great as the earth may appear, it dwindles almost into nothing, when compared with the other worlds which roll over my head. The earth is scarcely, in comparison of the universe, what a grain of sand is in comparison of the highest mountain—and what is the universe in comparison of the inexpressible, glorious, and infinitely great Creator of the Heavens and the earth. The world and all its inhabitants are before Him, as a drop in the bucket, or as the smallest atom which sports in the sun-beams—and what am I among those thousands of millions of the inhabitants of the earth! But what am I before thee, thou incomprehensible, infinite, and eternal Being!

*The words of Epictetus, an Heathen.*

Prescribe yourself a rule, said he, which you may observe when you are either by yourself, or in company with others—either be silent, or let the things you speak of, be necessary and profitable : when you speak, talk not of light and trivial things, as wrestling and horses, or fencers, or swords, or meat, or drink ; neither spend your time in praising or dispraising men ; but let your discourse be of something noble, decent, grave, and serious ; but, if this cannot be, *hold your peace.*

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BEAUTIES OF WALES.

On our journey we passed through Ludlow, a fine, handsome town, which has an old castle, now in a neglected and ruinous state ; but which by its remains, appears to have been once a very strong fortress, and an habitation very suitable to the power and dignity of the Lord President of Wales, who resided there. Not far from this town is Okely park, belonging to Lord Powis, and part of that forest which Milton, in his masque, supposed to have been inhabited by Comus and his rout. The god is now vanquished ; but, at the revolution of every seven years, his rout does not fail to keep up orgies there, and in the neighbouring town, as Lord Powis knows to his cost, for he has spent twenty or thirty thousand pounds in entertaining them at these seasons, which is the reason that he has no house at this place fit for him to live in. He talks of building one in the park, and the situation deserves it ; for there are many scenes, which not only *Comus*, but the lady of Milton's masque

would have taken delight in, if they had received the improvements they are capable of from a man of good taste ; but they are as yet very rude and neglected. In our way from hence to Montgomery, we passed through a country very romantic and pleasant, in many spots ; in which we saw farms so well situated, that they appeared to us more delightful situations than Clermont or Burlington. At last we came by a gentleman's house, on the side of a hill opening to a sweet valley ; which seemed to be built in a taste much superior to that of a mere country esquire. We therefore stopt and desired to see it, which curiosity was well paid for. We found it the neatest and best house of a moderate size, that we ever saw. The master, it seems, was bred to the law, quitted the profession about fifteen years ago, and returned into the country upon an estate of five hundred pounds per annum, with a wife and four children, notwithstanding which incumbrances, he found means to fit up the house in the manner we saw it, with remarkable elegance, and to plant all the hill about him with groves and clumps of trees, that, together with an admirable prospect seen from it, render it a place which a monarch might envy. But, to let you see how vulgar minds value such improvement, I must tell you an answer made by our guide, who was servant to Lord Powis's steward, and spoke, I presume, the sense of his master, upon our expressing some wonder that this gentleman had been able to do so much with so small a fortune ; " I do not, said he, know how it is, but he is always doing some nonsense or other." I apprehend, most of my neighbours will give the same account of my improvements at Hagley.

Montgomery town is no better than a village ; and all that remains of an old castle there, is

about a third part of a ruinous tower : but nothing can be finer than the situation of it and the prospect. It must have been exceedingly strong in ancient times, and able to resist all the forces of the Welch: to bridle them it was built in the reign of William Rufus ; three sides of it are precipice quite inaccessible, guarded with a deep and broad ditch ! I was sorry that more of so noble a castle did not remain, but glad to think, that, by our incorporating union with the Welch, this and many others, which have been erected to secure the neighbouring counties of England against their incursions, or to maintain our sovereignty over that fierce and warlike people, are now become useless.

From hence we travelled with infinite pleasure (through the most charming country my eyes ever beheld, or my imagination can paint) to Powis castle, part of which was burnt down about thirty years ago ; but there are still remains of a great house, situated so finely, and so nobly, that, were I in the place of Lord Powis, I should forsake Okely park, with all it's beauties, and fix my seat as near there, as the most eligible in every respect. About three thousand pounds laid out upon it, would make it the most august place in the kingdom. It stands upon the side of a very high hill ; below lies a vale of incomparable beauty, with the Severn winding through it, and the town of Welch-Pool, terminated with high mountains. The opposite side is beautifully cultivated half way up, and green to the top, except in one or two hills, whose summits are rocky, and of grotesque shapes, that give variety and spirit to the prospect. Above the castle is a long ridge of hills finely shaded, part of which is the park ; and still higher is a terrace, up to which you are let through very fine lawns, from



whence you have a view that exceeds all description.

The county of Montgomery, which lies within this view, is to my eyes the most beautiful in South Britain; and though I have not been in Scotland, I cannot believe I shall find any place there superior, or equal to it; because the highlands are all uncultivated, and the lowlands want wood; whereas this country is admirably shaded with hedge-rows. It has a lovely mixture of corn fields and meadows, though more of the latter. The vales and bottoms are large, and the mountains, that rise like a rampart all around, add a magnificence and grandeur to the scene, without giving you any horror or dreadful ideas, because at Powis castle they appear at such a distance as not to destroy the beauty and softness of the country between them. There are indeed some high hills within that inclosure, but being woody and green, they make a more pleasing variety, and take off nothing from the prospect. The castle has an old-fashioned garden just under it, which a few alterations might make very pretty; for there is a command of water and wood in it, which may be so managed as to produce all the beauties that art can add to what liberal nature has so lavishly done for this place.

We went from thence to see Pestill Rhaidr, a famous cascade; but it did not quite answer my expectations, for though the fall is so high, the stream is but narrow, and it wants the complement of wood, the water falling like a spout on an even descent, down the middle of a wide naked rock, without any breaks to scatter the water. Upon the whole, it gave me but little pleasure.

After having seen the Velino, we lay that night at the house of a gentleman, who had the

care of Lord Powis's lead mines ; it stands in a valley, which seems the abode of quiet and security, surrounded with very high mountains on all sides ; but in itself airy, soft, and agreeable. If a man was disposed to forget the world, and be forgotten by it, he could not find a more proper place. In some of those mountains are veins of lead ore, which have been so rich as to produce in time past, twenty thousand pounds per annum, to the old Duke of Powis, but they are not near so valuable now. Perhaps you will object, that the idea of wealth dug up in this place does not consist with that of retirement. I agree it does not ; but, all the wealth being hid under ground, the eye sees nothing there but peace and tranquillity.

#### PART 2.

The next morning we ascended the mountain of Berwin, one of the highest in Wales ; and when we came to the top of it, a prospect opened to us, which struck the mind with awful astonishment. Nature is in all her majesty there ; but it is the majesty of a tyrant, frowning over the ruins and desolation of a country. The enormous mountains, or rather rocks, of Merionethshire inclosed us all around. There is not upon these mountains a tree or shrub, or a blade of grass ; nor did we see any marks of habitations or culture in the whole place. Between them is a solitude fit for Despair to inhabit ; whereas all we had seen before in Wales, seemed formed to inspire the meditations of love. We were some hours in crossing this desert, and then had the view of a fine woody vale, but narrow and deep, through which a rivulet ran as clear and rapid as the Scotch burns, winding in very agreeable

forms, with a very pretty cascade. On the edge of this valley we travelled on foot, for the steepness of the road would not allow us to ride without some danger ; and in about half an hour we came to a more open country, though still inclosed with hills, in which we saw the town of Bala with its beautiful lake. The town is small and ill-built ; but the lake is a fine object. It is about three miles in length, and one in breadth ; the water of it is clear, and of a bright silver colour. The river Dee runs through very rich meadows ; at the other end are towering high mountains ; on the sides are grassy hills, but not so well wooded as I could wish them to be. There is also a bridge of stone built over the river, and a gentleman's house which embellishes the prospect. But what Bala is most famous for is the beauty of it's women ; and indeed 'I there saw some of the prettiest girls I ever beheld. The lake produces very fine trout, and a fish called *whiting*, peculiar to itself, and of a very delicate taste.

After we left the banks of the lake, where we had an agreeable day, we got again into the desert ; but less horrid than I have already described, the vale being more fertile, and feeding some cattle. Nothing remarkable occurred in our ride, and we came to Festiniog, a village in Merionethshire, the vale before which is the most perfectly beautiful of all we had seen. From the height of this village you have a view of the sea. The hills are green, and well shaded with wood. There is a lovely rivulet, which winds through the bottom ; on each side are meadows, and above are corn fields along the sides of the hills ; at each end are high mountains, which seemed *placed there to guard this charming retreat against any invaders.* With the woman one loves, with

the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one might pass an age there, and think it a day. If one has a mind to live long and renew his youth, let him come and settle at Festiniog. Not long ago there died in that neighbourhood an honest Welch farmer, who was 105 years of age ; by his first wife he had 30 children, 10 by his second, and 4 by his third : his youngest son was 81 years younger than his eldest, and 800 persons; descended from his body, attended his funeral.

When we had skirted this happy vale an hour or two, we came to a narrow branch of the sea, which is dry at low water. As we passed over the sands we were surprized to see that all the cattle preferred that barren place to the meadows. The guide said it was to avoid a fly, which in the heat of the day came out of the woods, and infested them in the valleys. The view of the said sands is terrible, as they are hemmed in on each side with very high hills, but broken into a thousand irregular shapes. At one end is the ocean, at the other the formidable mountains of Snowdon, black and naked rocks, which seemed to be piled one above another. The summits of some of them are covered with clouds, and cannot be ascended. They do altogether strongly excite the idea of Burnet, of their being the fragment of a demolished world.

In the evening we rode along the sea coast, which is here very cold. The grandeur of the ocean, corresponding with that of the mountains, formed a majestic and solemn scene ; ideas of immensity swelled and exalted our minds at the sight ; all lesser objects appeared mean and trifling, so that we could hardly do justice to the ruins of an old castle, situated upon the top of a conical hill, the foot of which is washed by the

sea, and which has every feature that can give a romantic appearance.

Next morning being fair, we ventured to climb up to the top of the mountain, not indeed so high as Snowdon, which is here called *Moel Guidon*, that is, the nest of the Eagle; but one degree lower than that called *Moel Haprock*, the nest of the hawk; from whence we saw a phenomenon, new to our eyes, but common in Wales; on the one side was midnight, on the other bright day. The whole extent of the mountain of Snowdon, on our left hand, was wrapped in clouds, from top to bottom; but on the right the sun shone most gloriously over the sea-coast of Carnarvon. The hill we stood upon was perfectly clear, and the way we came up, a pretty easy ascent; but before us was a precipice of many hundred yards, and below, a vale, which though not cultivated, has much savage beauty; the sides were steep, and fringed with low wood.

There were two little lakes, or rather large-pools, that stood in the bottom, from which issued a rivulet, that serpentine in view for two or three miles, and was a pleasing relief to the eyes.

But the mountains of Snowdon, covered with darkness and thick clouds, called to my memory the fall of Mount Sinai, with the laws delivered from it, and filled my mind with religious awe.

*Lord Lyttleton.*



*Character of Mr. Fox, by R. B. Sheridan, Esq.*

Crown and Anchor Tavern, Sept. 18, 1806.

*Gentlemen and Electors of Westminster,*

*In addressing you upon a subject which fills all your minds, upon the merits of that illustrious*

man, whose death has occasioned the present meeting, I shall, I can say but little—there must be some interval between the heavy blow that has been struck and the consideration of it's effects, before any one (and how many are there of those) who have revered and loved Mr. Fox, as I have done, can speak of his death with the feeling, but manly composure which becomes the dignified regret it ought to inspire--(applauses). To you, however, gentlemen, it cannot be necessary to describe him—for you must have known him well. To say any thing to you at this moment, in the first hours of your unburthened sorrows, must be unnecessary, and almost insulting. His image is still present before you; his virtue is in your hearts: his loss in your despair! (loud applauses). I have seen in one of the morning papers what are stated to have been the last words of this great man—“ I die happy”; then turning to the dearest object of his affection, ‘I pity you,’—but had another moment been allowed him, and had the modesty of his great mind permitted, as well might he have said, “ I pity you, I pity England, I pity Europe, I pity the human race”—(loud plaudits): for to mankind at large, his death must be a source of regret, whose life was employed to promote their benefit. He died in the spirit of peace, struggling to extend it to the world. Tranquil in his own mind, he cherished to the last, with a parental solicitude, the consoling hope to give tranquillity to nations. Let us trust that the stroke of death, which has borne him from us, may not have left peace and the dignified charities of human nature, as it were, orphans upon the world—(applauses). The hour is not far distant, when an awful knell shall tell you that the unburied remains of your revered patriot, are pas-

sing through the streets, to that sepulchral home,\* where your kings, your heroes, your sages, and your poets lie, and where they are to be honoured by the association of his noble remains.

\* Westminster Abbey.

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Verses from the pen of the Dutchess of Devonshire, inscribed beneath the Bust of the honourable Charles James Fox, as it stands in the Temple at Wooburne Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Bedford.

Here, 'midst the friends he lov'd, the man behold,  
 In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold ;  
 Whose patriot zeal and uncorrupted mind,  
 Dar'd to assert the freedom of mankind ;  
 And whilst extending desolation far,  
 Ambition spread the baleful flames of war :  
 Fearless of blame, and eloquent to save,  
 'Twas he—'twas Fox the warning counsel gave ;  
 'Midst jarring conflicts stemm'd the tide of blood,  
 And to the menac'd world a sea-mark stood.  
 Ah ! had his voice in mercy's call prevail'd,  
 What grateful millions had the statesman hail'd,  
 Whose wisdom made the broils of nations cease,  
 And taught the world humanity and peace :  
 But tho' he fail'd, succeeding ages here,  
 The vain, yet pious effort, shall revere.  
 Roast in their annals his illustrious name ;  
 Uphold his greatness, and confirm his fame.

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Extract from Joel Barlow's Oration on the 4th of July, 1809.

*Friends and Fellow Citizens :*

"The day we now commemorate will never cease to excite in us the most exhilarating reflec-

**tions and mutual gratulations. Minds of sensibility, accustomed to range over the field of contemplation that the birth of our empire spreads before them, must expand on this occasion, to great ideas, and invigorate their patriotic sentiments.**

The thirty-three years of national existence which have brought us to our present condition, are crowded indeed with instructive facts, and comprise an interesting portion of history. But they have only prepared this gigantic infant of a nation to begin it's own developement. They are only the prelude to the greater events that seem to unfold themselves before us, and call for the highest wisdom to give them their proper direction.

It appears to have been the practice of the public speakers, called to give utterance to the feelings of their fellow citizens on the anniversary of this day, to dwell chiefly upon those memorable transactions which necessitated, and those which afterwards supported, the act of Independence that gives name to the present festival. Such were the oppressions of Britain, and our effectual resistance to those oppressions. Transactions so eventful are doubtless worthy to be held in perpetual remembrance. And as they ought never to be forgotten, they should frequently be recalled to the notice of our younger brethren, who can know them only from their elders. But, those conflicting scenes are now become every where matters of record. They are detailed so copiously in our annals, and so often by our orators, as to render the repetition of their story at this moment, far less important than to turn our attention to other subjects growing out of the interests of our blessed country.



Our departed heroes and statesmen have not gone without their fame. Our tears have mingled with the ashes of those fallen in our battles, and those who have descended in peace to a later tomb. Our gratitude attends the precious few who remain to us of that list of worthies ; the illustrious relics of so many fields of danger, and so many years of labour ; who led us in all our darings, when resistance to tyrants, as well in the forum as in the field, was deemed rebellion and threatened with death. Their whitened locks that still wave among us, are titles to our veneration ; they command, and they will obtain it, while the virtues they have taught us to practise shall continue to warm our hearts.

But our respect for the memory and the persons of all our leaders will be best evinced by the pious culture we bestow on the rich heritage they have secured and are handing over to our possession. The present race is likewise passing away, but the nation remains and rises with it's years. While we, the present race, are able to call ourselves the nation, we should be sensible of the greatness of the charge that has devolved upon us. We have duties to posterity as well as to ourselves. We must gather up our strength and encounter those duties. Yes, my friends, we are now the nation. As such we have arrived at that epoch when, instead of looking back with wonder upon our infancy, we may look forward with solicitude to a state of adolescence, with confidence to a state of manhood. Though as a nation we are yet in the morning of life, we have already attained an elevation which enables us to discern our course to it's meridian splendor ; to contemplate the height we have to climb, and the commanding station we must gain, in order to fulfil the destinies to which we are called, and perform

the duties that the cause of human happiness requires at our hands.

To prepare the United States to act the distinguished part that providence has assigned them, it is necessary to convince them that the means are within their power. A familiar knowledge of the means will teach us how to employ them in the attainment of the end. Knowledge will lead to wisdom : and wisdom in no small degree is requisite in the conduct of affairs so momentous and so new. For our situation is in many respects not only new to us, but new also to the world.

The form of government we have chosen, the geographical position we occupy as relative to the most turbulent powers of Europe, whose political maxims are widely different from ours ; the vast extent of continent that is or must be comprised within our limits, containing not less than sixteen hundred millions of acres, and susceptible of a population of two hundred millions of human beings ; our habits of industry and peace instead of violence and war—all these are circumstances which render our situation as novel as it is important. It requires new theories ; it has forced upon us new and bold, and in some cases, doubtful experiments ; it calls for deep reflection on the propensities of human nature, an accurate acquaintance with the history of human actions ; and what is perhaps the most difficult to attain, a wise discrimination among the maxims of wisdom, or what are such in other times and nations, to determine which of them are applicable and which would be detrimental to the end we have in view. I would by no means insinuate that we should reject the counsels of antiquity in mass ; or turn a deaf ear to the voice of modern experience because it is not our own. So

far as the policy of other nations is founded on the real relations of social man, on his moral nature undisguised, it may doubtless be worthy of imitation ; but so far as it is drawn from his moral nature, disguised by habits materially different from ours, such policy is to be suspected, it is to be scrutinized, and brought to the test, not perhaps of our experience, for that may in certain cases be wanting, but the test of the general principles of our institutions, and the habits and maxims that arise out of them.



#### MAGNANIMITY.

If you desire to be magnanimous, undertake nothing rashly, and fear nothing you undertake ; fear nothing but infamy, dare any thing but injury.

The measure of magnanimity is to be neither rash nor timorous. For magnanimity, or true courage, which is an essential character of a good soldier, is not a savage ferocious violence :—Not a fool-hardy insensibility of danger, or headstrong rashness to run into it :—Not the fury of inflamed passions, broke loose from the government of reason :—But a calm, deliberate, rational courage, a steady, judicious, thoughtful fortitude ; the courage of a man, and not of a tyger.

This is true courage, and such as we ought all to cherish in times of danger. This will render men vigilant and cautious against surprizes, prudent and deliberate in concerting their measures, and steady and resolute in executing them. But without this they will fall into unsuspected dangers, which will strike them with wild conster-

nation. They will meanly shun dangers that are surmountable, or precipitantly rush into those that are causeless, or evidently fatal ; and throw away their lives in vain.

Magnanimity fires men with a martial spirit, and glorious love of danger ; and such a spirit is a public blessing when rightly directed. This spirit, under God, has often mortified the insolence of tyrants, checked the encroachments of arbitrary power, and delivered enslaved and ruined nations. There is something glorious and inviting in danger, to such minds ; and their breasts beat with a generous ardour when it appears.



#### THE LAPLANDERS.

The *Laplanders*, and those who dwell in the neighbourhood of the Arctic Circle, are mortals, whose lot and mode of life are not the most happy, if compared to ours. Their country is formed of a range of mountains, covered with snow and ice, which melt not even in summer ; and where the chain of mountains are broken, vast sloughs and marshes are found. A deep snow also covers the vallies and hills ; and winter is felt during the greatest part of the year. The nights are long, and the days have but a feeble light. The inhabitants seek shelter from the cold, in tents which they can transport from place to place. In the centre of these they have their fireplace, which they encompass with stones : and the smoke escapes by an opening which serves the double purpose of chimney and window. From this place, chains of iron are suspended, on which they hang the pots in which they boil their



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honours thick upon him"; obedient to the will of his country, he resumed the command of her armies, and died as he had lived, a *true patriot*. Alfred, by the subjugation of his country's enemies, secured her liberties and peace; he was "her voice in council, in the field her sword." As a legislator, he immortalized his name by the institution of a trial by jury; as a magistrate, he presided with unparalleled wisdom; the sceptre of power was consecrated by his hand; and he was beloved, revered, nay, almost deified, by his countrymen. Washington, like Alfred, was energetic and determined in every emergency. Though their virtues were homogeneal, Alfred, claims the palm for ardour and brilliancy of genius: Washington excelled him in discretion; he weighed the consequences of every step, and his prudence triumphed over opposition. In short, Alfred the Great was like the rising sun, which breaking through a dark cloud, illumines and beautifies the creation. His superior mind shone with an effulgence that dissipated the gloom of superstition and ignorance which surrounded him, and, like the Vicegerent of Heaven, he promoted the happiness of the human species. Washington the Great was like the declining sun, that adorns the face of nature with the mildest radiance—his actions, equally brilliant with those of Alfred, were more imitable than his; and the virtuous American will be esteemed by posterity as worthy to stand in the same rank with this illustrious Englishman.



*Conclusion of the Rev. Mr. Knox's Oration on the death of Gen. Washington.*

"O! WASHINGTON! If departed spirits can be impressed with what is done on earth—then

ship those charms which embellish life ; if, I say, it were possible for them to unite these advantages with that tranquillity of mind which is their characteristic : these miserable people, whose mode of life terrifies our depraved imagination, would not be so much to be pitied as we suppose. And, if it be true, that the idea we form of felicity is more the business of opinion than of reason ; if it be true, that real happiness is not the exclusive privilege of certain people, and certain climates ; and that with the mere necessaries of life and peace of mind, a man may be happy in any corner of the world ; we have a right then to ask the question, What does a Laplander want to make him happy ?



*Comparison between Alfred the Great, and Washington the Great.*

The similarity between the public virtues of Washington and those of Alfred the Great, is admirable. These extraordinary men were both celebrated for their love of justice, their fortitude, patriotism, and piety. When Alfred exchanged the military garb for that of the peasant, he suffered a greater reverse of fortune than ever befel Washington ; and when in disguise he explored the camp of the Danes, and lulled suspicion by the melody of his harp, he evinced a more enterprising genius than the American. The capture of the Hessians at Trenton, however, reminds us of the achievement of Alfred ; who, by surprising the Danish camp, revived the hopes of his countrymen. Washington founded a republic ; he was instrumental to the establishment of *it's* polity, and retired "with all his blushing

honours thick upon him"; obedient to the will of his country, he resumed the command of her armies, and died as he had lived, a *true patriot*. Alfred, by the subjugation of his country's enemies, secured her liberties and peace; he was "her voice in council, in the field her sword."

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"O! WASHINGTON! If departed spirits can be impressed with what is done on earth—then



must thy seraphic shade, with celestial complacency, look down this day on the pure, uncorrupted expression of thy country's grief for thy irreparable loss. The mingled tribute of every age and sex—the united incense of every pure and fervent heart cannot fail to interest the hallowed abodes even of the blessed !

“ Our hoary fathers are pouring out to heaven their highest strains of gratitude for those blessings which, through thee, they are enabled to transmit to their posterity. Our venerable matrons are sending up to heaven their tearful ejaculations ; that their sons, and their sons' sons, to the remotest generation, may imitate thy great example. The afflicted hearts of our youth, with truly filial condolence, do this day review thy great example, and piously resolve to tread after thy footsteps, in the path to true glory ; in the same arduous road to virtue and honour.

“ O ! that along with the general tribute of sorrow that shall this day be expressed, o'er the wide confines of thy country, every heart could catch that flame of pure patriotism which animated all thy heroic conduct :—O ! that it would impress every soul with that hatred to tyranny and oppression ; to overbearing pride and ambition, against which thou fought and conquered. O ! that it would inspire every mind with that magnanimous virtue ; that incorruptible regard for all that is truly great and good, which so illustriously distinguished every action of thy well-spent life.

“ When now alas ! thy heroic form, thy loved remains, are mingling with the dust—O ! that the rulers of the earth, under whatever name they are elevated over their fellow men, would copy after the sublime pattern of thy virtuous life ; would learn to cherish that unambitious

temper—that moderation of soul—that high sense of responsibility which breathed through every act of thy happy administration.

“ O! that thy loved country ; that thy surviving fellow-citizens, would impress it deeply on their hearts ; that all, especially, who, in the future records of her history, shall be raised to the possession of that high trust which thou so illustriously discharged, should be able to adopt and apply to their administration, these thy last parting words—thy ever memorable farewell—thy last solemn adieu to thy country.

“ ‘ Though,’ said your immortal *Patriot*, ‘ in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects, not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me this hope, that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence ; and that after forty five years of my life dedicated to it’s service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be, to the mansion of rest.’ ”

Ah ! too prophetic foreboding of the cause of our present sympathy! Yes, “ illustrious shade ! thy country, this sad day, bears witness : by every mournful expression, in the power of mortals, bears witness, how much she has prized thy priceless services ; how much she values thy modest, though matchless worth ; and how much she deplores the dissolution of that Bond of Union with which thy exalted living virtues and renown had linked together her every inhabitant.

Our departed heroes and statesmen have not gone without their fame. Our tears have mingled with the ashes of those fallen in our battles, and those who have descended in peace to a later tomb. Our gratitude attends the precious few who remain to us of that list of worthies ; the illustrious relics of so many fields of danger, and so many years of labour ; who led us in all our darings, when resistance to tyrants, as well in the forum as in the field, was deemed rebellion and threatened with death. Their whitened locks that still wave among us, are titles to our veneration ; they command, and they will obtain it, while the virtues they have taught us to practise shall continue to warm our hearts.

But our respect for the memory and the persons of all our leaders will be best evinced by the pious culture we bestow on the rich heritage they have secured and are handing over to our possession. The present race is likewise passing away, but the nation remains and rises with it's years. While we, the present race, are able to call ourselves the nation, we should be sensible of the greatness of the charge that has devolved upon us. We have duties to posterity as well as to ourselves. We must gather up our strength and encounter those duties. Yes, my friends, we are now the nation. As such we have arrived at that epoch when, instead of looking back with wonder upon our infancy, we may look forward with solicitude to a state of adolescence, with confidence to a state of manhood. Though as a nation we are yet in the morning of life, we have already attained an elevation which enables us to discern our course to it's meridian splendor ; to contemplate the height we have to climb, and the commanding station we must gain, in order to fulfil *the destinies* to which we are called, and perform

the duties that the cause of human happiness requires at our hands.

To prepare the United States to act the distinguished part that providence has assigned them, it is necessary to convince them that the means are within their power. A familiar knowledge of the means will teach us how to employ them in the attainment of the end. Knowledge will lead to wisdom : and wisdom in no small degree is requisite in the conduct of affairs so momentous and so new. For our situation is in many respects not only new to us, but new also to the world.

The form of government we have chosen, the geographical position we occupy as relative to the most turbulent powers of Europe, whose political maxims are widely different from ours ; the vast extent of continent that is or must be comprised within our limits, containing not less than sixteen hundred millions of acres, and susceptible of a population of two hundred millions of human beings ; our habits of industry and peace instead of violence and war—all these are circumstances which render our situation as novel as it is important. It requires new theories ; it has forced upon us new and bold, and in some cases, doubtful experiments ; it calls for deep reflection on the propensities of human nature, an accurate acquaintance with the history of human actions ; and what is perhaps the most difficult to attain, a wise discrimination among the maxims of wisdom, or what are such in other times and nations, to determine which of them are applicable and which would be detrimental to the end we have in view. I would by no means insinuate that we should reject the counsels of antiquity in mass ; or turn a deaf ear to the voice of modern experience because it is not our own. So

far as the policy of other nations is founded on the real relations of social man, on his moral nature undisguised, it may doubtless be worthy of imitation ; but so far as it is drawn from his moral nature, disguised by habits materially different from ours, such policy is to be suspected, it is to be scrutinized, and brought to the test, not perhaps of our experience, for that may in certain cases be wanting, but the test of the general principles of our institutions, and the habits and maxims that arise out of them.

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#### MAGNANIMITY.

If you desire to be magnanimous, undertake nothing rashly, and fear nothing you undertake ; fear nothing but infamy, dare any thing but injury.

The measure of magnanimity is to be neither rash nor timorous. For magnanimity, or true courage, which is an essential character of a good soldier, is not a savage ferocious violence :—Not a fool-hardy insensibility of danger, or headstrong rashness to run into it :—Not the fury of inflamed passions, broke loose from the government of reason :—But a calm, deliberate, rational courage, a steady, judicious, thoughtful fortitude ; the courage of a man, and not of a tyger.

This is true courage, and such as we ought all to cherish in times of danger. This will render men vigilant and cautious against surprizes, prudent and deliberate in concerting their measures, and steady and resolute in executing them. But without this they will fall into unsuspected dangers, which will strike them with wild conster-

nation. They will meanly shun dangers that are surmountable, or precipitantly rush into those that are causeless, or evidently fatal; and throw away their lives in vain.

Magnanimity fires men with a martial spirit, and glorious love of danger; and such a spirit is a public blessing when rightly directed. This spirit, under God, has often mortified the insolence of tyrants, checked the encroachments of arbitrary power, and delivered enslaved and ruined nations. There is something glorious and inviting in danger, to such minds; and their breasts beat with a generous ardour when it appears.



#### THE LAPLANDERS.

'The *Laplanders*, and those who dwell in the neighbourhood of the Arctic Circle, are mortals, whose lot and mode of life are not the most happy, if compared to ours. Their country is formed of a range of mountains, covered with snow and ice, which melt not even in summer; and where the chain of mountains are broken, vast sloughs and marshes are found. A deep snow also covers the vallies and hills; and winter is felt during the greatest part of the year. The nights are long, and the days have but a feeble light. The inhabitants seek shelter from the cold, in tents which they can transport from place to place. In the centre of these they have their fire-place, which they encompass with stones: and the smoke escapes by an opening which serves the double purpose of chimney and window. From this place, chains of iron are suspended, on which they hang the pots in which they boil their

victuals, and melt the ice which serves them for drink. The interior of their tents is lined with furs, which keep out the wind ; and they sleep on the skins of animals spread on the ground. In such habitations as these, they spend the winter. For six months of the year they have a perpetual night, during which they only hear the whistling of the winds, and the roaring of wolves who are howling about on all sides for their prey.

How could we endure the climate and mode of life, of these people ? How much should we think ourselves to be pitied, had we nothing before our eyes but an immense extent of ice, and of deserts covered with snow ; while the absence of the sun rendered the cold still more insupportable ? And if, instead of a commodious dwelling, we had nothing but a portable tent formed of skins stretched out upon poles ? If, to provide for our subsistence, we had no other resource than that of long and dangerous hunting ? And if, at the same time, we were deprived of the pleasures which the arts, and of the charms which social and commercial life procure us ?

Should not these considerations cause us to fix our attention on the many prerogatives which are attached to our climate ; to which in general we pay so little attention ? Should they not lead us to bless that Divine providence, which has freed us from so many inconveniences and hardships ; and which has distinguished us with a thousand advantages ? Yes, we should bless that Divine Providence ; and when we feel the rigour of this season, we should give thanks to God that the cold is so moderate in the place where we dwell, and that we have received so many means to preserve ourselves from it. Let us also bless the *Mighty Arbitrator* of the Universe, that in the

midst of that devastation, the image of which the winter presents us, he has given us the cheering prospect of the returning spring, the bare idea of which, can comfort and support us in the present evil.

But is the inhabitant of these northern climes so unhappy as we suppose him to be? It is true, indeed, that he wanders painfully through rough vallies, and uncleared ways; and that he is exposed to the inclemency of the weather; but his hardy body is capable of bearing this fatigue. The Laplander is poor and destitute of all the comforts of life, it is true; but on the other hand, is he not rich, as he feels no other wants than those which he can easily satisfy? He is deprived during several months of the brightness of the Sun; but to render his dark nights supportable, the Moon and the Aurora Borealis shine bright on his horizon. Even the snow and ice under which he is buried, do not render him miserable; for education and habit have armed him against the rigours of his climate. The hardy life which he leads, has taught him to brave the cold; and as to the particular helps, which are indispensibly necessary, nature has rendered the use of them easy to him. She points out to him the animals, whose fur is a safeguard against the asperity of the season: she has given him the rein deer, which furnishes him at once with his tent, clothing, bed, meat, and drink; with which he risks the longest voyages; which, in a word, supplies almost all his necessities, and whose maintenance is scarcely any expence.

If, in the midst of the miseries of their situation, these poor creatures had a more perfect acquaintance with God, such a knowledge as Revelation has given us; if, less savage and less indifferent, they knew how to derive from friend-



ship those charms which embellish life ; if, I say, it were possible for them to unite these advantages with that tranquillity of mind which is their characteristic : these miserable people, whose mode of life terrifies our depraved imagination, would not be so much to be pitied as we suppose. And, if it be true, that the idea we form of felicity is more the business of opinion than of reason ; if it be true, that real happiness is not the exclusive privilege of certain people, and certain climates ; and that with the mere necessaries of life and peace of mind, a man may be happy in any corner of the world ; we have a right then to ask the question, What does a Laplander want to make him happy ?



*Comparison between Alfred the Great, and Washington the Great.*

The similarity between the public virtues of Washington and those of Alfred the Great, is admirable. These extraordinary men were both celebrated for their love of justice, their fortitude, patriotism, and piety. When Alfred exchanged the military garb for that of the peasant, he suffered a greater reverse of fortune than ever befel Washington ; and when in disguise he explored the camp of the Danes, and lulled suspicion by the melody of his harp, he evinced a more enterprising genius than the American. The capture of the Hessians at Trenton, however, reminds us of the achievement of Alfred ; who, by surprising the Danish camp, revived the hopes of his countrymen. Washington founded a republic ; he was instrumental to the establishment of *polity*, and retired “with all his blushing

honours thick upon him"; obedient to the will of his country, he resumed the command of her armies, and died as he had lived, a *true patriot*. Alfred, by the subjugation of his country's enemies, secured her liberties and peace; he was "her voice in council, in the field her sword."

As a legislator, he immortalized his name by the institution of a trial by jury; as a magistrate, he presided with unparalleled wisdom; the sceptre of power was consecrated by his hand; and he was beloved, revered, nay, almost deified, by his countrymen. Washington, like Alfred, was energetic and determined in every emergency. Though their virtues were homogeneal, Alfred, claims the palm for ardour and brilliancy of genius: Washington excelled him in discretion; he weighed the consequences of every step, and his prudence triumphed over opposition. In short, Alfred the Great was like the rising sun, which breaking through a dark cloud, illumines and beautifies the creation. His superior mind shone with an effulgence that dissipated the gloom of superstition and ignorance which surrounded him, and, like the Vicegerent of Heaven, he promoted the happiness of the human species. Washington the Great was like the declining sun, that adorns the face of nature with the mildest radiance—his actions, equally brilliant with those of Alfred, were more imitable than his; and the virtuous American will be esteemed by posterity as worthy to stand in the same rank with this illustrious Englishman.

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*Conclusion of the Rev. Mr. Knox's Oration on  
the death of Gen. Washington.*

"O! WASHINGTON! If departed spirits can be impressed with what is done on earth—then

must thy seraphic shade, with celestial complacency, look down this day on the pure, uncorrupted expression of thy country's grief for thy irreparable loss. The mingled tribute of every age and sex—the united incense of every pure and fervent heart cannot fail to interest the hallowed abodes even of the blessed !

“ Our hoary fathers are pouring out to heaven their highest strains of gratitude for those blessings which, through thee, they are enabled to transmit to their posterity. Our venerable matrons are sending up to heaven their tearful ejaculations ; that their sons, and their sons' sons, to the remotest generation, may imitate thy great example. The afflicted hearts of our youth, with truly filial condolence, do this day review thy great example, and piously resolve to tread after thy footsteps, in the path to true glory ; in the same arduous road to virtue and honour.

“ O ! that along with the general tribute of sorrow that shall this day be expressed, o'er the wide confines of thy country, every heart could catch that flame of pure patriotism which animated all thy heroic conduct :—O ! that it would impress every soul with that hatred to tyranny and oppression ; to overbearing pride and ambition, against which thou fought and conquered. O ! that it would inspire every mind with that magnanimous virtue ; that incorruptible regard for all that is truly great and good, which so illustriously distinguished every action of thy well-spent life.

“ When now alas ! thy heroic form, thy loved remains, are mingling with the dust—O ! that the rulers of the earth, under whatever name they are elevated over their fellow men, would copy after the sublime pattern of thy virtuous *life* ; would learn to cherish that unambitious

temper—that moderation of soul—that high sense of responsibility which breathed through every act of thy happy administration.

“ O! that thy loved country ; that thy surviving fellow-citizens, would impress it deeply on their hearts ; that all, especially, who, in the future records of her history, shall be raised to the possession of that high trust which thou so illustriously discharged, should be able to adopt and apply to their administration, these thy last parting words—thy ever memorable farewell—thy last solemn adieu to thy country.

“ Though,” said your immortal *Patriot*, ‘ in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects, not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me this hope, that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence ; and that after forty five years of my life dedicated to it’s service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be, to the mansion of rest.”

Ah ! too prophetic foreboding of the cause of our present sympathy! Yes, “ illustrious shade ! thy country, this sad day, bears witness : by every mournful expression, in the power of mortals, bears witness, how much she has prized thy priceless services ; how much she values thy modest, though matchless worth ; and how much she deplors the dissolution of that Bond of Union with which thy exalted living virtues and renown had linked together her every inhabitant.

“ As long as our independence shall be estimated—as long as those civil rights, purchased by her blood, under thy victorious arm, shall be regarded—as long as virtue, public and private, shall be cherished—as long as philanthropy and uncorrupted patriotism shall bless thy country—so long shall thy name, thy fame and dearest remembrance be embalmed in her every heart.

“ Followed by the plaudits, the love and grateful affection of all thy fellow-citizens—wafted on the enraptured benedictions of all the virtuous among men, thy heaven-born Spirit rises to a new æra of celestial freedom, bliss, and felicity! In the last general revolution of nature, “ amidst the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,” when all the *benefactors* of mankind shall be exalted to those pure honours which no tongue can express ; “ which have never entered into the heart of man to conceive,” then shalt thou, the brightest amidst that bright ASSEMBLAGE, be hailed by the seraphic concerts of ELYSIUM—In choral symphonies, by Angels sung, welcomed into the joys of immortality, amidst the congratulations of the Myriads, who, blessed by thy services on earth, shall have their Heaven enhanced by sharing with *thee* in the glories of ETERNITY.”

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AN ORATION

ON DUELLING :

Addressed to the Ladies.\*

*Mothers, Wives, Sisters, Friends :*

Let me entreat you for the honour of human nature, in compliance with the best propensities

of your heart—for the sake of your injured country—for the veneration you feel to the Holy Religion of that Saviour, whose dominion is a peaceful dominion, and whose precepts enjoin that men should love, and not hate, one another—that you will, by all means, use all your charming influence to put down this mean and detestable practice—this fruitful source of infamy and woe to many a lover, many a widow, and many an orphan infant's heart, perhaps brought down to an untimely grave by the base conduct of a murderous father, or a lawless, impious brother!—Let the poor scalping Indian, or the wild untaught African, glut his rage with the blood of his devoted fellow creature ; but let not that man receive, especially from the ladies, the rights of friendship or hospitality, who has made any effort, either as first or second, in giving or receiving a challenge ; whether he be in the army or navy, or whether he be a white fighting gentleman, or a black fighting gentleman, never again suffer him to pay his accustomed visits to your family, nor suffer yourself to be seen in the company of one so abandoned and wicked, much less indulge the shocking thought of joining heart and hand in wedlock's band with one so covered o'er with blood!—My dear ladies, I must plainly tell you, that I do believe it rests with you entirely to say, whether this barbarous plan of duelling shall or shall not continue to disgrace the American nation!—You only frown indignant, and by all means shun every one who may have any part or lot in this matter, and we shall soon have a reformation of men and manners—and the pistol and the sword will change into the olive branch of peace ; and the beardless boy and the sage veteran, will yield themselves, conquered by the American Fair:—And while the

weak and wicked, who are totally lost to every humane and noble sentiment, may laugh to scorn such counsel as this, the wise and the virtuous will all agree, that there is more true honour attached to the charge of cowardice in refusing a challenge, than to accept one from a poor deluded fellow mortal, who, in a fit of madness, wishes to precipitate himself or his neighbour into all the miseries of a dreadful eternity.

\* The author's reason for addressing this Oration to the Ladies, proceeds from his firm belief that women, next to the grace of the Almighty, have the greatest influence in the world.



*The aged Beggar to the young Lady.*

*Beggar.* Christ bless you, lady—hear an old man's prayer ;

Full seventy years and nine, this vale I've trod ;  
And now, bow'd down with poverty and care,  
I haste to yon abode of peace and God.

Within my frame scarce lives the vital spark :  
These tottering limbs are heavy grown, and old :

Dim are these aged eyes become, and dark,  
And soon the grave my weary'd bones shall hold.

This oaken stick but ill supports my frame ;  
My once dark locks are silver'd o'er by time,  
And from the hand of charity I claim  
My daily morsel, 'till I gain yon clime.

*Lady.* God bless you too—my reverend aged friend ;

Here take my mite—had I a richer store,  
This moment would I bid your sorrows end.  
And for you open smiling plenty's door.

*Beggar.* Receive the blessing of a grateful heart ;  
 May Christ reward your charity, I pray,  
 Befriend your youth—plenty and peace impart ;  
 Farewell kind lady, and God speed your way.



## LONDON.

This great city (unparalleled in extent and opulence, throughout the whole habitable globe) comprehends, besides London, Westminster, and Southwark, no less than forty-five villages, now exceedingly enlarged, independent of a vast accession of buildings upon the open fields, in the vicinity ; it becomes less a matter of surprize to learn that it extends to nearly eight miles in length ; is three miles at least in breadth ; and not less that twenty-six in circumference—containing above eight thousand streets, lanes, alleys, and courts—and sixty-five different squares, in which are more than one hundred and sixty-two thousand houses, warehouses and other buildings, besides 482 places of public worship ; it's inhabitants are estimated at 1,250,000 souls.

In this great city there are 4,050 seminaries of Education—1,600 friendly societies. Total estimate per annum for poor rates, and charitable purposes, £830,000,000.



## BATH.

Bath has been too often described to need any particular notice here. Even a general criticism on the style and arrangement of the objects that



rise in succession upon the observant eye, in a walk through this city of palaces, would occupy more space than can be afforded (in a work like the present) to the topographical survey of a county. Suffice it to say, we were delighted—we were fascinated—we exclaimed in a rapture—This only is worthy of being called a city! all that we have seen before were but congregations of pig-sties! We had intended to have passed through Bath, post-speed, as through a place of vulgar note (for what were its splendours to us!) and to have hastened to the main point of our destination, and we had made our arrangements accordingly. But what signified arrangements? We had eyes, and they were masters of us. Our habiliments, however, were somewhat out of harmony with the scenery around us; they bore the evident marks of pedestrian toil; while every thing we beheld was stamped with the character of equipage and elegance.

Pedestrian Excursion through England and Wales.



#### CONSTANTINOPLE.

I had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey from Adrianople to this city. The Grand Signior furnished us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great Saphis, and their equipages, coming out of Asia to the war. They always travel with tents; but I chose to lie in houses all the way. I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we passed, in which there was *nothing* remarkable but at Ciorlei, where there was *a little scraglio*, built for the use of the Grand

Signior when he goes this road. I had the curiosity to view all the apartments destined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midst of a thick grove of trees made fresh by fountains. But I was most surprised to see the walls almost covered with little distichs of Turkish verse, written with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned ; though I easily believed him, that they had lost much of their beauty in the translation. One was literally thus, in English :

“ We come into this world, we lodge, and we depart ;

“ He never goes that’s lodg’d within my heart.”

The rest of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the side of the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis.

A certain French author says, Constantinople is twice as big as Paris. It does not appear to me to be much bigger than London ; I am apt to think it is not so populous. The burying fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one.

On no occasion do they ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine marble. They set up a pillar, with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man ; and as the turbans, by their different shapes, show the quality or profession, it is in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased. Besides, the pillar commonly

bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar without other ornaments, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Those of the sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

The exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandize is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The jeweller's quarter shows so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds and all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderer's is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I have taken care to see as much of the scraglio here as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea ; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent ; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone ; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the divan, and the sixth for the apartment *destined for audiences*. On the ladies side there

are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants.

The climate about Constantinople, is delightful in the highest degree. I am now sitting, on the fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm sun-shine, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden.

The pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asiatic side is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature. On the European stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem twice as large as it is, (though one of the largest cities in the world), showing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry, as any person ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars show themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison, but it gives me an exact idea of the thing.

*Lady M. W. Montague.*

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*Of Dublin, and the Hospitality of the Irish.*

Having crossed St. George's channel from Liverpool, the most prosperous sea-port town on the western coast of England, the first land we made

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was Houth Heath, a point of land about eight miles east of Dublin, forming the north point of it's bay, which is about three or four miles wide, and six or seven in extent. The bar of this harbour is very incommodious ; but the entrance into the harbour, being at least eight miles from Dublin city, is extremely beautiful and picturesque, diversified with hills and promontories on either hand, exhibiting a very spacious amphitheatre, bounded by a high shore, and said to be exceeded in grandeur by none, except the bay of Naples, to whose superiority of view, Mount Vesuvius does not a little contribute. The country all around is sprinkled with white villas. From the entrance, the light-house on the south side of the harbour appears to great advantage. At a little distance from it is Irish-town (two miles distant from Dublin) to which place the dyke from that city reaches ; and which, when carried on to the extent proposed, will considerably increase the quantity of marsh ground already retrieved from the bay, at the bottom of which the river Liffy discharges itself.

The city of Dublin is not seen to advantage from the water ; yet the landscape upon the whole is highly rich and beautiful, being horized in some places by mountains, exactly conical, called the Sugar-loaf hills. I am persuaded there are many who would not regret a journey thither for this single prospect, to render which complete, a number of circumstances are necessary, but which can seldom concur, such as the season of the year, the time of the day, and the clearness of the atmosphere when you enter the bay.

The magnitude of the city of Dublin is much greater than in general imagined, being nearer a fourth than a fifth of that of London. If you *view it from any of the towers*, it seems more ;

but from walking the streets you would suppose it to be less. It contains about 14,500 houses, which indeed is far short of one fourth of the number of houses in London ; yet there is not so great a disproportion in the number of inhabitants, who are supposed, at a moderate computation, to amount to 100,000. It is nearly circular, about eight miles in circumference. We see it to great advantage from any of its steeples, the blue slate having a very good effect.

The best view is from the Phoenix Park (the Hyde Park of Dublin) but much more extensive than ours, and would be exquisitely beautiful if dressed and planted ; but except some thorns and the clumps of elms planted by the late Lord Chesterfield when he was Lord Lieutenant, there are very few trees upon it. In one part of this Park his Lordship raised a handsome column of free stone, fluted, with a Phoenix on the top, issuing out of a flame ; it has an inscription on the base, importing that he embellished the Park at his own expense, for the recreation of the citizens of Dublin ; and his name is still held in veneration among them. In this Park there is a fort.

The greatest part of Dublin is very indifferent, but the new streets are as elegant as the modern streets of Westminster. Lately has been added to it an elegant square, called Merryon's square, built in a superb stile. Near that is the square called St. Stephen's Green, each side being near a quarter of a mile, probably the largest in Europe, round which is a gravel-walk of near a mile, where genteel company walk in the evenings, and on Sundays after two o'clock. This square has some grand houses, and is in general well built ; and although there is a great inequality in the houses, yet this in some respect adds

to it's beauty. In the midst of it is an equestrian statue of George II. in brass, erected in 1758. The situation is cheerful, and the buildings around it multiply very fast. A new square has lately been added, called Palatine square, near the barracks, a regular fine range of buildings which considerably adds to the growing improvements of this city.

The quays of Dublin are it's principal beauty. They lie on each side the river Liffy, which is banked and walled in the whole length of the city; and at the breadth of a wide street from the river on each side, the houses are built fronting each other, which has a good effect. This embankment is superior to any part of London.

The Liffy runs for about two miles almost in a straight line through the city. It has five bridges over it; of which Essex bridge is the most worthy of notice. It consists of five arches of stone. The chord of the middle one is forty-eight feet. It was begun in 1753, finished in about a year and a half, and cost 20,000 guineas. It has raised foot-paths, alcoves, and ballustrades like Westminster bridge, of a white stone, coarse but hard. It fronts Chapel-street to the north, and Parliament-street to the south. The length is two hundred and fifty feet, and the breadth much the same as that of Westminster. Queen's bridge was rebuilt in 1764, is exceedingly neat, and consists of three elegant arches. The other bridges are not worth mentioning, as they are merely conveniences to save the trouble of ferrying across the river, and defy every order of architecture.

At the end of Essex-bridge is the elegant new building of the Exchange, which does honour to the merchants who conducted it, the expence being mostly defrayed by lotteries. The whole is

of white stone, richly embellished with semi-columns of the Corinthian order, a cupola, and other ornaments, with a statue of his present majesty George III. erected in 1779.

Near this, on a little eminence, is situated the castle, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, which consists of two large courts, called the upper and lower castle-yard ; in the latter of which are the treasury, and some other public offices. Though there is little grandeur in the outward appearance of either, yet, upon the whole, this castle is far superior to the palace of St. James's, as well in the exterior, as the size and the elegance of the apartments within.

Here are two cathedrals, eighteen parish churches, besides several chapels and meeting-houses. Neither of the cathedrals are remarkable for their architecture ; and as to the parish-churches, except on the front of three or four of their steeples, external embellishments have been little studied, all that seems to have been attended to, was neatness and convenience within ; but they are generally destitute of every monumental decoration. In the cathedrals only, can be seen whatever of the monumental kind is worthy of observation.

From the general badness of the streets of Dublin, hackney coaches are more frequent, in proportion, than in London, and sedan chairs are every where as common as about St. James's.

In the year 1799, it was computed, that in the city and liberties there were 2,500 ale-houses, 300 taverns, and 12,000 brandy-shops. At present, in this extensive place, there are about 20 coffee houses, and they are resorted to for tea and coffee only, not like those in London, where dinners and suppers make a very convenient addition ; and there are about a dozen chop-houses ;



these accommodations being rather novel in Dublin.

It is very extraordinary, that in this large and populous city, there should be such an almost total want of strangers and travellers. This defect obliges every body, who is acquainted with the place, to get into private lodgings as soon as he arrives, or to use the hotels lately set up: some of which are elegant.

Hospitality holds it's residence here; for it is customary for almost every gentleman, who dines with your friend, to ask you for a day; nay, they will sometimes invite the whole company to be of your party. This social custom is still very prevalent, though not so much, I am told, as it has been.

With respect to drinking, I have been happily disappointed. The bottle is circulated freely, but not to the excess we have heard it was, and I of course dreaded to find. Common sense is resuming her empire. The practice of cramming guests is already exploded, and that of gorging them is daily losing ground. Wherever I have yet been, I was always desired to do just as I chose; nay, I have been at some tables where the practice of drinking healths at dinner was entirely laid aside. Let the custom originate whence it may, it is now unnecessary; in many cases it is unseasonable, and in all superfluous.

The tables of the first fashion are covered just as in London; I can scarcely see any difference, unless it be that there is more variety here. Well bred people of different countries approach much nearer to each other in their manners, than those who have not seen the world. This is visible in the living of the merchants of London and Dublin. With these you never see a stinted din-

ner at two o'clock, with a glass of port after it; but you find a table, not only plentifully, but luxuriously spread, with choice wines, both at dinner and after it; and, which gives the highest zest to the entertainment, your host receives you with such an appearance of liberality and indeed urbanity, as is very pleasing. Here they betray no attention to the counter, discover no sombrous gloom of computation, but display an open frankness and social vivacity of spirit.

If you prefer the men of this country for their hospitality, and the women for their beauty, you are likely to live well with them.



#### POLITENESS.

Politeress is an evenness of mind, which excludes at the same time both insensibility, and too much earnestness. It supposes a quick discernment, to perceive immediately the different characters of men; and by an easy condescension, adapts itself to each man's taste, not to flatter but to calm his passions.

It is a forgetting of ourselves in order to seek what may be agreeable to others; but in so delicate a manner, as to let them scarce perceive that we are so employed. It knows how to contradict with respect, and please without adulation, and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a mean familiarity.



*Little Griefs Speak—Great Griefs are Dumb.*

Addison justly says, little griefs speak—great griefs are dumb. When Aron's sons, Nadab

and Abihu, offered strange fire before the Lord, for which the Divine vengeance destroyed them, it is said that Aron held his peace; no doubt his feelings were too big for utterance. Jesus wept at the grave of his friend Lazarus; but on the awfully trying occasion of suffering for the sins of the whole world, he was dumb, and opened not his mouth, neither in repinings to God, nor upbraidings to man.



### *Tully's Glimpse of Heaven.*

Tully had but a faint glimpse of the country to which we (Christians) are all travelling. Yet so pleasing was any the most imperfect and shadowy prospect into futurity, that Tully declared no man should ravish it from him.

“If I am deluded, said he, in my view of Religion and immortality, it is so blessed a delusion that I am determined never to part with it.”



### *The Faithful American Dog.*

An officer in the late American army, on his station at the westward, went out in the morning with his dog and gun, in quest of game. Venturing too far from the garrison, he was fired upon by an Indian, who was lurking in the bushes, and instantly fell to the ground.

The Indian running to him, struck him on the head with his tomahawk in order to dispatch him; but the button of his hat fortunately warding off the edge, he was only stunned by the blow. With savage brutality he applied the scalping

knife, and hastened away with this trophy of his horrid cruelty, leaving the officer for dead, and none to relieve or console him, but his faithful dog.

The afflicted creature gave every expression of his attachment, fidelity, and affection. He licked the wounds with inexpressible tenderness, and mourned the fate of his beloved master. Having performed every office which sympathy dictated, or sagacity could invent, without being able to remove his master from the fatal spot, or procure from him any signs of life, or his wonted expressions of affection to him, he ran off in quest of help.

Bending his course towards the river, where two men were fishing, he urged them by all the powers of native rhetoric to accompany him to the woods. The men were suspicious of a decoy to an ambuscade, and durst not venture to follow the dog; who, finding all his caresses fail, returned to the care of his master: and, licking his wounds a second time, renewed all his tenderness; but with no better success than before.

Again he returned to the men, once more to try his skill in alluring them to his assistance. In this attempt he was more successful than in the other. The men, seeing his solicitude, began to think the dog might have discovered some valuable game, and determined to hazard the consequences of following him.

Transported with his success, the affectionate creature hurried them along by every expression of ardour. Presently they arrived at the spot, where, behold, an officer wounded, scalped, weltering in his own gore, and faint with the loss of blood!

Suffice it to say he was yet alive. They carried him to the fort, where the first dressings were performed. A suppuration immediately took place, and he was soon conveyed to the hospital at Albany, where, in a few weeks he was entirely recovered, and was able to return to his duty.

This worthy officer owed his life, probably to the fidelity of this sagacious dog. His tongue, which the gentleman afterwards declared gave him the most exquisite pleasure, clarified the wound in the most effectual manner, and his perseverance brought that assistance, without which he must soon have perished.

“ My dog the trustiest of his kind,  
With gratitude inflames my mind ;  
I mark his true his faithful way,  
And in my service copy Tray.”

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#### CALCUTTA.

As we enter the town, a very extensive square opens before us, with a large piece of water in the middle, for the public use. The pond has a grass-plot round it, and the whole is inclosed by a wall breast-high, with a railing on the top. The sides of this inclosure are each nearly five hundred yards in length. The square itself is composed of magnificent houses, which render Calcutta not only the handsomest town in Asia, but one of the finest in the world. One side of the square consists of a range of buildings occupied by persons in civil employments under the company, such as writers in the public offices. Part of the side towards the river is taken up by the old fort, which was the first citadel built by

the English after their establishment in Bengal. It is an indifferent square, with extremely small bastions, that can mount at most, but one gun, though the sides are pierced for two. The fort is without a ditch, and is no longer used for a fortification; the ramparts are converted into gardens, and on the bastions and in the inside of the fort, houses have been built for persons in the service of the government, particularly the officers of the custom-house, who transact their business there. These fortifications are so much reduced from the scale on which they were originally constructed, that the line of defence is now only a hundred and forty or a hundred and fifty yards in length, and the front not more than two hundred. Though this small fort was much superior to that which the English had built at first at Madras, it could not protect them from the resentment of the nabob of Bengal, Suraja Dowla, with whom they were at war; it was taken, and such of the English troops as escaped, fled for safety to Cadjery, where also they were besieged. The conqueror, when he got possession of the fort at Calcutta, had the prisoners which he took there thrust one upon another into a hole, outside the fort, from which those only were fortunate enough to come out alive who happened to be uppermost in the heap: the rest were all suffocated. In remembrance of so flagrant an act of barbarity, the English, who were conquerors in their turn, erected a monument between the old fort and the right wing of the building occupied by the civil officers of the company, on the very spot where the deed was committed. It is a pyramid, truncated at the top, and standing upon a square pedestal, having a design in sculpture on each of its sides, and an inscription in the English and Moorish languages, describing the occasion on which

it was erected. It is surrounded with an iron railing to prevent access to it, has shrubs planted about it, and exhibits a mournful appearance, not unsuitable to the event which it is intended to commemorate.

Close to the old fort is the theatre, which does not accord in appearance with the general beauty of the town, and in which there are seldom dramatic representations for want of performers.

There are two churches of the English establishment at Calcutta, one of which is built in a superb and regular style of architecture, with a circular range of pillars in front, of the doric order, and beautiful in their proportion; the cornice and architrave, ornamented with the triglyphs, are in the same excellent taste, and the edifice altogether is a model of grandeur and elegance.

There are also, besides these regular establishments, a catholic church belonging to the Portuguese mission, another of the Greek persuasion in which the service is performed by monks of the order of St. Basil, an Arminian church, a synagogue, several mosques, and a great number of pagodas; so that nearly all the religions in the world are assembled in this capital.

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#### MADRAS.

Madras, properly so called, is a very large town, surrounded by a ditch, and a sort of wall, falling in some places into ruins, but sufficient to resist a surprize, or a sudden attack of cavalry, which is no small advantage: for in war the light cavalry of the natives, called *louti*, are the most

audacious free-booters in the world, burning and plundering indiscriminately, every place that falls in their way. Madras is thus protected from their attacks ; and, in case of siege, every thing of value is removed into the citadel, called Fort St. George.

This fortress, which I examined but very imperfectly, is separated from the town by an esplanade outside the glacis : it stands on the sea-shore, and presents six fronts towards the land, as well as I can recollect, for my notes do not mention this particular. The fort, having been built at several times, is of a very irregular construction ; not in regard to the polygon, but in the plan of the fronts, which are almost all different from each other. That towards the north-east is on the Indian model of Sardi. It's opposite, on the south-east, is according to the plan of the chevalier De Ville. Some of the bastions have retired flanks, and others not : the flanks of the northern bastions are casemated. This side is defended by a strong counter-guard ; the ditches are excellent, with a cunette in the middle ; the counter-way is good, and is countermined, but I do not know whether the chambers of the mines extend beyond the summit of the glacis, nor how far the galleries are carried ; and in the ditches there are neither caponiers nor tenailles. All the works are well-faced with brick, and in complete repair ; the covered way is palisaded, and carefully provided with traverses ; the barriers and palisadoes are well closed and kept in good condition : the depots of arms are spacious ; and the citadel of Madras, with a good garrison, might hold out in Europe, against an army of 30,000 men, for twenty days after the trenches were opened. As this fortress is intended, in case of siege, for the retreat of all the servants of the



company, it is necessarily filled with houses ; which gives it a dark and unpleasant appearance. On this account the English do not reside in it ; even the governor lives in the country, and the rest of the English follow his example. They repair in the morning to the fort for the transaction of business, and remain there 'till three o'clock in the afternoon, when they return, and the place seems deserted. Even the theatre is in the country ; so that the ground to a considerable distance round Madras presents to the view a multitude of gardens, spread over an extent so great, as to prevent persons who reside at the opposite extremities, from visiting each other, unless on horse-back or in carriages ; the palanquins in many instances would be insufficient for the purpose. Some of these gardens are extremely beautiful, and the houses are in general elegant.

The position of Fort St. George is equally fortunate with that of Pondicherry, and is in like manner strengthened on the south side by a river that washes the extremity of the glacis. Over this river is a handsome bridge of bricks. The west side is protected by an inundation, which the fort can at any time command, by means of a sluice situated at the beginning of the glacis, and defended by the covered way. The northern side, as at Pondicherry, is the only side open to an attack.

The power of the English in this country, however, was not always supported by so formidable a bulwark. The present fortress indeed, is impregnable to the Indians ; but the sight of the old fort will give an idea of the feebleness of the first establishments on the coast, and of the slender beginnings from which the English rose to their present greatness.

This was a square building, which is now in the middle of the fort, and in point of size is not equal even to the present depot of arms. It has been converted into a house, in which the different offices of the company are established. Fort St. George contains a church of the English persuasion : no other religion indeed is tolerated in the citadel. An elegant structure too has lately been erected, intended for an exchange. The great hall, decorated with portraits of Lord Cornwallis and General Meadows, is worthy the attention of travellers. Madras is already numbered in the list of places celebrated for the sumptuousness of their public establishments. The posts for the conveyance of letters, called *tapal*, are well managed ; while two newspapers, a national lottery, a theatre, and a ball-room, raise it to a rivalry with those towns, which are the scenes of luxury and refinement.



### *Quadrupeds of India.*

I shall merely observe with regard to the Quadrupeds, that there are two sorts of oxen in India, the large and the small. The former resemble those in Europe ; but there is another sort lower in stature, and which bear the same proportion to oxen in general, as the small Hungarian horses do to the large English ones. Among this small kind there are some in particular that are accounted sacred, and are called Bramin oxen. I know not whether they are indebted for their form to the particular care that is taken of them, to a more delicate food, or to the easy life which they lead : but they have by no means the heavy sluggish air that characterizes other oxen.

mals of their species. On the contrary, they are light, slender, active, and have something graceful both in their shape and motions. They are a sort of *apis*, and are suffered to go at large among the people in the streets and market-places, and to take freely whatever they like. Any person in the bazar, from whom one of these oxen shall take a cabbage or other vegetable, will consider it as an instance of extraordinary good fortune, and all his family will rejoice with him at the event.

The sheep are in every respect like those in France, and do not at all resemble the African breed, which is a species that I have no where else met with in any part of the world.

Elephants are common all over this province, and are trained to every sort of employment, even to hunting the tiger. It is customary to fasten on the back of this huge animal a pavilion, large enough to hold five or six persons, who ascend to it by a ladder, which is afterwards suspended to the crupper.

When a tiger is to be hunted, the persons who engage in the amusement get into this pavilion, and have several well-trained dogs that beat the country before them. The elephant follows the dogs till he gets scent of the tiger, which he does generally at a great distance, for his senses are extremely acute. Immediately he raises his trunk into the air like the mast of a ship, and seems anxious to keep it from being laid hold of by his enemy. On this signal the hunters prepare to fire, if it should be necessary.

The dogs in the mean time press upon the tiger, who no sooner perceives the elephant than he stands immovable, his mouth open and claws extended, roaring dreadfully, and watching every motion of the elephant with the greatest atten-

tion. The latter approaches within the length of his trunk, which he still keeps erect and out of danger ; the two animals for a moment look at each other, and this is the time when the hunters usually fire. The shot makes the tiger start, on which the elephant seizes him, and dexterously lifting him up with his trunk, and letting him fall again, crushes him to death by treading upon him, and forces his entrails through the wounds. Whenever a tiger makes his appearance near any place that is inhabited, he is hunted in this manner ; and the amusement is attended with so little danger, that ladies are often of the party.

There are many species of monkeys at Bengal, but no orang-outang.



#### CICERO'S MAXIMS.

Can there be any thing more admirable (says Mr. Rollin) than these maxims of Cicero ; that we ought above all things to be convinced that there is a Supreme Being, who presides over all the events of the world, and disposes every thing as Sovereign Lord and arbiter—that it is to him mankind are indebted for all the good they enjoy—that he penetrates into, and is conscious of, whatever passes in the most secret recesses of our hearts—that he treats the just and the impious according to their respective merits : that the true means of acquiring his favour and of being pleasing in his sight, is not by the use of riches and magnificence in his worship, but by presenting him an heart, pure and blameless, and by adoring him with an unfeigned and profound veneration.

*Peter Walking on the Sea.*

To walk upon the water was thought so impracticable, that the picture of two feet walking on the sea, was an Egyptian hieroglyphic for an impossible thing : and in the Scripture it is mentioned as a prerogative of God, "that he alone treadeth upon the waves of the sea." Job ix. 8. Peter, however, at the command of Jesus, ventured, and at the first he walked towards his master with great confidence, but the wind becoming more boisterous, his courage staggered, and in proportion as his faith decreased the water yielded, and he began to sink, when Jesus stretched out his hand and saved him, but not without rebuke ; which may warn us, not rashly to throw ourselves on unnecessary trials, lest our excess of confidence end in fear and disgrace. Modesty and caution will adorn the other virtues and render us amiable in the sight of God.

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 ON DEFAMATION.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,

As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

TOPE.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to *defamation*. They who are harmless and innocent, can have no gratification that way ; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should virtue provoke ? Why should beauty displease in such a degree, that a man given to scandal never lets the mention of either pass by him, without offering something *to the diminution of it* ? A lady the other day at

a visit, being attacked somewhat rudely by one, whose own character had been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly, *Good madam, spare me, who am none of your match ; I speak ill of nobody, and it is a new thing for me to be spoken ill of.* Little minds think fame consists in the number of votes they have on their side among the multitude ; whereas it is really the inseparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a shadow is of a body. It is true, when crowds press upon you, this shadow cannot be seen ; but when they separate from around you, it will appear again. The lazy, the idle, and froward, are the persons who are most pleased with the little tales which pass about the town, to the disadvantage of the rest of the world. Were it not for a pleasure of speaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houses, and too ill-natured to open their lips in conversation. It was not a little diverting, the other day, to observe a lady reading a post-letter, and at these words, *after all her airs, he has heard some story or other, and the match is broken off,* give orders in the midst of her reading, *put to the horses.* That a young woman of merit had missed an advantageous settlement, was news not to be delayed, lest some body else should have given her malicious acquaintance that satisfaction before her. The unwillingness to receive good tidings, is a quality as inseparable from a scandal-bearer, as the readiness to divulge bad. But, alas ! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that state of mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the subject of lamentation. This temper has ever been in the highest degree odious to gallant spirits. The *Persian* soldier who was heard reviling *Alexan-*

*der* the Great, was well admonished by his officer: "Sir, you are paid to fight against *Alexander*, and not to rail at him."

*Cicero*, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general scandal, says very handsomely, and with much reason, "there are many who have particular engagements to the prosecutor: there are many who are known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear: there are many who are naturally addicted to defamation, and envious of any good to any man, who may have contributed to spread reports of this kind; for nothing is so swift as scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not desire, that if any report to our disadvantage has any ground for it, you will overlook, or extenuate it; but if there be any thing advanced by a person, who cannot say whence he had it; or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it; or who had it from one of so little consideration, that he did not then think it worth his notice; all such testimonies as these, I know you will think too slight to have any credit against the innocence and honour of your fellow-citizen." When an ill report is traced, it very seldom vanishes among such as the orator has here recited. And how despicable a creature must that be, who is in pain for what passes among so frivolous a people!



### *The Grand Artificer.*

The heavens exhibit to our view in the night season a marvellous sight, which should excite the astonishment of every attentive observer of

nature. But how comes it that so few people attentively consider the firmament? I hope that nothing but ignorance is the cause with the greater part; for it is impossible to be convinced of the grandeur of the works of God, without feeling an extacy which has something of heaven in it, in contemplating the Majesty of the Most High! I wish my reader to partake of this heavenly pleasure. To this end, raise your thoughts to heaven. It will suffice for me to name to you those immense bodies which are dispersed through that vast space, to fill you with astonishment at the majesty of the workman.

It is in the centre of our world that the *Sun* has established his throne. This luminary is at least 1,380,000 times greater than the *Earth*, and is distant from it at least ninety-five millions of miles! Yet, notwithstanding this prodigious distance, he has the most sensible influence upon our sphere. Seven globes, which we term planets, move round the *Sun*. These are opaque bodies, which receive light and heat, and perhaps their inward motion, from the *Sun*. The planet *Herschel*, *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, *Mars*, the *Earth*, *Venus*, and *Mercury*, are the names of these seven primary planets. Of these seven globes, *Mercury* is the nearest to the *Sun*; and it is on this account, that he is in general invisible to Astronomers. As he is about fourteen times less than our earth, he scarcely contributes to beautify the firmament. He is 37,000,000 miles distant from the *Sun*. *Venus* follows him; and we sometimes call her the *morning*, sometimes the *evening star*. She is (for her size) the most luminous of the heavenly bodies, whether she precede the rising of the sun or succeed his setting. But what is most remarkable with respect to her, is, that she is somewhat larger than our earth;



and that she is distant from the Sun about 68,000,000 of miles ! After *Venus*, comes our *Earth*, around which the Moon moves as a secondary planet, distant from the Sun 95,000,000 of miles. *Mars* is the fourth planet, and is seven times smaller than our globe ; his distance from the Sun is about 144,000,000 of miles. *Jupiter* with his belts, distinguishes himself always by his light in the starry vault. To the naked eye his magnitude surpasses that of any of the fixed stars. He shines nearly equal to *Venus*, when she is in all her splendour, only his splendour is not so vivid as that of the evening star. His distance from the Earth is 490,000,000 of miles. How little is our Earth in comparison of Jupiter ? *Fourteen hundred* globes as large as our Earth, would scarcely make *one* equal to Jupiter ! Next comes *Saturn* with his ring, at the distance of 900,000,000 of miles from the Sun, and is 1000 times larger than the Earth ! The planet *Herschel*, or Georgium Sidus, is the last in our system, which has hitherto been discovered, it is 1800 millions of miles distant from the Sun, and 90 times larger than the Earth.

The Sun, and all the planets which accompany him, are but a point in comparison of the vortex of nature. Each star which appears to us no larger than a brilliant in a ring, is in reality an immense body, equal to the Sun in dimensions and splendour ! Every star is not only a world, but the centre of a planetary system ! And it is in this light that we should consider the stars which burn over our heads, in the winter nights. They are to be distinguished from the planets by their sparkling light, and by their always occupying the same place in the heavens. According to their apparent greatness, they are divided into *six classes* ; and all put together make up about

3000 stars, according to Mr. Flamstead's catalogue. But though men have endeavoured to determine their number, it is certain they are innumerable. The number of stars apparent here and there, which the most piercing eye cannot perceive but with difficulty, will of itself shew, that the attempt to make the calculation must be vain. Telescopes, undoubtedly have opened to us new points of view in the heavens, and have discovered to us some thousands of stars; but it would be a most foolish pride in man to wish to determine the limits of the universe, by those of his telescope.

If we reflect on the distance of the fixed stars from our earth, we shall have new reason to admire the immensity of the universe. Our senses alone discover to us that the stars must be much farther distant from us than the planets. Their apparent smallness arises only from their being at such a distance from the earth. In fact this distance cannot be measured: a cannon ball, supposing it could preserve the same velocity, would not reach the nearest of the fixed stars in 600,000 years? What then are these fixed stars? Their prodigious distance, and their splendour tell us:—they are suns, which pour down upon us, not a borrowed light, but a light which is essentially their own. They are suns, which the Creator has sown by millions in incomprehensible space, each of which is accompanied by many terrestrial (or such like) globes, which it is destined to warm and illuminate.

However surprising these observations may appear, they have only led us to the first limits of the creation. If we could dart beyond the moon and approach the planets; if we could reach the most elevated star above our heads, we should discover new heavens, and new suns; new stars

and new systems of worlds ; and perhaps still more and more magnificent. But all these would not fix the bounds of the Empire of the great Creator ; and we should observe with the utmost astonishment, that we were only come to the frontiers of the place of worlds ! Little as we know of his works, it is sufficient to induce us to admire the wisdom, power, and infinite goodness of our adorable Creator.

Reader stop here and reflect.—How great must that God be who has created all these immense globes ! who regulates their revolutions, and whose powerful hand governs and supports them ! And what is this speck of earth which we inhabit, with all the magnificent scenes which it exhibits, in comparison of the extent and beauty of the firmament ? Though this earth were annihilated, it's absence from the universe would be no more observed than a grain of sand from the sea shore ! What, in comparison of these worlds, are provinces and kingdoms ? Nothing but atoms, which sport in the air, and are only perceivable in the rays of the sun ! And what am I, when I reckon myself among the infinite number of the creatures of God ! Ah, I am lost in my own nothingness ! But however little I may appear to myself here, how great do I find myself in other respects ! “ How beautiful is this starry firmament, which God has chosen for his throne ! What more admirable than the celestial bodies ! Their splendour dazzles, their beauty enchants me. Nevertheless, however marvellous and richly adorned this heaven is, it is destitute of intelligence ; it does not know it's own beauty ; and my feeble clay which God has kneaded by his hand, is endued with sense and reason.”

I can contemplate the beauty of these radiant *globes* : what is more, I can in a certain measure



know their sublime author, and take a glimpse of some rays of his glory. Oh! may I attach myself more and more to know God and his works; and may this be my occupation, till he shall raise me above planets, suns, and worlds. Amen.

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SONNET

*Written on a beautiful Starry Night.*

Above yon star-bespangled sky,  
 Are fix'd, the mansions of the blest;  
 Far from the reach of mortal eye,  
 And sacred to eternal rest.  
 And there, 'tis said, they sweep their lyres,  
 And tune immortal strains,  
 And wander thro' ethereal plains,  
 And catch celestial fires.  
 And sometimes glance a pitying look below,  
 On us, poor tenants of this world of woe.

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*The Great Catastrophe.*

Christ on the cross! Amazing lamentable sight! Justly, O sun! mightest thou blush to see it! Justly, O earth! mightest thou tremble to support it! Yet, such was the incorrigible stubbornness of the Jews, they insulted him, even in his expiring moments, in a manner most inhuman, had he really been the vilest malefactor; such was their false and hypocritical promise of faith, on proof of our Lord's pretensions, by his coming down from the cross; for what he had so lately done before their eyes, and in part on themselves in the garden, was a more convincing

display of divine power than this would have been; and much more so, his resurrection: a miracle attested by witnesses, whose veracity they could not call in question.

As soon as the penitent thief addressed our Lord with that humble supplication, "Lord remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom"—he immediately hears and answers him; and in how gracious and remarkable a phrase! "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Which, by the way, was a form of inviting guests to an entertainment: the word, Paradise, originally signifying, a garden of pleasure; such as those, in which the eastern monarchs made their magnificent banquets.

This is a glorious instance of the power as well as sovereignty of divine grace; which wrought so powerfully on the thief, as to produce, by a sudden and astonishing growth in his last moments, all the virtues which could be crowded into so small a space; and which were eminently expressed in the modest language of sincere repentance, firm faith, and a lively hope. But happy as we may think this man, (for such, amidst all the ignominy and torture of the cross, he surely was); most ungrateful, and most foolish, is the conduct of those, who take encouragement from hence, to put off their repentance to a dying moment; most ungrateful, in perverting the grace of the Redeemer, into an occasion of renewing their sinful provocations against him; and most foolish, to imagine that what our Lord did, in so singular a circumstance, is to be drawn into an ordinary precedent. The thing indeed is not absolutely impossible; but the doctrine built upon it is of such undeniable importance, as loudly to demand the exclusion of every doubt.

Let us also admire and adore the various virtues which our Lord expressed, in every circumstance of his behaviour ; his tenderness to his surviving parent ; his meekness under all these injuries and provocations ; his steady faith in God, in an hour of the utmost distress ; and his concern to accomplish all the purposes of his life, before " he gave up the ghost," or, (as it is differently and singularly expressed by St. Matthew in the original), " dismissed his spirit" ; according to what he said himself, " No man taketh my life from me, but I lay it down myself," &c. thus manifesting his love in death ; and, by the voluntary act of his own mind, retiring with a majesty and dignity never known, or to be known, in any other death ; dying, if the expression may be allowed, like the prince of life.

As to some other particulars, we may observe, that the darkness, which for three hours covered Judea, and the neighbouring countries, was not the effect of an ordinary eclipse of the sun ; as this can only happen about the change of the moon, which was now at full ; nor does a total eclipse of the sun ever continue above twelve or fifteen minutes : this darkness therefore was preternatural, produced by the divine power, in a manner we are not able to explain.

And we are told that a Deist, lately travelling through Palestine, was converted by viewing one of these rocks, which still remains ' torn asunder,' not in the weakest place, but across the veins ; a plain proof likewise that it was done in a supernatural manner.

Nor can we pretend to say, who were the saints that were now raised from the dust of death ; whether they immediately returned to their graves, or continued some time on earth, as they " an

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peared unto many"; perhaps they were some disciples, who died lately: but conjectures on such circumstances as are not recorded, are quite unprofitable. This fact, however, demonstrated that the sting was taken from death, and victory wrested from the grave; whereby an earnest was given of a general resurrection from the dead.

It was indeed a courageous act for Joseph thus publickly to own his friendship to Christ in the midst of his greatest infamy; not that he had any thing to fear from the governor, who in the course of the trial had shewed great inclination to release Jesus, but he had to fear from the ill-will of his brethren, who had been at such pains to get him crucified: the regard, however, which he had for his master, overcame all other considerations; he laid him "in his own new tomb, hewn out of a solid rock," to which therefore there could be no passage, but by the door, where the guard was placed; and in which no man was ever yet laid," so that there could be no room to imagine any other person arose from thence; or that he was raised by touching the bones of some prophet, as happened to the corpse that touched the bones of Elijah.

In order to reconcile the different accounts of Matthew and Luke, relating to the death of Judas, it is supposed he hanged himself on some tree, near a precipice; and that the branch, or rope breaking, he fell down headlong, and dashed himself to pieces, and so, "his bowels gushed out."

We here see the force of conscience, even in the worst of men. And we cannot but admire the wisdom of providence, in extorting, even from the mouth of this traitor, a testimony of the innocence of Jesus, though to his own condemnation. *Moreover*, the historian's mentioning the pur-

chase of the potter's-field, with the money for which Judas betrayed his Master, being a public appeal to a very public transaction, puts the truth of this part of the history beyond all manner of exception.

Lastly, we see the restless and implacable malice of Christ's enemies, which pursued him even in his tomb; and there endeavoured to blast his memory as an impostor. They demanded a guard, and sealed the stone; but the seal and the guard served only more fully to attest the doctrine of Christ's resurrection, which they were determined to overthrow; and to grace the triumph they opposed.



*On the Influence of Innocence and Honour.*

When innocence and beauty both combine,

What soul but melts? Their force is all divine: **ANON.**

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices and virtues, tells the following story:

“Our author, says he, was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lacquey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he spoke of him, but *the Rascal*, or to him, but *Sirrah*. One morning when he was dressing, Sirrah, says he, be sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench. The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not sixteen years of age. The mother's extreme poverty, and the in-

situations of this artful lacquey, concerning the soft disposition, and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But many were the intreaties and representations of the mother to gain the child's consent to an action, which she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it: but, child, says she, can you see your mother die for hunger? The virgin argued no longer, but bursting into tears, said she would go any where. The lacquey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master's lodgings, and placed her in a commodious apartment, till he came home. The Knight, who knew his man never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet and was in high humour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting to be received in the evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came home, his lacquey met him with a saucy and joyful familiarity, crying out, she is as handsome as an angel, (for there is no other simile on these occasions) but the tender fool has wept till her eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a maid and a gentlewoman. With that he conducted his master to the room where she was, and retired. The Knight, when he saw her bathed in tears, said in some surprize, do you not know, young woman, why you are brought hither? The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him, I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither: my mother, to get bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you pleased; but I wish it would please heaven I could die, before I am added to the number of those miserable wretches who live without honour! With this reflection she wept anew, and beat her bosom. The Knight stepping back from her, said, I

am not so abandoned as to hurt your innocence against your will.

“The novelty of this accident surprised him into virtue; and covering the young maid with a cloak, he led her to a relation’s house, to whose care he recommended her for that night. The next morning he sent for her mother, and asked her if her daughter was a maid? The mother assured him, that when she delivered her to his servant, she was a stranger to man. Are you not then, replied the Knight, a wicked woman, to contrive the debauchery of your own child? She held down her face with fear and shame, and in her confusion uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. To your shame be it, said the gentleman, that you should relieve yourself from want, by a much greater evil: your daughter is a fine young creature: do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife? The mother answered, there is an honest man in the neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred pounds. The Knight ordered his man to reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride clothes, and fifty more as an help to her mother.”

I appeal to all the gallants in town, whether possessing all the beauties in *Great Britain* could give half the pleasure that this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man.



### *Remedy to Pacify an Angry Husband.*

A noisy female who used to “handy word for word, and frown for frown,” complaining to one

of her neighbours, of her husband's intolerable temper and impatience—was presented with a bottle of a certain liquid, and told, that if she would fill a glass with it and hold it continually to her lips whenever her husband was out of humour, it would, from the qualities it possessed, not only soften his passion and prevent it's return, but give her a decided superiority over him. The woman cordially thanked her neighbour for so valuable a present, and upon applying this medicine, whenever her husband was angry, according to the method prescribed, soon found that he was cured of the violence of which she had complained—she accordingly returned with a grateful heart to her neighbour to announce her success, and requested she would inform her of the ingredients of which this extraordinary specific was composed? “Composed, replied her neighbour—why, it is nothing but simple water, good woman, I assure you, and if you will always keep yourself as composed as you were while this water was at your lips, you will have very little to fear from your husband's tongue, for it was your imprudent retorts that increased the violence of his passion, but which your silence will always be sufficient to subdue.”



*The following elegantly drawn Character of General WASHINGTON, was published in London, January 24, 1800.*

The melancholy account of the death of general WASHINGTON, was brought by a vessel from Baltimore, which has arrived off Dover.

*General Washington*, was, we believe, in his 68th year. The height of his person was about five feet eleven; his chest full; and his limbs,

though rather slender, well shaped and muscular. His head was small, in which respect he resembled the make of a great number of his countrymen. His eyes were of a light grey colour ; and, in proportion to the length of his face, his nose was long. Mr. Stewart, the eminent portrait painter, used to say, there were features in his face totally different from what he had ever observed in that of any other human being : the sockets of the eyes, for instance, were larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader. All his features, he observed, were indicative of the strongest passions ; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command have always made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world. He always spoke with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitated for a word ; but it was always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language was manly and expressive. At levee, his discourse with strangers turned principally upon the subject of America : and if they had been through any remarkable places, his conversation was free and particularly interesting, for he was intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He was much more open and free in his behaviour at levee than in private, and in the company of ladies still more so than when solely with men.

Few persons ever found themselves for the first time in the presence of general *Washington*, without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe ; nor did those emotions subside on a closer acquaintance ; on the contrary, his person and deportment were such as rather tended to augment them. The hard service he had seen, the important and laborious offices he had filled, gave a kind of austerity to his coun-

tenance, and a reserve to his manners : yet he was the kindest husband, the most humane master, and the steadiest friend.

The whole range of history does not present to our view a character upon which we can dwell with such entire and unmixed admiration. The long life of general *Washington* is not stained by a single blot. He was indeed a man of such rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament, that every action he performed was equally exempted from the charge of vice or weakness.— Whatever he said or did, or wrote, was stamped with a striking and peculiar propriety. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonised, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The powers of his mind, and the dispositions of his heart, were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation. His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant : his virtues, though comprehensive, and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious, and practical.

Yet his character, though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which may sometimes belong to these descriptions of men. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired, but improved by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it to dazzle by wildness, and surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained every thing great and elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornament. It was not the model cried by the fashion and circumstance : its excellence was adapted to the true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, of opinions and times. Ge-

neral *Washington* is not the idol of a day, but the hero of ages !

Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle ; his moderation conciliated every opposition ; his genius supplied every resource ; his enlarged view could plan, revise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in despite of obloquy, for the moment of victory ; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported.

His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and grovelling motives, he seemed even to be uninfluenced by that ambition, which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spring. His excellent mind needed not even the stimulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was but a secondary consideration. He performed great actions, he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction, nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and in the success of his patriotic efforts.

As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiassed choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As



he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals, nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle; it was beneficent and liberal; it was wise and just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic. In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honour, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the state he had contributed to establish, the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues.

It is some consolation, amidst the violence of ambition and the criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honourable to admire, and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror, for the freedom of his country! A legislator for it's security! A magistrate, for it's happiness! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed that "Nature might have stood up to all the world" and owned him as her work. His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of general *Washington*, which his cotemporaries regret and admire, will be transmitted to posterity; and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished.

*Expedition across the Valley of Ice in the Glacier of Montanvert.*

On the 23d of August we went to see "Les Murailles de Glace," so called from their resemblance to walls. They consist of large ranges of ice, of prodigious thickness and solidity, rising abruptly from their base, and parallel to each other. Some of these ranges appeared to us about an hundred and fifty feet high; but, if we may believe our guides, they are four hundred feet above their real base. Near them were pyramids and cones of ice of all forms and sizes, shooting up to a very considerable height, in the most beautiful and fantastic shapes imaginable. From this Glacier, which we crossed without much difficulty, we had a fine view of the valley of Chamouni.

On the 24th we proposed sallying forth very early, in order to go to the valley of Ice, in the Glacier of Montanvert, and to penetrate as far as the time would admit; but the weather proving cloudy, and likely to rain, we deferred setting out till nine, when appearances gave us the hope of it's clearing up. Accordingly we procured three excellent guides, and ascended on horse-back some part of the way over the mountain, which leads to the Glacier above-mentioned. We were then obliged to dismount, and scrambled up the rest of the mountain, (chiefly covered with pines) along a steep and rugged path called "the road of the crystal-hunters." From the summit of Montanvert we descended a little to the edge of the Glacier, and made a refreshing meal upon some cold provison which we brought with us. A large block of granite, called "La pierre des Anglois,"\* served us for a table; and near us was a miserable hovel, where those who

\* The English stone.

make expeditions towards Mont Blanc, frequently pass the night. The scene around us was magnificent and sublime ; numberless rocks rising boldly above the clouds, some of whose tops were bare, others covered with snow. Many of these, gradually diminishing towards their summits, end in sharp points ; and from this circumstance they are called the *Needles*. Between these rocks the valley of Ice stretches several leagues in length, and is nearly a mile broad ; extending on one side towards Mont Blanc, and on the other, towards the plain of Chamouni.

After we had sufficiently refreshed ourselves we prepared for our adventure across the ice. We had each of us a long pole spiked with iron : and, in order to secure us as much as possible from slipping, the guides fastened to our shoes *crampons*, consisting of a small bar of iron, to which are fixed four small spikes of the same metal.

The difficulty of crossing these valleys of ice, arises from the immense chasms. They are produced by several causes ; but more particularly by the continual melting of the interior surface. This frequently occasions a sinking of the ice ; and under such circumstances, the whole mass is suddenly rent asunder in that particular place with a most violent explosion. We rolled down large stones into several of them, and the great length of time before they reached the bottom, gave us some conception of their depth. Our guides assured us, that in some places they are five hundred feet deep. I can no otherwise convey to you an image of this immense body of ice, consisting of continued irregular ridges and deep chasms, than by resembling it to a raging sea,

that had been instantaneously frozen in the midst of a violent storm.

We began our walk with great slowness and deliberation, but we gradually gained more courage and confidence as we advanced; and we soon found that we could safely pass along those parts, where the ascent and descent were not very considerable, much faster even than when walking at the rate of our common pace. In other parts we leaped over the clefts, and slid down the steeper descents as well as we could. In one place where we descended, and stepped across an opening upon a narrow ridge of ice scarcely three inches broad, we were obliged to tread with peculiar caution, for on each side were chasms of a great depth. We walked some paces sideways along this ridge; stepped across the chasm into a little hollow, which the guides made on purpose for our feet, and got up an ascent, by means of small holes, which we made with the spikes of our poles. All this sounds terrible; but at the time we had none of us the least apprehensions of danger, as the guides were exceedingly careful, and took excellent precautions. One of our servants had the courage to follow us without *crampons*, and with no nails to his shoes, which was certainly dangerous, on account of the slipperiness of the leather when wetted. He got along, however, surprisingly well; though in some places we were alarmed, lest he should slip upon the edge of one of those chasms; for had that accident happened to any of us, we must inevitably have been lost, having neglected to provide ourselves with long ropes in case of such an event. This man was probably the first person who ever ventured across the Valley of Ice, without either *crampons* or nails to his shoes.

We were now almost arrived at the other extremity, when we were stopped by a chasm so broad that there was no possibility of passing it. We were obliged to make a circuit of above a quarter of a mile, in order to get round this vast opening. This will give you some idea of the difficulty attending excursions over some of these Glaciers; and our guides informed us, that when they hunt the *chamois* and the *marmottes* in these desolate regions, these unavoidable circuits generally carry them six or seven miles about, when they would have only two miles to go if they could proceed in a straight line.

A storm threatening us every moment; we were obliged to hasten off the Glacier as fast as possible, for rain renders the ice exceedingly slippery; and in case of a fog, (which generally accompanies a storm in these upper regions) our situation would have been extremely dangerous. And indeed we had no time to lose; for the tempest began just as we had quitted the ice, and soon became very violent, attended with frequent flashes of lightening, and loud peals of thunder, which being re-echoed within the hollows of the mountains, added greatly to the awful sublimity of the scene. We now descended a very steep precipice, and for some way were obliged to crawl upon our hands and feet down a bare rock; the storm at the same time roaring over us, and rendering the rock extremely slippery. We were by this time quite wet through, but we got to the bottom, however, without much hurt. Upon observing the immense extent of these Glaciers, I could not help remarking, (and it is a circumstance which many other travellers have observed before) what a fund is here laid up for the supply of rivers, and that the sources which *give rise to the Rhine, and the Po, will never*

fail. I returned at length to the inn, as dripping wet as if I had been plunged into water, but perfectly satisfied with my expedition.

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*Of Pearls, Diamonds, Rings, and Scals.*

Among the ancients, pearls were much more esteemed than they are at present; and diamonds were very scarce, not becoming common till after the commerce with the Indies. But as to coloured stones they were not scarce, and they knew how to cut them perfectly well. The Roman ladies wore necklaces and bracelets not only of pearls, but of precious stones. The antique statue of Lucilla, the wife of Lucius Verus, the colleague of Marcus Aurelius, represents her with bracelets of three rows. They had also another kind of bracelet, called Spinther, which they wore near the elbow on the left arm. During a long series of time, under the commonwealth, the freedmen only and their children had their ears pierced, to distinguish them from those born of free parents. But when luxury had gained ground young people of quality, and even men, caused their ears to be pierced, in order to wear pendants and pearls in them, like the women. It is observed that Cæsar, before he obtained the empire, did the fashion great honour, which prevailed till Alexander Servius prohibited the use of it to men. As to jewels, the Roman ladies were so fond of them for a time, that Lollia Paulina, whom Agrippina caused to be put to death, for having attempted to marry the emperor Claudius in competition with her, was possessed of them to the amount of almost an hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Luxury at length became so general, that the wives of the common people wore chains of silver about their feet. This taste for jewels produced another for rings, which both men and women wore. At first they had only rings of gold or iron, according to the difference of rank, which served them as seals, and which they wore on the fourth finger. They afterwards added a stone finely engraved, by way of seal: and when luxury had first taken place of this first simplicity, the use of gems and precious stones were introduced. They wore them on the fore finger by way of ornament; afterwards they added another on the little finger, so that all the fingers had them except the middle one. At length, through a refinement of luxury, they used to change them according to the seasons, and had light rings in summer, and heavy ones, set with large stones for winter.

“—————“ *Cum verna Canopi*  
 “ *Crispinus, Tyrias humero revocante lacernas*  
 “ *Ventilet æstivum digitis fudantibus aurum,*  
 “ *Nec suffere queat majoris pondera gemmæ.*  
 “ *Difficile est Satiram non scribere.*

Juv. Sat. 1.

“ When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,  
 “ Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile,  
 “ Facing in pomp, with cloke of Tyrian die  
 “ Chang'd oft a day for needless luxury;  
 “ And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,  
 “ Ambitious to produce his lady hand:  
 “ Charg'd with light summer-rings his fingers  
 sweat,  
 “ Unable to support a gem of weight:  
 “ Such fulsome objects meeting every where  
 “ 'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.”

DRYDEN

*Of the Trial of the Dead.*

There was in Egypt one sort of trial altogether extraordinary, which nobody escaped. It is a consolation in dying, to leave one's name in esteem among men; and of all human blessings this is the only one of which death cannot rob us. But it was not allowed in Egypt indiscriminately to praise all the dead. This honour could only be conferred by a public decree. The moment a man died he was brought into judgment. The public accuser was heard. If he proved that the conduct of the deceased had been bad, his memory was condemned, and he was deprived of burial. The consequence was, that the people admired the power of the laws, which extended to men even after death; and every one, struck by example, feared to disgrace his memory and his friends.

*Curious Description of an Edinburgh Inn.*

On our first arrival at Edinburgh, my companion and self, after the fatigue of a long day's journey, upon enquiring for an inn, were taken to a house, where we were conducted by a girl into a room where about twenty Scotch drovers had been regaling themselves with whisky and potatoes. You may guess our amazement, when we were informed, "that this was the best inn in the metropolis—that we could have no beds, unless we had an inclination to sleep together, and in the same room with the company, which a stage-coach had that moment discharged." Well, said I to my friend, there is nothing like seeing men and manners; perhaps we may be able to



repose ourselves at some coffee-house. Accordingly, on enquiry, we discovered that there was a good dame by the Cross, who acted in the double capacity of pouring out coffee, or letting lodgings to strangers as we were. She was easily to be found out ; and with all the conciliating complaisance of a Maitresse d'Hotel, conducted us to our destined apartments, which were indeed six stories high ; but so bad to appearance, that you would have thought yourself in the regions of Erebus. The truth of this, I will venture to say, you will make no scruple to believe, when I tell you, that in the whole we had only two windows, which looked into an alley five feet wide, where the houses were at least ten stories high, and the alley itself was so sombre in the brightest sunshine, that it was impossible to see any object distinctly.

And now I am in the story-telling humour, I cannot omit giving an account of an adventure which happened here very lately to a friend of mine ; as it tallies in some measure with what I have already related, and serves to confirm the wretchedness of accommodation which must be put up with in this city. A gentleman from London, who had been appointed to some duty in a public office, came to Edinburgh, and having no friends to furnish him with a bed, and few acquaintances to give him any assistance, found himself obliged to conceal himself in one of these dark abodes, in order to be nigh the centre of the town, where his employment compelled him to pass most part of the day. As he perceived his lodgings as good as his neighbours, it induced him to continue there until he discovered himself extremely weak and emaciated, occasioned by constant violent perspirations, in which he *awoke every morning*. The observation which

some of his associates made on the alteration of his *embonpoint*, and the situation to which he was reduced (for from a stout and lusty man he was now become a mere shadow) persuaded him to think himself really ill, and in a consumption. Accordingly he sent for the Professor, and another or two of the learned Doctors, who pronounced him to be in a very declining state, and administered every restorative which the *Æsculapian* art could suggest or supply. But all without effect. He still continued to grow worse ; and at length, almost totally exhausted, and giving himself up a prey to despair, he sent for his landlady to be a witness to his will ; who, much concerned for the melancholy event, and with tears in her eyes, said, “ How unfortunate she had been since she kept house ; that her two former lodgers had died with her ; that she was sure she did every thing to serve them all ; that for her part, she always took care that their linen was well aired ; and as for her rooms, nothing could be drier or more free from dampness ; that her neighbour, good man, was a baker, and his oven was directly under them ; that she was sure, therefore, they must be warm, and it was impossible to catch cold in her house.”—“ Good God,” cried the gentleman, “ an oven under my room ! no wonder I am in a consumption, after having been baked for these three months.” Upon which he sent for the baker, and found what she said was really true ; that the oven was immediately under his bed, and that the decrease of his health had been in proportion to the increase of the baker’s business. The discovery, therefore, being a much better medicine than any the professors could prescribe, he quitted this *enfer*, by degrees recovered his strength and

constitution, and lives now to smile at the oddity of the accident.

After all this, I am sure every one will agree with me, that it is extremely strange, that a city, which is a thorough fare into all Scotland, and now little inferior in politeness to London in many respects, should not be better furnished with conveniences for strangers, or have a public lodging house where you can find tolerable entertainment. But it really has not ; and I am the more surprized at it, as, in their manner of living, and many of their customs, I think the inhabitants much resemble the French. But in this particular, what a difference between this place and Paris ! where in a minute you may be provided with a house equal to one of the greatest nobility, with servants, equipage, and all the luxuries of elegance and taste ; whilst at Edinburgh, without an inn to put your head into, and without a lodging that you can breath in, you are obliged to get any place to repose yourself, till better fortune, or better acquaintance, have interest enough to procure it in some private house.—It is a pity ; it is a disgrace to the country ; and I should hope ere long, the pride or good sense of Scotland will so far prevail, as to establish an hotel\* in some suitable part of the town, to obviate the inconvenience of the want of these necessaries.

\* There are now elegant hotels in the New Town, and on the new bridge. There are also several coffee-houses and apartments in the Old Town in the English taste.

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*Of the Pastoral Poetry of Pope, Philips, Shennstone, and Allen Ramsay.*

Neither Mr. Pope's nor Mr. Philips's Pastorals do any great honour to the English poetry. Mr.

Pope's were composed in his youth ; which may be an apology for other faults, but cannot well excuse the barrenness that appears in them. They are written in remarkably smooth and flowing numbers : and this is their chief merit ; for there is scarcely any thought in them which can be called his own ; scarcely any description, or any image of nature, which has the marks of being original, or copied from nature itself : but a repetition of the common images that are to be found in Virgil, and in all poets who write of rural themes.

Philips attempted to be more simple and natural than Pope ; but he wanted genius to support his attempt, or to write agreeably. He too runs on the common and beaten topics ; and endeavouring to be simple, he becomes flat and insipid. There was no small competition between these two authors, at the time when their pastorals were published. In some papers of the Guardian, great partiality was shewn to Philips, and high praise bestowed upon him. Mr. Pope resenting this preference, under a feigned name, procured a paper to be inserted in the Guardian, wherein he seemingly carries on a plan of extolling Philips, but in reality satirizes him most severely with ironical phrases : and, in an artful covered manner, gives the palm to himself. About the same time, Mr. Gay published his *Shepherd's Week*, in six Pastorals, which are designed to ridicule that sort of simplicity which Philips and his partizans extolled, and are, indeed, an ingenious burlesque of Pastoral Writing, when it rises no higher than the manners of modern clowns and rustics.

Mr. Shenstone's ballad, in four parts, may justly be reckoned, I think, one of the most elegant poems of this kind, which we have in English.

He has given us a refined species of rural poetry, with which we were formerly unacquainted. It represents the manners and sentiments of a gentleman residing in the country, instead of those of a clown. In this respect it does not differ materially from the Pastorals of the polished, the courtly Virgil, who would not have been ashamed to own the following elegant passages,

- “ One would think she might like to retire  
 “ To the bow’r I have labour’d to rear ;  
 “ Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
 “ But I hasted and planted it there,  
 “ O how sudden the jessamine strove  
 “ With the lilac to render it gay !  
 “ Already it calls to my love,  
 “ To prune the wild branches away.
- “ I have found out a gift for my fair ;  
 “ I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;  
 “ But let me that plunder forbear,  
 “ She will say ’twas a barbarous deed,  
 “ For he ne’er could be true, she aver’d,  
 “ Who could rob a poor bird of it’s young ;  
 “ And I lov’d her the more when I heard  
 “ Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
- “ I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
 “ How that pity was due to the dove ;  
 “ That it ever attended the bold,  
 “ And she call’d it the sister of love ;  
 “ But her words such a pleasure convey,  
 “ So much I her accents adore,  
 “ Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
 “ Methinks I should love her the more.
- “ Can a bosom so gentle remain  
 “ Unmov’d when her Corydon sighs ?  
 “ Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
 “ These plains and this valley despise ?

- " Dear regions of silence and shade,  
 " Soft scenes of contentment and ease !  
 " Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,  
 " If aught, in her absence, could please.  
 " But where does my Phyllida stray,  
 " And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?  
 " Are the groves and the vallies as gay,  
 " And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?  
 " The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 " And the face of the vallies as fine ;  
 " The swains may in manners compare,  
 " But their love is not equal to mine."

I must not omit the mention of another Pastoral production, which will bear being brought into comparison with any composition of this kind, in any language ; that is, Allen Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*. It is a great disadvantage to this beautiful poem, that it is written in the old rustic dialect of Scotland, which, in a short time, will probably be entirely obsolete, and not intelligible ; and it is a farther disadvantage, that it is so entirely formed to the rural manners of Scotland, that none but a native of that country can thoroughly understand, or relish it. But, though subject to these local disadvantages, which confine it's reputation within narrow limits, it is full of so much natural description, as would do honour to any poet. The characters are well drawn and incidents affecting : the scenery and manners lively and just. It affords a strong proof, both of the power which nature and simplicity possess, to reach the heart in every sort of writing ; and of the variety of pleasing characters and subjects with which Pastoral poetry, when properly managed, is capable of being enlivened.

*Of Thompson, Parnell, Akenside, and Armstrong.*

Of all professed descriptive compositions, says Dr. Blair, the largest and fullest that I am acquainted with, in any language, is Mr. Thompson's Seasons ; a work which possesses very uncommon merit. The style, in the midst of much splendour and strength, is sometimes harsh, and may be censured as deficient in ease and distinctness. But, notwithstanding this defect, Thompson is a strong, and a beautiful describer ; for he had a feeling heart, and a warm imagination. He had studied, and copied nature with care.—Enamoured of her beauties, he not only described them properly, but felt their impression with strong sensibility. The impression which he felt he transmits to his readers ; and no person of taste can peruse any one of the Seasons, without having the ideas and feelings which belong to that season, recalled, and rendered present to the mind. Several instances of most beautiful descriptions might be given from him ; such as, the shower in spring, the morning in summer, and the man perishing in the snow in winter. But, at present, I shall produce a passage of another kind, to shew the power of a single well-chosen circumstance, to heighten a description. In his summer, relating the effects of heat in the torrid zone, he is led to take notice of the pestilence that destroyed the English fleet at Carthage, under admiral Vernon ; when he has the following lines :

- You, gallant Vernon, saw  
 — “ The miserable scene ; you pitying saw  
 “ To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm :  
 “ Saw the deep racking pang ; the ghastly form,  
 “ The lip pale quivering : and the blameless eye

- “ No more with ardour bright ! you heard the  
groans  
“ Of agonizing ships from shore to shore ;  
“ Heard nightly plunged, amid the sullen waves,  
“ The frequent corse.—

All the circumstances here are properly chosen, for setting this dismal scene in a strong light before our eyes. But what is most striking in the picture, is the last image. We are conducted through all the scenes of distress, till we come to the mortality prevailing in the fleet, which a vulgar poet would have described by exaggerated expressions concerning the multiplied trophies and victories of death. But, how much more is the imagination impressed by this single circumstance, of dead bodies being thrown overboard every night, of the sound of their falling into the waters, and of the admiral listening to the melancholy sound, so often striking his ear ?

- “ Heard nightly plunged, amid the sullen waves,  
“ The frequent corse.”

The eulogium which Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, gives of Thompson, is high, and very just. “ As a writer he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind ; his mode of thinking, and expressing his thoughts, is original. His Blank Verse is no more the Blank Verse of Milton, or any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and always thinks as a man of genius. He looks around on nature and life, with the eye which nature only bestows on a Poet ; the eye that distinguishes in every thing presented to it's view, whatever there is on



which imagination can delight to be detained ; and with a mind, that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the Seasons wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thompson impresses. His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects, bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of Spring, the splendour of Summer, the tranquillity of Autumn, and the horror of Winter, take in their turn, possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things, as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments."

Mr. Parnell's Tale of the Hermit, is conspicuous throughout the whole of it, for beautiful descriptive narration. The manner of the Hermit's setting forth to visit the world ; his meeting with a companion, and the houses in which they were successively entertained ; of the vain man, the covetous man, and the good man, are pieces of very fine painting, touched with a light and delicate pencil, overcharged with no superfluous colouring, and conveying to us a lively idea of the objects.

Akenside, *feelingly alive* to all the impressions of natural and moral beauties, who surveyed the universe with a truly philosophic eye, and a heart filled with admiration and love of the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Being, has given us, in his *Pleasures of Imagination*, a delightful system of taste, unfolded in all the majesty of Miltonic verse.

Armstrong, the friend of Thompson, and like *Akenside* a physician by profession, has be-

queathed to mankind a very valuable legacy, in his *Art of preserving Health*, which furnishes the literary world with a more classical poem, perhaps, in the same species of verse, than either the *Seasons*, or the *Pleasures of Imagination*.

While blank verse was thus attaining it's highest polish, and descriptive and didactic poetry approaching towards perfection, the lighter walks of the Muse were not neglected. Akenside not satisfied with rivalling Virgil in his most finished work, entered also the lists with Horace and Pindar ; and although he has not perhaps equalled the courtly gaiety of the former, or the grandeur, fire, and bold digressions of the latter, he deserves much praise for having given us the first classical examples of the manners of both. Nor have we yet any finer stanzas in our language than the following, in his Ode on *Lyric Poetry*.

————— “ Propitious Muse !  
 “ While I so late unlock thy hallow'd springs,  
 “ And breathe whate'er thine ancient airs in-  
   fuse  
 “ To polish Albion's warlike ear,  
 “ This long-lost melody to hear  
 “ Thy sweetest arts employ ;  
 “ As when the winds from shore to shore  
 “ Thro' Greece thy Lyre's persuasive language  
   bore,  
 “ 'Till towns, and isles, and seas return'd the vo-  
   cal joy.”

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*Of Hammond and Gray.*

About the same time that Akenside was perfecting our *Lyric Poetry*, a new turn was given

to our love verses, by Hammond ; a man of taste and sensibility, who has successfully imitated the elegiac manner of Tibullus, and given to his amorous solicitations a soft melancholy entirely in unison with the tone of the passion, and a tenderness to which Waller and Prior were strangers. A short extract will illustrate these observations.

“ With thee I hop’d to waste the pleasing day,  
 “ ’Till in thine arms an age of joy was past ;  
 “ Then, old with love, insensibly decay,  
 “ And on thy bosom gently breathe my last,  
 “ I scorn the Lydian river’s golden wave,  
 “ And all the vulgar charms of human life,  
 “ I only ask to live my Delia’s slave,  
 “ And when I long have serv’d her—call her  
 wife.”

This species of versification is happily adapted to such subjects. It has accordingly been adopted by all succeeding elegiac writers of any eminence, but particularly by Gray, in his celebrated *Elegy* in a *Country Church-Yard*, and by Shenstone in those excellent moral elegies, published after his death, which do so much honour both to his head and heart.



*Of Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, Hume, and  
 Robertson.*

A zealous and continued attention to the improvement of our Poetry, in it’s various branches, did not prevent imagination and sentiment from flowing in other channels. A classical form was given to the *Comic Romance* by Fielding and Smollet, who have painted modern manners with great force of colouring, as well as truth of ex-

pression, and given to the ludicrous features of life all the heightenings of wit, humour, and satire. Richardson, no less classical, treated a new species of fiction, which may be called the *Modern Epic*, or the Epic of Civil life; as it exhibits in an extended and artfully constructed fable, and in a variety of strongly delineated characters, under the influence of different passions, and engaged in different pursuits, the beauty and dignity of virtue, and the meanness and deformity of vice, without any ludicrous circumstance, or display of warlike exploits.

The principal performances of these writers, under the well known names of *Tom Jones*, *Roderick Random*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa*, seemed for a time wholly to engage the attention, and even to turn the heads of the younger part of the nation. But the histories of Hume and Robertson appeared, and romances were no longer read. A new taste was introduced. The lovers of mere amusement found, "that real incidents, properly selected and disposed, setting aside the idea of utility, and real characters delineated with truth and force, can more strongly interest the mind and the heart, than any fabulous narration." This taste, which has since given birth to many other elegant historical productions, happily continues to gain ground.



*Speeches for and against Captain Smith, (while a captive) husband of Pocahontas, addressed to Powhatan, the King, in the presence of the High Priest and Chief War Captains.*

The friendship of Nantaquas, brother of Pocahontas, for Captain Smith, declared in his ad-

dress to Powhatan, his father, on the subject of his release, in the presence of the high priest, and chief war captains.

“My Father, and you Warriors—lend an ear to my discourse. The white man who here stands before you, was never out-done by the red. He is intrepid in war, and active in the chace. He can undergo toil—he will swim all day ; drag his canoc against the falls—and is always on his guard against surprize from an enemy. He kept the fierce Opechancanough and three hundred of his chief warriors at bay, bidding defiance to their arrows, their tomahawks, and scalping knives. None dared to approach him—they all stood motionless with terror, and it is not to their prowess, but accident, that the white man owes his captivity. O, consent my father, and you, O warriors ; second the petition I make, that the prisoner be restored to his expecting countrymen.”

Opitchapan, the chief war captain of Powhatan, now stood up amidst the circle of auditors seated on the ground. “Hear, O my king, (cried Opitchapan) and you, O chief warriors, the prophetic voice of warning. Let us not bury the tomahawk—the bones of six warriors slain by the captive, are yet uncovered, and their spirits cry out against us,” (here tears flowed from the eyes of Opitchapan, and the war-whoop trembled on his lips.)

“The genii, who are the guardians of our honour, inspire us to crush the whites who have ravished from us our lands—laid waste our fields, and slain our brethren in arms. Be not, therefore, passive, but anoint your hair—paint your faces—fill your quivers—make the woods ring with your whoop—console the spirits of the murdered, and tell them they are avenged.”

Kahoky, the high priest, was now consulted—who rising, spoke as follows :

“ Though it becomes my sacred function to promote peace and quiet, yet, in this cause I burn with impatience to imbrue both my hands in the blood of the whites : they come, not only to rob, but to make inroads on our religion. Brothers, by the inspiration of the Great Spirit, I now speak unto you, and by him I am prompted to wipe away the blood of the slain. Let us assemble and march through the war-path to surprize them—let us take their scalps—drink their blood, and roast them alive.”

“ O king, my father,” resumed Nantaquas, “ restore the white man to liberty, and let me conduct him to his brethren ; we will forget our songs of war, and exchange them for songs of peace. I will make a great chain of friendship with the whites, never to be broken. We will smoke together ; we will smoke as brothers, out of the pipe of peace. Hear me, Sire, great designs fill my breast ; I will learn whatever arts are of use, and advantage, and introduce them into my own country.”



#### OF CHARLEMAGNE.

The first Christian monarch of the Franks, according to the best French historians, was Clovis, who began his reign in the year of our Saviour, 468, from which period the French history exhibits a series of great events ; and we find them generally engaged in domestic broils, or in foreign wars.

In the year 800, Charlemagne, king of France, who was the glory of those dark ages, became

such occasions he appeared himself in imperial magnificence, and freely indulged in every luxury; but in general, his dress was plain, and his table frugal.

Charlemagne died at Aix-la-Chapelle, his usual residence, in the seventy-first year of his age, and the 47th year of his reign. The glory of the French empire seemed to die with him. To govern such an extent of territory required a genius equal to that monarch's.



*Lord CHESTERFIELD's Creed, supposed to have been written by the Rev. WILLIAM JONES, Rector of Pluckley, in Kent.*

A NEW OFFICE OF INITIATION

For all Youths of the Superior Class.

*Lord Chesterfield's Creed.*

I believe that this world is the object of my hopes and morals, and that the little prettinesses of life will answer all the ends of human existence. I believe, that we are to succeed in all things by the graces of civility and attention; that there is no sin but against good manners, and that all religion and virtue consist in outward appearance. I believe that all women are children, and all men fools, except a few cunning people, who see through the rest, and make their use of them. I believe, that hypocrisy, fornication, and adultery are within the lines of morality; that a woman may be honourable when she has lost her honour, and virtuous when she has lost her virtue.

This, and whatever else is necessary to obtain my own ends, and bring me into repute, I resolve

to follow ; and to avoid all moral offences ; such as scratching my head before company, spitting upon the floor, and omitting to pick up a lady's fan ; and in this persuasion I will persevere, without any regard to the resurrection of the body or the life everlasting. *Amen.*

Q. Wilt thou be initiated into these principles ?

A. That is my inclination.

Q. Wilt thou keep up to the rules of the *Chesterfield* morality ?

A. I will, Lord *Chesterfield* being my admonisher.

*Then the officiator shall say,*  
Name this child.

A. *A fine gentleman.*

*Then he shall say,*

I introduce thee to the world, the flesh, and the devil, that thou mayest triumph over all awkwardness, and grow up in all politeness ; that thou mayest be acceptable to the ladies, celebrated for refined breeding, able to speak French and read Italian, invested with some public supernumerary character in a foreign court, get into parliament, perhaps into the privy council, and that when thou art dead, the letters written to thy bastards may be published in seven editions, for the instruction of all sober families.

“Ye are to take care, that this child, when he is of a proper age, be sent to———to be confirmed.”

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DIALOGUE

*Between two Seamen after a Storm.*

*Jack.* What cheer, shipmate ? How did you weather the storm last night ?



*Tom.* Truly, I never was in such a taking in my life as when the ship gained so much water in her hold, in spite of all hands at the pumps ; I thought we should every man of us go to *Davy Jones's Locker*.

*Jack.* But though you speak so jocosely about death *now*, had you not more serious thoughts of it, when it seemed to stare you in the face last night ?

*Tom.* Why, Jack, I must confess I had some dreadful thoughts about going to hell ; and if I had been alone, I should have said my prayers—but pray how did you feel ?

*Jack.* Quite happy and resigned to whatever might befall me.

*Tom.* Happy in a storm ! why I have been many years at sea, but never before heard of a man being happy in a storm—pray what makes you happier than other people ?

*Jack.* The Bible, Tom ; that shews me the way of true happiness and solid peace, and tells me that God is a present help in time of trouble.

*Tom.* Are there any other seamen religious besides yourself, Jack ?

*Jack.* I hope there are many—the power of God's grace is sometimes displayed in places where we least expect it—I have seen a letter from a sailor on board the *Bellerophon*, after the memorable battle of the Nile, in which he praised the Lord for preserving him in the engagement, and declared that he had seen as happy days in that ship as ever he had seen in his life ; adding, that he had several godly companions on board, who had been of great service to him.

*Tom.* You surprize me, Jack ?

*Jack.* These men not only *profess* to be godly, but on receiving their first payment of prize-

money from that victory, while their shipmates were drowning the sense of their deliverance in spirituous liquors, eight of them, *of their own accord*, voted half of their payment, amounting to £18 16s. to promote the spreading of the Gospel among the Heathens, as a thank-offering to God who covered their heads in the day of battle.

*Tom.* If I thought the Bible would do me as much good as you say, I would buy one ; however, when I go ashore I'll try to get one, and read it through and through !

*Jack.* You need not wait for that ; I'll lend you mine ; but you must not suppose the mere reading of it over as a history will do you any good ; you must pray over it, that the Lord would enlighten your mind by his Holy Spirit, without which it will be as a sealed book to you ; but if you read it under his influence, you will obtain a good hope of everlasting life, " which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and stedfast." Heb. vi. 19.

*Tom.* Thank you, Jack ; but how can I read the Bible, or pray on ship-board ?

*Jack.* You know, Tom, where there's a will there's a way ; I find many opportunities between the watches, to get into a corner below deck and read my Bible : and as to prayer, the Lord will answer the man that lifts up his *heart* to him, though he can't go on his knees. I often enjoy sweet communion with him as I lie in my hammock.

*Tom.* I would follow your example, but I don't know how to pray.

*Jack.* The disciples asked Jesus to teach them to pray ; and the Scriptures tell us of a man that could only say from the heart, " God be merciful to me a sinner," and his prayer was heard : we

are there encouraged "to pour our hearts before the Lord." Whatever we truly need for body or soul, we may simply ask in the name of Jesus Christ, who has promised that "whatever we ask of the Father in his name, he will give it us: Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—John xvi. 23, 24.

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*Burnet on Leighton.*

Leighton was a most exemplary character, both in his private and public capacity. The life and writings of few men are more worthy of imitation and perusal. He laboured hard to bring about some reformation in the state of things in his own day, and when he found all his efforts ineffectual, he quietly withdrew, resigned his preferment, and lived in private. What Burnet says of him can never be too often repeated, and too generally known.—“ He had the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and heavenly disposition, that I ever yet saw in mortal. He had the greatest parts, as well as virtue, with the most perfect humility that I ever saw in man; and had a sublime strain in preaching, with so grave a gesture, and such a majesty of thought, of language, and pronunciation, that I never once saw a wandering eye where he preached, and I have seen whole assemblies often melt in tears before him, and of whom I can say with great truth, that in a free and frequent conversation with him for above two and twenty years, I never knew him to say an idle word, that had not a direct tendency to edification; and I never once saw him

in any other temper, but that which I wished to be in, in the last moments of my life."



*Interesting Debate on the Adoption of the Federal Constitution, between Messrs. HENRY, MADISON, and INNIS.*

Mr. Henry.—Mr. Chairman: The public mind, as well as my own, is extremely uneasy at the proposed change of government. Give me leave to form one of the number of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the reasons of this perilous and uneasy situation—and why we are brought hither to decide on this great national question. I consider myself as the servant of the people of this commonwealth, as a centinel over their rights, liberty, and happiness. I represent their feelings when I say, that they are exceedingly uneasy, being brought from that state of full security, which they enjoyed, to the present delusive appearance of things. A year ago the minds of our citizens were at perfect repose. Before the meeting of the late federal convention at Philadelphia, a general peace, and an universal tranquillity prevailed in this country—but since that period they are exceedingly uneasy and disquieted. When I wished for an appointuient to this convention, my mind was extremely agitated for the situation of public affairs. I conceive the republic to be in extreme danger. If our situation be thus uneasy, whence has arisen this fearful jeopardy? It arises from this fatal system—it arises from a proposal to change our government; a proposal that goes to the utter annihilation of the most solemn engagements of the states, a proposal of establishing nine states into a confedera-

cy, to the eventual exclusion of four states. It goes to the annihilation of those solemn treaties we have formed with foreign nations. The present circumstances of France—the good offices rendered us by that kingdom, require our most faithful and most punctual adherence to our treaty with her. We are in alliance with the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Prussians; those treaties bound us as thirteen states, confederated together. Yet here is a proposal to sever that confederacy. Is it possible that we shall abandon all our treaties and national engagements?—And for what? I expected to have heard the reasons of an event so unexpected to my mind, and many others. Was our civil polity, or public justice, endangered or sapped? Was the real existence of the country threatened—or was this preceded by a mournful progression of events? This proposal of altering our federal government is of a most alarming nature; make the best of this new government—say it is composed by any thing but inspiration—you ought to be extremely cautious, watchful, jealous of your liberty; for instead of securing your rights, you may lose them forever.

Mr. *Madison*.—I shall not attempt to make impressions by any ardent professions of zeal for the public welfare; we know the principles of every man will, and ought to be judged, not by his professions and declarations, but by his conduct; by that criterion I mean in common with every other member to be judged; and should it prove unfavourable to my reputation, yet it is a criterion, from which I will by no means depart. Comparisons have been made between the friends of this constitution, and those who oppose it; although I disapprove of such comparisons, I trust, that in point of truth, honour,

candour, and rectitude of motives, the friends of this system, here, and in other states, are not inferior to it's opponents. But professions of attachment to the public good, and comparisons of parties, ought not to govern or influence us now. We ought, Sir, to examine the constitution on it's own merits solely: we are to enquire whether it will promote the public happiness: it's aptitude to produce this desirable object, ought to be the exclusive subject of our present researches. In this pursuit, we ought not to address our arguments to the feelings and passions, but to those understandings and judgments which were selected by the people of this country, to decide this great question, by a calm and rational investigation. I hope that gentlemen, in displaying their abilities, on this occasion, instead of giving opinions, and making assertions, will condescend to prove and demonstrate, by a fair and regular discussion. It gives me pain to hear gentlemen continually distorting the natural construction of language; for, it is sufficient if any human production can stand a fair discussion.

Before I proceed to make some additions to the reasons which have been adduced by my honorable friend over the way, I must take the liberty to make some observations on what was said by another gentleman, (Mr. *Henry*.) He told us, that this constitution ought to be rejected, because it endangered the public liberty, in his opinion, in many instances. Give me leave to make one answer to that observation—let the dangers which this system is supposed to be replete with, be clearly pointed out. If any dangerous and unnecessary powers be given to the general legislature, let them be plainly demonstrated, and let us not rest satisfied with general assertions of dangers, without examination. If power

THE DEPARTMENT. I THINK THERE IS NOT A SOUL  
 WHO WOULD BEAT HIMSELF UP ON THIS. HE HAS  
 SUFFERED, AND HIS BUSINESS HAS SUFFERED, FROM  
 THE LOSS OF LIBERTY. BUT THE LIBERTY OF RU-  
 RAL DEPARTMENT IS ALWAYS SUFFERING. SINCE THE  
 FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IS ESTABLISHED, I BELIEVE THERE  
 ARE MORE INSTANCES OF THE ABUSING OF THE FREE-  
 DOM OF THE PRESS, BY LIBERAL AND SINCERE EN-  
 COMENDERS OF LIBERTY IN POWER, THAN BY VIOLENT  
 AND SELFISH ENEMIES. FROM A CANDID EXAMI-  
 NATION OF HISTORY, WE SHALL FIND THAT TURBULENCE,  
 VIOLENCE, AND ABUSE OF POWER, BY THE MAJORITY  
 CRUSHING ON THE RIGHTS OF THE MINORITY, HAVE  
 PRODUCED Factions AND COMMOTIONS, WHICH, IN RE-  
 PUBLICS, HAVE MORE FREQUENTLY THAN ANY OTHER  
 CAUSE, PRODUCED DESPOTISM. IF WE GO OVER THE  
 WHOLE HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN REPUBLICS,  
 WE SHALL FIND THEIR DESTRUCTION TO HAVE GENERALLY  
 RESULTED FROM THOSE CAUSES. IF WE CONSIDER THE  
 PECULIAR SITUATION OF THE UNITED STATES, AND WHAT  
 ARE THE SOURCES OF THAT DIVERSITY OF SENTIMENTS  
 WHICH PERVADES ITS INHABITANTS, WE SHALL FIND  
 GREAT DANGER TO FEAR, THAT THE SAME CAUSES MAY  
 TERMINATE HERE, IN THE SAME FATAL EFFECTS, WHICH  
 THEY PRODUCED IN THOSE REPUBLICS. THIS DANGER  
 OUGHT TO BE WISELY GUARDED AGAINST.

Mr. Innes.—Mr. Chairman—I have hitherto  
 been silent on this great and interesting question.  
 But my silence has not proceeded from a neutra-  
 lity of sentiment, or a supineness of disposition.  
 The session of the court of *Oyer and Terminer*, at  
 this time, has indispensably called my attention  
 to the prosecutions for the commonwealth. Had  
 I taken an early part in the discussion, my ob-  
 servations would have been desultory and per-  
 haps not satisfactory, being not apprised of all  
 the arguments which had been used by gentle-  
 men. We are now brought to that great part of

the system where it is necessary for me to take a decided part. This is one of the most important questions, that ever agitated the councils of America. When I see in this house divided in opinion, several of those brave officers whom I have seen so gallantly fighting and bleeding for their country, the question is doubly interesting to me. I thought it would be the last of human events, that I should be on a different side from them, on so awful an occasion. However painful and distressing to me, the recollection of this diversity of sentiment may be, I am consoled by this reflection—that difference of opinion has a happy consequence—It aids discussion, and is a friend to truth. We ought (and I hope we have the temper) to be regulated by candour and moderation, without which in a deliberative body, every thing with respect to the public good, evaporates into nothing. I came hither under a persuasion that the felicity of our country required that we should accede to this system; but I am free to declare, that I came in with a mind open to conviction, and a predetermination to recede from my opinion, if I should find it to be erroneous.—I have heard nothing hitherto that would warrant a change of one idea. The objections urged by the advocates of the opposition have been ably and in my conception, satisfactorily answered by the friends of the constitution. I wish instead of reasoning from possible abuses, that the government had been considered as an abstract position drawn from the history of all nations, and such theoretic opinions as experience has demonstrated to be right. I have waited to hear this mode of reasoning, but in vain. Instead of this, sir, horrors have been called up, chimeras suggested, and every terrific and melancholy idea adduced, to prevent, what I think



indispensably necessary for our national honour, happiness and saety—I mean the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

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*Manner of Travelling in Lapland in Sledges drawn by Rein-Deer.*

Being desirous of continuing our journey, we begged our host to lend us some rein-deer to carry us farther up the country, to which he readily consented; and taking down a horn that hung up in his cottage, went out and blew it. Upon which fourteen or fifteen of those animals came running towards the hut, six of which he immediately yoked to six sledges. In one of them we put our merchandize and provisions; another we assigned to one of our guides who understood the language of the Muscovite Laplanders, and that of the Kilops, dismissing the two other inhabitants of Varanger, after having first paid them in tobacco for their trouble. We then put on our Lapland clothes, and each of us lying down in his sledge, was covered with a bear's skin. At the back of the sledge were two girths made of rein-deer's skin leather, in which we thrust our arms up to the shoulders to keep ourselves steady; and we had each a stick with a strong ferrel, in order to support the sledge, if it should be in danger of overturning against the stumps of trees, or stones lying in the way.

We were no sooner ready to set out, than our host muttered some words in the ear of the rein-deer, and when I afterwards enquired of the guide what he meant by it, he gravely replied

with the utmost simplicity, that it was to tell them whither they should carry us. Custom, however, had made this muttering so familiar to them, that when our host had gone to all the six, they set off with amazing swiftness, and continued their pace over hills and dales without keeping any beaten path, till seven o'clock in the evening; when they brought us to a large village situated between two mountains, on the borders of a great lake. Stopping at the fourth house in the place, and beating the ground with their feet, the master of the house came with some of his servants to take us out of the sledges, and unharness our cattle, one of them bringing out a little juniper can filled with brandy, of which he gave each of us a brimmer out of a larger vessel that was also made of juniper wood. This it seems was to revive our spirits, our guide having informed him, that we were frightened at our being drawn so swiftly by these animals, having never been used to that way of travelling.

The rein-deer is the colour of the Stag, and is not much bigger. The horns of this animal are somewhat higher than those of the stag, but more crooked, hairy, and not so well furnished with branches. Of the milk of the females they make good butter and cheese. These animals, indeed, constitute the greatest, and almost the only riches of the Finlanders. In Finmark, there are vast numbers of them both wild and tame, and many a man there has from six or eight hundred to a thousand of these useful creatures which never come under cover. They follow him wherever he is pleased to ramble, and, when they are put to a sledge, transport his goods from one place to another. They provide for themselves, and live chiefly on moss, and on the buds

and leaves of trees. They support themselves on very little nourishment, and are neat, clean and entertaining creatures.

It is remarkable, that when the rein-deer sheds his horns, and others rise in their stead, they appear at first covered with a skin; and till they are of a finger's length, are so soft, that they may be cut with a knife like a sausage, and are delicate eating even raw; therefore the huntsmen, when far out in the country, and pinched for want of food, eat them, and find that they satisfy both their hunger and thirst. When the horn grows bigger, there breeds within the skin a worm which eats away the root.

The rein-deer has over his eye-lids a kind of skin, through which he peeps, when otherwise, in the hard snows, he would be obliged to shut his eyes entirely; a singular instance of the benevolence of the great Creator, in providing for the wants of each creature, according to its destined manner of living.

When we got out of our sledges, our host conducted us into his hut, which, like the rest of the cottages in the place, was very small, low, and covered with the bark of trees, the light entering in at a hole at the top. The people were clothed much like those of Varanger, their apparel being of the same materials and make, but longer. The women were also dressed in rein-deer skins, with the hair outside.

We gave our host a piece of our roll tobacco, about two inches long, with which he was highly pleased, and in the most hearty manner returned us his thanks. We also gave a piece, not quite so long, to each of the inhabitants of the place to make them our friends, and the better to secure ourselves against their attempts; for they seemed more uncivilized than

those we last dealt with. We again supped on the provisions we had brought with us, and our guide ate some of our host's salt fish and fresh rein-deer venison. The inhabitants talked a language very different from that used at Varanger; but our guide had been often in the country and understood them. *Travels through Lapland.*



*The Nature of the Turkish Government, and of the Grand Signior's Procession to the Mosque.*

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army. The Grand Signior, with all his absolute power, is as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a janizary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection than amongst us. A minister of state is not spoke to but upon the knee. Should a reflection on his conduct be dropt in a coffee-house (for they have spies every where) the house would be razed to the ground, and perhaps, the whole company put to torture. No *huzzaing mobs, senseless pamphlets, and tavern disputes about politics.*

“ A consequential ill that freedom draws ;  
 “ A bad effect—but from a noble cause.”

None of our harmless calling names ! but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off his hands, head and feet, and throw them before the palace-gate with all the respect in the world ; while the sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apartment, and dares neither defend nor avenge his favourite. This is the

blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no law but his will.

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive obedient men, that they might see arbitrary government in it's clearest and strongest light, where it is hard to judge whether the prince, people, or ministers are most miserable.

I went yesterday, along with the French ambassador, to see the Grand Signior in his passage to the mosque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of janizaries, with vast white feathers on their heads, as also by the foot and horse-guards, and the royal gardeners, which are a very considerable body of men, dressed in different habits of fine lively colours, so that at a distance they appeared like a parterre of tulips. After them the aga of the janizaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with silver tissue, his horse led by two slaves richly dressed. Next to him the chief guardian of the seraglio ladies, in a deep yellow cloth (which suited very well to his black face) lined with sables. Last of all came his sublimity himself, arrayed in green, lined with the fur of a black Muscovite fox, which is supposed worth a thousand pounds sterling, and mounted on a fine horse, with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horses richly caparisoned were led with him, and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold, and the other his silver coffee-pot on a staff. Another carried a silver stool on his head for him to sit on.

It would be too tedious to describe the various dresses and turbans by which their rank is distinguished ; but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of some thousands ; so that, perhaps, there cannot be seen a more beautiful

procession. The sultan appeared to us a handsome man of about forty, with something, however, severe in his countenance, and his eyes were full and black. He happened to stop under the window where we stood, and (I suppose being told who we were) looked upon us very attentively, so that we had leisure to consider him.

*Lady M. W. Montagu;*

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*The Persons and Manners of the Turkish Ladies.*

In this country it is surprising to see a young woman that is not very handsome. They have naturally the most beautiful complexion in the world, and generally large black eyes: I can with great truth assert, that the court of England (though I believe it the fairest in Christendom) does not contain so many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally shape their eye-brows, and both Greeks and Turks have the custom of putting round their eyes a black tincture, that at a distance, or by candle-light, adds very much to the blackness of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be over-joyed to know this secret; but it is too visible by day. They dye their nails a rose colour: but I own I cannot enough accustom myself to this fashion to find any beauty in it.

Their hair hangs at it's full length behind, divided into tresses, braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity. I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair. In one lady's I have counted one hundred and ten of the tresses all natural; but it must be owned that

every kind of beauty is more common here than with us.

The head-dress is composed of a cap called *talpock*, which is in winter of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and in summer, of a light shining silver stuff. This is fixed on one side of the head, hanging a little way down, with a gold tassel, and bound on either side with a circle of diamonds, or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other side of the head the hair is laid flat ; and here the ladies are at liberty to show their fancies, some putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and, in short, what they please ; but the most general fashion is a large bouquet of jewels, made like natural flowers, that is, the buds of pearl, the roses of different coloured rubies, the jessamines of diamonds, and the jonquils of topazes, so well set and enamelled, that it is hard to imagine any thing of the kind so beautiful.

As to their morality, or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that it is just as it is with you ; and the Turkish ladies do not commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now, that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring either the exemplary discretion or extreme stupidity, of all the writers that have given accounts of them. It is very easy to see they have in reality more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank soever, is permitted to go into the streets without two *murlins*, one that covers her face all but her eyes, and another that hides the whole dress of her head, and hangs half way down her back. Their shapes are also wholly concealed by a thing they call a *ferigee*, which no woman of any sort appears without. This has straight sleeves that reach to *their finger-ends*, and it laps all round them, not

unlike a riding-hood. In winter it is of cloth, and in summer, of plain stuff or silk. You may guess then how effectually this disguises them ; so that there is no distinguishing the great lady from her slave. It is impossible for the most jealous husband to know his wife when he meets her, and no man dare touch or follow a woman in the street.

This perpetual masquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations without danger of discovery. The great ladies seldom let their gallants know who they are ! and it is so difficult to find it out, that they can very seldom guess at her name, whom they have corresponded with for above half a year together. You may easily imagine the number of faithful wives very small in a country, where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiscretion, since we see so many have the courage to expose themselves to that in this world, and all the threatened punishment in the next, which is never preached to the Turkish damsels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the resentment of their husbands, those ladies that are rich having all the money in their own hands.

Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the only free people in the empire. The very divan pays respect to them ; and the Grand Signior himself, when a bassa is executed, never violates the privileges of the haram, or women's apartment, which remains unsearched and entire to the widow. They are queens of their slaves, whom the husband has no permission so much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chooses. It is true, their law permits them four wives ; but there is no instance of a man of quality that makes use of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would suffer it.



Thus you see the manners of mankind do not differ so widely as our voyage-writers would make us believe. Perhaps it would be more entertaining to add a few surprising customs of my own invention; but nothing seems to me so agreeable as truth, and I believe nothing so acceptable to you.

*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

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*Poetic Introduction at an Exhibition.*

Obedient to despotic Custom's laws,  
 I come, a suppliant for your kind applause.  
 "Our kind applause!" (I hear a critic cry,  
 "Our *patience* rather,—that you'll surely "try."  
 Keen Sir, suppress that sneer upon your face,  
 Whilst I, in humble fable, state the case:  
 A frozen lake, in this our happy land,  
 Once tempting lay before a youthful band:  
 Some time, with caution sage, in deep debate,  
 Upon the dang'rous brink they hesitate;  
 Till, from the margin of the icy plain,  
 A pond'rous stone they throw with might and  
 main:  
 With force it strikes, and to a distance bounds;  
 The polish'd surface with the blow resounds;  
 Their fears dispell'd, the troop, elate and gay,  
 Glide, sport, and gambol, o'er the level way.  
 Such vent'rous boys are we, this day's our test;  
 And, sink or swim, we'll try to do our best.  
 Should your applause uphold this bold essay,  
 More noble efforts may your smiles repay.  
 If this attempt your approbation gains,  
 Most amply then you recompense our pains.

*On the Invention of Water-Clocks,*

The Romans were near 460 years, without knowing any other division of the day than morning, noon, and night. The first instrument which they had to divide the hours, was a sun-dial, brought from Sicily, after the taking of Catana, by Marcus Valerius Messala, in the year of Rome 477.

Although this dial, drawn for the Meridian of Catana, which was different from that of Rome, could not show the hours exactly; yet imperfect as it was, the Romans conformed to it for the space of 99 years, till Quintus Marcus Philippus, who was censor with Paulus Æmilius, gave them another more exact. This, of all the acts of his censorship, was that which obtained him the greatest applause.

Scipio Nasica, five years after, in the year of Rome 595, first brought into use, and placed under cover, a water-clock, which shewed the hours equally by day and night.

To form an idea of these clocks, we may conceive a pretty large bason filled with water, which by a little hole contrived in the bottom, emptied itself into another vessel, of nearly the same capacity, in the space of twelve hours; and where the water rising gradually, brought up perpendicularly a bit of cork, or the figure of a genius pointing to the hours, which were marked one above another, on columns of pilasters.

The Romans were ignorant of the use of clocks with wheels. We are even uncertain of the time and the author of that invention. The present which was made to Charlemagne of a striking clock, was looked upon as a wonder. Æginard says, that it was a water-clock, which marked the hours by the fall of some balls of metal upon

a bell, and by some figures of men, which opened and shut certain doors contrived in the clock, according to the number of hours.



*Debate between Mr. Fox, Gen. Tarleton, Gen. Gascoigne, Sir William Young, and Mr. Wilberforce, on the Abolition of the Slave Trade.*

*Mr. Fox* declared, that there could be nothing that could personally give him more pride or pleasure, than to be instrumental in an object he had so much at heart. He must declare, that if, after spending more than thirty years in parliament, he had been able only to effect this one measure, he should feel that his life had not been past in vain; when he should retire from public life, the recollection of having contributed to such an important good, would completely satisfy him. He was happy to say, that, upon the principle, the house had appeared pretty unanimous that the trade ought to be abolished. If there was not an absolute unanimity upon that point, there was as near a unanimity as could be expected on any important question. Resolutions of the committee of that house, in committee, had been printed for the members, in which it was stated, "that the African slave trade was contrary to the principles of humanity, justice, and sound policy, and that it ought to be abolished." He, therefore, should not think it necessary to detain the house five minutes, in speaking of the principle of the slave trade. A right honourable gentleman now no more (*Mr. Burke*) had most eloquently condemned "this traffic, not in the labour of men, but in the men themselves." He had said that it went to keep

down the human race, and prevent that free intercourse among the nations which Providence had designed. The carrying men forcibly from their own country to make them slaves, was certainly a thing not to be defended on any principle of justice; and it was not making the matter much better to say, that the men who had been so dragged from their own country, were persons whom we did not make slaves, but found so, who had been condemned to slavery in their own country, for witchcraft and other crimes which certainly the European laws would not think deserving of such a punishment. Such an excuse for the trade as this was a mere pretence, and it would be better to avow at once, that we were incited by avarice and the lust of gain to continue a practice which our consciences told us was wrong.

*Gen. Tarleton* was aware, that in the course of the former investigations which took place upon this subject, a most voluminous body of evidence had been laid before parliament. Much of that evidence was in favour, and much against the abolition; and whatever was the resolution, at that time adopted, it did not appear that parliament had thought it wise to follow it up: but, before the house should proceed to adopt the resolution now proposed, he felt it his duty to call their attention to the situation of Liverpool; a town, which, from a miserable fishing hamlet of about 150 huts, had, within a century, risen to be the second town, in point of commercial wealth and consequence, in the British dominions, entirely by the African trade. He begged to impress on the recollection of the house what the situation of Liverpool was, when the right hon. gentleman and his colleagues came into power. It was eminent for the prosperity of it's commerce.

it's wealth, it's loyalty—for the important aid it furnished to the British marine, by affording at all times a numerous supply of seamen, through it's African and West-Indian trade. It was equally distinguished for it's spirit in fitting out private ships of war, and by contributing annually three millions sterling in revenue to the public purse. But what measures of advantage had Liverpool experienced since the present ministers came into power? Why, the Restriction Bill upon the African trade, by which the enterprising spirit of it's merchants was paralyzed, their trade diminished, the value of their shipping considerably reduced, and disputes existed between them and the planters. But if the mercantile interest of the country were to be thus crushed—if that commerce, which yielded so great a portion of the public revenue, were to be impoverished—what must be the natural consequence? But one of two alternatives: either the minister must resort to the landed interest entirely for the supplies necessary to carry on the war, or he must be driven to an ignominious peace. If the right hon. gentleman seriously meant to proceed with the proposed measure, he could only say, that his constituents would feel themselves justified in coming forward in the most respectful manner, to solicit from parliament, that to which they would conceive themselves justly entitled; namely, compensation for the losses they should sustain in consequence of a measure that would deprive them of a trade which they had followed from the time of Queen Elizabeth, under the sanction of parliamentary protection. The necessary consequence of the measure must be bankruptcies without number; the emigration of useful artisans, with their capitals, to America; *and the loss to this country, forever, of many useful artificers.*

“ Gen. Gascoyne considered the present discussion as pregnant with dangerous consequences to the West-India colonies, as exciting there the most dangerous expectations in the minds of the negroes. He also considered the present period, when our manufactories and commerce so loudly call for every encouragement, as particularly unfit for the agitation of the present question. When was the export of our manufactories more restrained, or when was it more difficult to raise the necessary supplies? Yet, labouring under such manifold difficulties, we were now called upon to do that which the house had lately rejected, and pledge ourselves to the adoption of a measure that would weaken and derange the whole of our colonial system, and would materially impair the sources of our revenue. Besides, he was not convinced that this country could legislate for the colonies, or had a right to impose any prohibitions with regard to the importation of slaves, more than they were entitled to impose taxes on the colonies. The learned gentleman, who preceded him had applied every epithet of murder, rapine and robbery to the slave trade, and every kind of invective had been familiar to his mouth. But, in his opinion, slavery had been sanctioned by the regulations of the wisest and most pious legislators. In proof of this, he quoted several verses from the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, from which he contended, that the practice was countenanced by the Jewish lawgiver. But, should the slave trade be abolished, he contended that indemnification should be given to those who had embarked their property in the trade, under the faith of legislative sanction, and that, unless this were done, the house would be guilty of similar injustice to that which it reprobated in the trade itself.—Our general

prosperity depended greatly on that of the colonies, and these could never be cultivated to advantage but by means of negroes. This being the case, their importation could never be effectually restrained by any legislative interference of this country. He objected also to the resolution, on the ground of it's pledging the house to an indefinite measure, which future circumstances might prevent them from ever carrying into effect.

“ Sir William Young opposed the resolution, on the ground, that by hanging over the heads of the West India planters, it would materially diminish the value of their property, and induce those who had money, by way of mortgage on their estates, to withdraw it altogether. He contended, that the importation of slaves had not materially increased since the resolution of the house in 1792. He deprecated discussions of this kind, as calculated to excite hopes in the negroes, that it would be, in the highest degree, dangerous to realize.

“ Mr. Wilberforce said, that, with regard to one part of the honourable general's speech, he was doubtful whether he should not have interrupted him by calling him to order. But, if the honourable member could believe that slavery was sanctioned by our holy religion, he should only feel disposed to pity his weakness and error, and should endeavour to rectify his mistake in the spirit of mildness and conciliation. It was the glory of our religion, that it not only forbade all those odious means by which slaves were procured, but expressly prohibited the practice of manstealing, and called us to act on a principle of universal philanthropy, and kind good will *to all men*. But he should ever deprecate the *introduction of such appeals to sacred authority*

into that house, as tending rather to ridicule than to any satisfactory result. He should have heard with pleasure the declarations of his noble friend, respecting the radical injustice of the traffic, had he not, at the same time, seemed to oppose every method that had been proposed for its abolition: and had not his speech been uniformly applauded by those who were friendly to the trade. They were perfectly willing to permit the trade to be railed at, while, in fact, it received their most effectual support. He himself had derived pleasure from the reflection, that the measures he had brought forward at different times, on this subject, had been supported by almost all the ablest men on both sides of the house, who had seldom agreed on any great measure of policy. If he had erred, he had erred with great authorities. But his noble friend, while he reprobated the principle of the slave trade, had obtained the support of those only who were friends to that practice. The noble lord had proposed to accomplish the gradual abolition of the trade by means of duties on the importation of slaves. But this would only tend to increase the price of slaves; and, surely, the co-operation of the colonies, which was so little to be expected, would, in this way, become more necessary than in any other method that could be devised. It had been said, indeed, that it was absolutely necessary that the colonies should co-operate in the abolition, in order to render it effectual. This, however, he must deny: for the importation of various commodities into the West-India islands had been prevented by legislative interference, and surely it would not be more difficult to prevent the importation of slaves, whatever they might have suffered. No measures, he contended, were to be expected from the colonies, even for the gra-



dual abolition of slavery. They had declared, that whatever steps might be taken for ameliorating the condition of slaves, these were, in no degree to be considered as adopted with a view to the abolition of slavery, the perpetual enforcement of which they have regarded as their birth-right, of which they should never be deprived. Even this language was more agreeable to him than the professions of others, who, while they pretended to wish for the abolition of slavery; yet effectually impeded it by every means in their power. It had been said, that there must be something impracticable in the measure, since, from the year 1792, when it had received the sanction of parliament, nothing effectual had been done for it's accomplishment. Parliament had, at that period, been actuated by an ardent feeling, which had been almost universal in the country. But it was to be regretted, that the feelings of benevolence were too apt to be evanescent, while interest was a cool and calculating principle; and the feelings of interest had gradually overpowered the dictates of philanthropy, and the compunctions of humanity. He should have preferred the immediate introduction of a bill for the abolition of the slave trade; but he had submitted to the judgment of those who thought, that at the present advanced period of the session, there was little probability of it's receiving the concurrence of parliament. The former bill which had passed this house had not been negatived by the lords, but had been merely rejected, on the ground of their not having sufficient time for it's full discussion. But the present resolution would hold out the hope, that the house was now more desirous to fulfil that pledge which they had long ago held out to the country, and therefore, it met with his cordial approbation and

concurrence. On the whole he conjured the house to recollect, that Providence had never connected the happiness and prosperity of any country with injustice ; and that whatever apparent prosperity the slave trade might produce, it would ultimately be found rotten to the core. There would be no need of bounties for the encouragement of negro population, as had been proposed by a noble lord, if the domestic comforts of the slaves were properly attended to ; and the only way of producing this effect would be the total abolition of the slave trade, which would induce the planter, from a sense of interest, to improve the situation of the negro. But, as long as the slave market could be resorted to, so long would the system of breeding be neglected.”



*Description of Pompey's Pillar in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, in Egypt, and an Anecdote of some English Sea Officers there.*

In the afternoon a large party of us sallied out to take a view of Pompey's Pillar, the theme of the present age, and the admiration of past times ! Besides my companions and myself, we were joined by the two English commanders of the ships in the harbour, and Monsieur Meillon, and some young gentlemen of the French factory. We mounted the first asses that presented themselves for hire, and attended by our Janizary, took the course we pursued yesterday. We left the convent on our right, and presently came among broken arches and long pavements, which are the remains of an aqueduct. Several towers reared up their dismantled heads on each side of

us, whose appearance pronounces them to have been posts of great importance and strength.

A number of stately pillars next engaged our attention. They are placed in two parallel lines, and seem to have formerly supported some magnificent portico. The pillars are of granite, or Thebaic marble, and about thirty feet high, of a single stone; and we counted no less than thirty of them still standing. But however choice these columns might be in any other place, they were but foils to the pillar which now appeared before us. We had been buried amid the ruins and the hills of sand which the winds have thrown up, when leaving the city by the gate of Rosetta, we came unexpectedly upon the pillar. It is impossible to tell which is most worthy of admiration, the height, the workmanship, or the condition of this pillar. By the best accounts we can obtain, it is an hundred and ten feet high. The shaft, which is of a single stone of granite, is ninety feet, and the pedestal is twenty feet more. It is of the Corinthian order, which gives a beautiful dignity to its simplicity, rarely to be met with in modern architecture. It has suffered little or no injury from time. The polish upon the shaft has wonderfully withstood the buffeting of the tempest; and it promises to hand down a patriot name to the late posterity of the ignorant native, who has no other trace of the fame of Pompey! The pedestal has been somewhat damaged by the instruments of travellers, who are curious to possess a relic of this antiquity; and one of the volutes of the column was immaturely brought down about four years ago, by a prank of some English captains which is too ludicrous to pass over.

The jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing about the can on board one of the ships in the

harbour until a strange freak entered into one of their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted; and its apparent impossibility was but a spur for putting it in execution. The boat was ordered, and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed ashore to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar! At the spot they arrived, and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was vain; and they began to despair of success, when, the genius who struck out the frolic, happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was dispatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprized of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The Governor of Alexandria was told, that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar. But whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey.

He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire rose in opposition, it would not perhaps, at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two-inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top, and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the

whole company went up, and drank their punch amid the shouts of the astonished multitude.

To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing that no accident befel these madcaps, in a situation so elevated, as would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received, was the loss of the volute before mentioned, which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made amply compensated for this mischief; as without their evidence the world would not have known at this hour, that there was originally a statue on this pillar, one foot and ancle of which are still remaining. The statue was probably of Pompey himself; and must have been of a gigantic size, to have appeared of a man's proportion at so great a height.

There are circumstances in this story which might give it an air of fiction, were it not demonstrated beyond all doubt. Besides the testimonies of many eye-witnesses, the adventurers themselves have left us a token of the fact, by the initials of their names, which are very legible in black paint, just beneath the capital.

*Irwin.*



James, earl of Marlborough, who was killed in a battle at sea on the coast of Holland, A. D. 1665, having a kind of presentiment of his own

death, wrote to sir Hugh Pollard a letter, of which the following is an extract:—"I will not speak aught of the vanity of this world; your own age and experience will save that labour: but there is a certain thing that goeth up and down the world, called religion, dressed and pretended fantastically, and to purposes bad enough, which yet by such evil dealing loseth not it's being. Moreover, God in his infinite mercy hath given us his holy word, in which, as there are many things hard to be understood, so there is enough plain and easy, to quiet our minds, and direct us concerning our future being. I confess to God and you, I have been a great neglecter, and, I fear, a despiser, of it.—God, of his infinite mercy, pardon me the dreadful fault. But when I retired myself from the noise and deceitful vanity of the world, I found no comfort in any other resolution, than what I had from thence. I commend from the bottom of my heart the same to your happy use. Dear sir Hugh, let us be more generous than to believe we die as the beasts that perish; but with the christian, manly, brave resolution, look to what is eternal. I will not trouble you further. Shew this letter to my friends, and to whom you please. The only great God, and holy God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, direct you to an happy end of your life, and send us a joyful resurrection. So prays your friend,

MARLBOROUGH.



*Soliloquy at the Grave of a Father, by a Young Lady of Baltimore.*

Again pale Cynthia, art thou become my  
mournful attendant, to the spot consecrated to

ceaseless and unabated sorrow? Yes, sacred dust! rendered so by the precious relics deposited in thee, ever must thou receive these tears, bursting from a wounded bosom, which no art can heal. This grave contains the best of Parents. Oh my Father! My Father! Never, never more shall I hear that voice, that always excited in my bosom the most lively emotions of pleasure and affection! No more shall I listen to those heavenly precepts, which flowed with irresistible eloquence from thy lips! Ah who now shall guide my youthful steps? Who now shall draw aside the deceitful veil, so often assumed by the sons and daughters of dissipation, and shew me vice in it's real odiousness? Who now shall exhibit the charms of Virtue, and direct my feet in the paths of Piety? Oh my Father! my dearest Father, how joyfully would I descend into thy grave, and sleep with thee. Flow faster ye drops of sorrow, and ease the insupportable load of grief bursting from my agitated bosom! Never shall I know peace more! Farewell ye scenes of bliss, my lively imagination once painted! Farewell ye visionary schemes of joy. The beauties I once discovered in creation, I can discern no longer! In vain the King of day rises in majestic splendour! In vain the carpet of Nature assumes it's most beautiful hues! even thou, pale Cynthia reflectest thy borrowed light in vain: nothing has power to please. The object that once gave a relish to every enjoyment is gone; and beneath this cold sod lies all that is valuable to me in this world—yes my Father! even thy dust, already become the prey of worms, is dearer to me than any thing earth can offer. How often does memory retrace thy last painful struggle, with the last mortal enemy! Never, never will the scene that sad hour exhibited be effaced from my memory; even

now I hear the heavenly accents which burst from thy lips. Heaven itself beamed in thy countenance, when clasping me to thy heart, thou didst exclaim, "I leave thee my child, in the hands of that God who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children with me!' I die, but God still lives; make him thy friend, and he never will forsake thee! Murmur not at the dispensations of Providence. Infinite wisdom cannot err; infinite mercy cannot be unkind; and very soon will that period arrive, when every cry *apparent* mystery shall be made plain." Yes my Father! I will endeavour to obey thy precepts—I will struggle to check the murmuring sigh, and pray for grace, so to live in this world, as to be daily preparing to meet thee, where no separation can ever ensue. I will not say I forget thee: I will not say I can cease to lament thy departure—Impossible! Every spot where I have been accustomed to see and converse with thee, loudly complains of thine absence. But I will endeavour, in the exercise of a lively faith, to anticipate the transporting moment that shall release me from earth, and angelic convoys waft me to that blessed abode where thy triumphant spirit exults in glory ineffable. Hail happy world! sweet shores of everlasting rest! there sin, the only cause of sorrow, is known no more; there, the tear of separation from those we love can never trickle from the transported eye.

MARIA.

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*Letter from E. Collinson, jun. Esq. to Mr. Kingston.*

MY DEAR SIR,

*Bristol Hot-Wells.*

I sincerely thank you for your kind favour of the 1st ult. which my father forwarded to me at



this place, where I am, with my mother and sister, for the establishment of my health, which has long been much impaired. You say that "infidelity would dress up religion in a disgusting garb," and truly your sentiments perfectly coincide with my sad experience. Yes, I once could rejoice in the enjoyment of the comforts afforded by religion, I once experienced the pleasures resulting from the peace of God in my heart; but through the desire of vain knowledge, and what in our day is commonly termed philosophy, wishing to reduce the principles of the gospel to the narrow circle of human comprehension, and to account for the workings and teachings of the spirit of God, by the common rules of nature, I lost that peace which I had enjoyed; I fell from that happiness which I had obtained; and although I was convinced in my judgment of the falsity and error of my conjectures, I continued in the same path in order the better to support the sentiments I had imbibed, and to give some colour to my own conduct. But I built on the sand; I had no foundation on the rock; my glittering opinions faded upon reflection, they could not stand the test of scrutiny and investigation. Thus was I left without either the appearance of the one, or the enjoyment of the other, and so deprived of the comfort of both. The death of my late dear sister Crisp demanded a serious reflection, which when I answered, I ardently wished to be as safely landed: for the comfort and peace which she experienced on her dying bed, I think were the most incontrovertible tests of the religion of Christ, and criteria by which we may almost infallibly judge of the truth of any doctrine. To see the soul triumph in the wreck of nature, was indeed pleasing; she was borne up *with the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection*

unto life immortal. Yea let me die her death,  
and may my last end be like her's. Religion, I  
now see, is the only basis on which we may safely  
build for happiness either in this world, or in  
the next, yet what slow progress I make for the  
enjoyment of it.

I am yours, &c.

E. COLLINSON.

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*Lines addressed to Gen. Washington, on his  
resigning the Presidency of the United States,  
September 1796.*

No more the muse in hacknied strains shall sing,  
The venal praise of every worthless king,  
Nor take a sordid bribe from year to year,  
To "suckle fools," or "chronicle small beer."  
A nobler subject now the pen shall grace,  
When each good act of Washington we trace;  
Who freed his country from a galling yoke,  
And the foul chains which bound her freedom  
broke;

Then guided with firm hand the helm of state  
And made his country eminently great.  
No more, O Rome, with supercilious pride,  
All other Heroes but your own deride:  
A Washington in modern times we see,  
Italia's rigid chief \* revived in thee,  
Who headed in the field a warlike band,  
And from destruction saved his native land;  
Like him, no baseness ever stain'd thy fame,  
And future ages will revere thy name;  
Like his, thy actions need not flatt'ry's aid,

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\* Cincinnatus, who when the City of Rome was in the greatest danger, quitted the plough and became dictator.

But stand erect in virtue's garb array'd ;  
 Like him thou hast retir'd by all ador'd,  
 And for the plough-share, chang'd the conquer-  
 ing sword.

But oh ! may God still lengthen out thy life,  
 Far from each scene of discord and of strife ;  
 And when thy earthly days are at an end,  
 'To peaceful regions may thy soul ascend.

T. MUNGEN.

College Green, October 8th.



*An Affectionate Address to Parents.*

Reason, revelation, and experience, all combine to shew us that our situation as parents, brings upon us a most serious responsibility, which we can no way consider with comfort to ourselves, and honour to our Maker, unless our relative duties are wisely and piously performed. We all know that we cannot give our children grace, but we can certainly do a great deal to prepare them to receive grace ; and in order to this, let them never hear us speak a wrong word, or see us in a passion, or doing any thing which ought not to be done, for their little eyes and ears will be attentive to us when we are inattentive to ourselves ; and however they may neglect to learn and practice their parents' virtues, they will too soon learn and practice all their vices ; —Therefore, let me conjure you, as soon as they know right from wrong, teach those children, who are to be the future men of America, their duty to God and man, in the most plain, patient, loving and persevering manner—always remembering that they are your very dear children ; that their credit and comfort, both at home and abroad,

their happiness, here and hereafter, depends in a good degree upon you : let us teach them good manners and good morals, keeping them as much as possible from the garret and the cellar, lest they get injured by corrupt servants—let us teach them to honour and fear those to whom fear and honour are due, and carefully avoid speaking slightly of either ministers or school-masters in the presence of our children, as we shall otherwise impede, if not destroy the good effects of their instruction and authority. It is quite fresh on the mind of the writer of this address, a circumstance in point, which happened some time back in London. A certain lady, after having been at the new chapel, city road, on Sunday morning, on coming home, her husband in the presence of their little daughter, asked her who preached ; her answer was why Mr. D——n, and I hate to hear him. Sometime after this, Mr. D. (one of the best of men) dining in company with other friends, in this family, the lady passing her accustomed civilities at the table, asked Mr. D. what he would be helped to : The same little girl present, caught the name, and immediately enquired in the presence of all the company, “ Mother is this the Mr. D——n which you say you hate to hear preach.”

—————Our parents' hand,  
Writes on our hearts, the first faint characters,  
Which time retracing, deepens into strength,  
That nothing can deface but death or Heaven.

A PARENT.



Christ is the great Subject of the Scriptures,  
The Scriptures are the Ring : Christ is the Dia-  
mond ; The Scriptures are the circle : Christ is

in various departments of ministry, with a confidence in him which was justified, even in it's extravagance, by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed on any opinion of their own. Deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port. And those who joined with them in manning the vessel, were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and most powerful of the set, they easily prevailed, so as to seize upon the most vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends, and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when every thing was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, even before the splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary (Charles Townshend) and for his hour became lord of the ascendant, who was officially the re-producer of the fatal scheme, the unfortunate act to tax America for a revenue.

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#### RURAL SOLITUDE.

*A Poem on Mushwell Hill, the place of his residence ; by the late Reverend Samuel Sten-  
net, D. D.*

Tir'd of the world's incessant noise,  
And sick of all it's flattering joys,

I hail the day—I bless the hour  
 That brings me to my rural bow'r ;  
 In sweet reflection here I sit,  
 And here enjoy the soft retreat :  
 Ascend my little flow'ry mount,  
 And there life's weary steps recount ;  
 Then cast my chearful eye around,  
 O'er distant hills, and mossy ground ;  
 O'er fields attir'd with vernal green,  
 Enraptur'd with the pleasing scene ;  
 The fleecy sheep, the harmless lambs,  
 That sportive play about their dams.  
 The violets, flowers and shrubs that rise,  
 And taller trees that tempt the skies ;  
 All strive to make me happy here—  
 Happy without an anxious care,  
 Strive to divert my thoughtful breast,  
 And calm my passions into rest—  
 Thus sooth'd by nature's silent voice,  
 And charm'd with these her artless joys,  
 I feel my soul prepar'd to hear,  
 What heav'n shall whisper in my ear.  
 'Twas in the ev'ning of the day,  
 When the bright sun's declining ray,  
 Darted his life through Eden's trees,  
 Waving their tops with gentle breeze :  
 'Twas then the God that dwells on high,  
 Deign'd to descend from yonder sky,  
 And in a form divinely sweet,  
 To own and bless that fair retreat :  
 There he was used to walk, and there  
 To entertain the happy pair,  
 With new discoveries of his will,  
 And joys that nought but angels feel :  
 O ! would he deign to visit me,  
 In mercy mix'd with majesty ;  
 Deign when I walk in ev'ning shade,  
 Amidst those bow'rs his hands have made,  
 To whisper softly in my ear,

'The gentle word I long to hear :  
 " Thy many sins are all forgiven ;"—  
 The rapt'rous news I'd spread around,  
 The woods would echo back the sound :—  
 I'd write his name on every tree,  
 And tell the world his love to me—  
 This soft—this sweet enchanting spot,  
 Should never, never be forgot ;  
 My friends, my neighbours all should know—  
 There is a paradise below.

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The substance of a Charge delivered in St. Mary's Church, Haverford West, (South Wales) June 20th, 1799, by WILLIAM STEUART, bishop of St. David's, to the Clergy of his diocese—now (1809) Lord Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland.

*Reverend Brethren,*

I should think the good purpose of our meeting defeated, was I to call your attention to any new point of speculative divinity. I shall therefore speak plainly to the matter in hand ; and although what I have to advance will merit nothing on the score of novelty or erudition, I hope it's importance will be duly felt by us all.—And first, I will call your attention to the solemn engagements you made when you were admitted into holy orders, and appointed to the care of souls.—Then you will recollect (what you never ought to forget) the promises you made at the altar, when first you received orders ; that you would diligently and carefully read the Scriptures, and such other books as tend to elucidate them ; that you would preach the doctrine and enforce the discipline of the Church of Christ ; that you and your families should be guided by the Lord Jesus Christ ;

that you would diligently instruct the flock of Christ committed to your care, taking the oversight of them, and visiting the sick and afflicted among them. I the rather particularly mention this, because I am afraid that some of the younger Clergymen suppose, that as soon as they are ordained, their studies may then be at an end ; and that if they can make shift on the Lord's day to perform in a manner that does not immediately produce disgrace, they think that will do, and so allow themselves to spend much of their time in wordly pursuits, wordly pleasures, and idle amusements ; not considering, that to explain and enforce the Scripture, is the greatest and most difficult thing in the world ; and if the people, the common sort especially, are supine and ignorant ; if they have but little knowledge, you need so much the more, as they will be led the more to depend upon the comment you give to the sacred text ; and should any of these be misled by your carelessness and indifference, how great will be your condemnation. Again, my Reverend Brethren,—you cannot expect the people to listen to your precepts, when your own practice is quite contrary to it. It is not every body that can preach well ; but if your temper and conduct are according to the Gospel of God, that will greatly help an indifferent discourse, and make you to be heard with attention. Visit the sick, especially the poor sick ; instruct the rising generation ; bring yourself down to the capacities of your people ; enter into all their little interests ; meet their prejudices ; bear with their ignorance and infirmities ; and let not your religion be confined to the church walls. Remember, as honest men you have no right to the emoluments arising from your station, if all the duties belonging to that station are not performed. If you live like



other people, in the pursuit of rural amusement and the honours and emoluments of the world, you break those solemn promises you made, and without which you could not have been admitted into holy orders—and if this is not actual perjury, it is something very ! very ! much like it ! And while christianity is insulted and derided with an unusual degree of bitterness and zeal, we surely cannot be so idle and silly, as not to know, that if our zeal and diligence does not keep pace with our enemies, the truth may finally depart from us, and equity have no more entrance. O ! may we be found watchmen at our posts, doing our duty to God and man. Then let what may happen, we shall have the favour of Heaven, and the praise of all the virtuous.



The Navigator and the Merchant essentially benefit mankind.

Heaven speed the canvas gallantly unfurl'd,  
 To furnish and accommodate the world,  
 To give the pole the produce of the sun,  
 And link th' unsocial climates into one.  
 Soft airs, and gentle heavings of the wave,  
 Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save ;  
 That flies like Gabriel, on his Lord's commands,  
 A herald of God's love to distant lands.

*Cowper.*



#### DESCRIPTION OF HEAVEN.

*Translated from a Saxon Poem.*

No vital bread, no cordial wine,  
 Shall store the board or bowl ;

Th' essential pow'r of life divine,  
Exists in every soul.

No pomp of wealth—no art-wrought vest,  
The sons of heaven demand :  
In uncreated glory drest,  
By God's Almighty hand.

In vain with him, it's feeble blaze,  
Would human pomp display,  
Whose aspect dims the solar rays—  
Whose smile is endless day.

There dwells repose, that knows no pain,  
And joy's eternal tide ;  
Oh ! haste, that heaven of bliss to gain—  
'Tis folly, all beside.



### *Anecdote of a Sailor.*

Mr. Pratt, in the second volume of his gleanings, relates an affecting anecdote of a sailor on board the *Venerable*, the ship in which admiral Duncan commanded the fleet in the action against the Dutch off Camperdown. He received the account from Dr. Duncan, lord Duncan's chaplain and relative, who, in the action, assisted the surgeon and his mate in binding up the wounds and amputating the limbs of the unfortunate sufferers. A mariner (says the Doctor) of the name of Covey, was brought down to the surgery, deprived of both his legs, and it was necessary some hours after to amputate still higher. I suppose said Covey, with an oath, these scissars will finish the business of the ball, master mate. Indeed my brave fellow, cried the surgeon, there is some fear of it. Well never mind, said Covey, I have lost my legs to be sure, and may hap lose

my life. But, continued he, with a dreadful oath, we have beat the Dutch! we have beat the Dutch, so let's even have another cheer for it—Huzza—Muzza.

This anecdote is rendered more interesting still by some prior and subsequent circumstances attending this poor sailor. Covey was a good seaman, and noted among his shipmates for his intrepidity. But he was pre-eminent in sin, as well as in courageous actions: about a fortnight before the English fell in with the Dutch fleet, he dreamed that they were in an engagement, in which both his legs were shot off, and that he was out of his mind. The dream made this courageous seaman tremble, and some times attempt to pray. But not liking to retain God in his thoughts, he endeavoured to obliterate the impression from his memory, and the recollection of his sins from his conscience by drinking, and blasphemous intercourse with the ship's company. His efforts, however, were in vain; the thought of sin, of God and of death, harrassed his mind both day and night, and filled him with gloomy forebodings of what awaited him in this world, and the next, 'till the sight of the Dutch fleet and the conversation with each other, concerning the heroic achievements they should perform, dispelled the gloomy subject from his mind. As the two fleets were coming to action, the noble Admiral, to save the lives of his men, ordered them to lie flat on the deck, till being nearer the enemy, their firing might do the more execution. The Dutch ships at this time, were pouring their broadsides into the Venerable, as she past down part of the Dutch fleet, in order to break their line. This stout hearted, and wicked Covey, having lost all the impressions of his former reflections, heaped, in rapid succession, the most

imprecations on the eyes and limbs and souls of what he called his cowardly shipmates, for lying down to avoid the balls of the Dutch. He refused to obey the order, till fearing the authority of an officer not far from him, he in part complied by leaning over a cask which stood near, till the word of command was given to fire. At the moment of rising, a bar-shot carried away one of his legs, and the greatest part of the other, but so instantaneous was the stroke, though he was sensible of something like a jar in his limbs, he knew not that he had lost a leg, till his stump came to the deck and he fell. When his legs were amputated higher up, and the noise of the battle had ceased, he thought of his dream, and expected, that as one part of it was fulfilled, the other would be so too. Indeed, considering the pain of amputating and dressing both legs, and the agitation of his mind, from fearing the full accomplishment of his dream, it appears next to a miracle that he retained his reason in the most perfect state ; but this was to be explained to him at a future period. Sometime after he came out of Hasler Hospital, capable of walking by means of two wooden legs, and two crutches, but his spirits were sorely dejected, from fearing that as his sins had brought upon him the judgment of God in the loss of his limbs, they would bring it upon him in the loss of his reason and the loss of his soul.

Having heard of Orange-street Chapel, Portsea, he came on the first Sabbath evening after his leaving the hospital. The text that evening was Mark 5, 15. "And they came to Jesus and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting and cloathed and in his right mind." The minister represented this demoniae as a fit emblem of sinners in general, but es-

pecially of those who live without rule and order, drunkards, blasphemers, and injurious to themselves and others ; but his sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed, and in his right mind, as an engaging representation of the sinner, converted to God by the gospel, made sensible of the evil of sin, the value of his soul, and the necessity of salvation through a crucified redeemer ; enjoying peace of mind, having fellowship with Christ and his people, submitting to the authority of the scriptures, and receiving instructions from Christ the friend of sinners. Covey listened with attention and surprise ; wondered how the minister should know, him among so many hundred people, or who could have told him his character and state of mind. His astonishment was still more increased, when he found him describe, as he thought, the whole of his life, and even his secret sins. He could not account for it, why a minister should make a sermon all about a poor wooden legged sailor. His sins being brought afresh to his mind, filled him with horrors, tenfold more gloomy than before ; despair for some minutes took a firm hold on his spirits, and he thought he was now going out of his mind, that he should die and be lost, 'till the minister declared Jesus Christ was as willing to save the vilest of sinners, as he was to relieve this poor creature possessed of the devil, and that a man was restored to his right mind, when he believed in him. He now began to understand the true interpretation of his dream. He thought he had been out of his mind all his life, and that to love and serve Jesus Christ, would be a restoration to his right senses again. He was now almost overwhelmed with pleasure, while hearing of the astonishing love of Jesus Christ to sinners ; hope took the place of despair, and joy of grief and

horror. Those eyes which had never shed a tear when he lost his legs, nor when the shattered parts of his limbs were amputated; now wept in copious streams, flowing from strong sensations of mingled joy and sorrow. Some weeks after this, he called and related to me the whole of his history and experience.

He was surprised to find that I had never received any information about him at the time the sermon was preached, which so exactly met his case. Something more than twelve months after this time, he was received a member of our Church, having given satisfactory evidences of being a genuine and consistent christian. A few weeks since, hearing he was ill, I went to visit him; when I entered his room, he said, "Come in thou man of God, I have been longing to see you, and to tell you the happy state of my mind; I believe I shall soon die, but death has now no terrors in it. The sting of death is sin, but thanks be to God, he has given me the victory through Jesus Christ. I am going to heaven. O what has Jesus done for me, one of the vilest sinners of the human race. A little before he died, when he thought himself within a few hours of dissolution, he said, I have often thought it was a hard thing to die, but now I find it a very easy thing to die; the presence of Christ makes it easy. The joy I feel from a sense of the love of God to sinners, from the thought of being with the Saviour, of being free from a sinful heart, and of enjoying the presence of God forever, is more than I can express. O! how different my thoughts of God, of myself, and of another world, from what they were when I lost my precious limbs on board the Venerable: it was a precious loss to me; if I had not lost my legs, I should have lost my soul. With elevated and clasped hands, and

with eyes glistening with earnestness, through the tears which flowed down his face, he said, O! my dear minister, I pray you when I am dead to preach a funeral sermon for a poor sailor, and tell others, especially sailors who are as ignorant and wicked as I was, that poor blaspheming Covey found mercy with God, through faith in the blood of Christ. Tell them, that since I have found mercy, none that seek it need despair. You know better than I do what to say to them: but O! be in earnest with them—and may the Lord grant that my wicked neighbours, and fellow sailors, may find mercy as well as Covey. He said much more, but his last words were Hallelujah! Hallelujah.

If the anecdote of his fortitude and courage is worthy of being recorded; I think it due to Covey, and to the honour of divine grace to relate his dying testimony in favour of the religion of Jesus Christ. I wish Dr. Duncan and Mr. Pratt had witnessed the last dying hours of this once ignorant and blasphemous sinner; they would have seen what a pleasing change was effected, by the meek and efficacious grace of our compassionate redeemer.

As these things require testimony, I give you my name.

JOHN GRIFFIN.

*Portsea.*

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*General Washington's Confidential Letter—extracted from the Reverend J. Glendy's Funeral Oration.*

“ I am told a scheme of that kind [the change of Commander in Chief,] is now on foot by some, but whether true or false, serious or to try the

pulse, I neither know nor care. Neither ambitious nor interested views led me into the service; I did not solicit the command, but accepted it, after much entreaty, with all that diffidence which a conscious want of ability and experience, equal to the discharge of so important a trust, must naturally excite in a mind not quite devoid of thought; and after I did engage, pursued the great line of my duty, and the grand object in view, as pointedly as the needle to the pole. So soon as the public gets dissatisfied with my services, or a person is found better qualified to answer my country's expectation, I shall quit the helm with as much pleasure, and retire to a private station with as much content, as ever the wearied pilgrim felt upon his safe arrival at the Holy Land, or haven of hope; and shall most devoutly wish, that those who come after me may meet with more prosperous gales than I have done."

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#### GIANTS.

Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World abounds with very eloquent passages. Writing on the *Giants* of antiquity, he gives the whole a very pleasing turn—

"It is certain, that the AGE of TIME hath bro't forth stranger and more incredible things than the INFANCY. For we have now *greater giants* for vice and injustice, than the world had in those days for bodily strength; for cottages and houses of clay and timber, we have raised palaces of stone: we carve them, we paint them, and adorn them with gold, insomuch as men are *rather known by their houses*, than their houses by



them. We are fallen from two dishes to two hundred ; from water to wine and drunkenness ; from the covering of our bodies with the skins of beasts, not only to silk and gold, but to the very skins of men. Time will take revenge of the excess we bring forth !”



#### ORATION ON BENEVOLENCE.

*Friends and Fellow-Christians,—*

Goodness and mercy, says the grateful heart of the grateful man, hath followed me all the days of my life. But as all the rivers run into the sea and lose themselves in the mighty deep, so all the common blessings of nature, providence, and grace, are lost, absorbed, and swallowed up in the immensity of God's love to man, in the gift of his only begotten son.—From the creation of the first man, Adam, to the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, there never was so glorious a display of the divine benevolence, as discovered itself in the incarnation of the Blessed Redeemer—a wonder this to angels, and doubtless will be the growing wonder to all eternity, God manifest in the flesh. Next in consequence, as it respects the happiness of man in this life and that which is to come, is the Everlasting Gospel : This superlative blessing reveals Light, Glory, and Immortality—this sets forth the Godhead, with his divine nature, to be ready to be united with our humanity, and that in a way and manner consistent with all the divine attributes and perfections. God, speaking from his heart to the heart of man, declares his love, and the happy sinner feels himself accepted on the terms of the gospel ; and the last solemn charge delivered by the divine Re-

deemer (just before his ascension to his God and our God) to his Apostles, was, Go ye forth into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. This gracious commandment breathes the spirit of universal charity to man, in as much as it perfectly accords with that saying of the Angel to the Shepherds, Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people : The freeness and fullness of this salvation, is a sentiment clearly established by the revelation of God himself.

Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and Evangelists, unite in this glad testimony, that our God would have all men to be saved. Isaiah, the prince of prophets, viewing the days of God's Messiah, says—Oh ! every one that thirsteth, come—Jews, from your long and dreary dispersions, come—Gentiles, from your heathen wickedness and abominations, come—and whosoever will, let him come, and take of the waters of life freely. John, the New Testament Saint, echoes back the self-same sentiment, when he declares, the Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely. And now this new and living way being made into the holiest of all, by the great atoning sacrifice, the penitent sinner who went out from the presence of God and wept bitterly, returns again, wipes away his tears, and, by the broad eye of faith, looks to Calvary, and on the Cross of Christ he thinks he sees it written in characters of blood, ' I tasted death for every man,' and he naturally draws this conclusion, That Saviour which tasted death for every man, hath tasted death for me ; then why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope in God—I shall yet praise him for the light of his countenance, who is my God. The apostle

**Peter, preaching at the house of the pious Centurion, began his sermon thus, of a truth, (and a glorious truth it is—hear it O ye Slave holders, hear it O ye Tyrants of every name and of every nation, hear it O ye dead)—‘The God we worship, is no respecter of persons : Rich and poor, bond and free, black and white, are equally God’s offspring, for in every nation, whether white Europeans, swarthy Asiatics, black Africans, or red Americans. He that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. If you glance your eye over a geographical map of the world from point to point, you will at once conclude, here are people and there are people, & God hath of one blood made all nations of the earth to dwell upon all the face of the earth ; and by the once shedding of the blood of his dear son, he hath opened a door wide enough for all the sons of men to enter in and be saved. This salvation, free as the sun that shines, free as the wind that blows, free as the rain which cometh down from heaven, holds out universal sufferance, and is in itself and in it’s consequences the mortal foe to slavery, the foul fiend of hell, the fruitful source of sufferings and of crimes. Tell it not in Europe, publish it not in Asia, that Slavery, the black hell-born monster, continues, in despite of reason and religion, to stalk about our half renovated America, casting firebrands, arrows, and death, causing the whites and blacks to be hateful and hateing one another. But methinks I hear the adversary say, the African race are all vile. I aver they are not all vile, although Slavery and Sin, curst foes to man, have both combined to make them such. No, blessed be the tender parent of the whole universal family, there are amongst his black children many whose wisdom and goodness constrain me to say, that, “ though they are black**

they are comely ;” and remember, God looks not at the colour of the skin, but at the complexion of the heart. It is not possible that any can be advocates for slavery in this free country, but those who are ignorant of it’s hateful consequences, or interested in it’s continuance. The reformation of the old and established slave dealer I leave to the powers above—but let me entreat you noble youths, who are unwilling to sacrifice every christian and every fellow feeling, rise up, rise up and shake yourself at all events from this abomination, which, if persisted in, will one day bring upon you or your family the most painful desolation. And O may our fervent wishes and prayers ascend to the God of Heaven, that he may drive Slavery from the earth, and let every true American say Amen and Amen.

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We are often complaining, when we ought rather to be praising God ; and complaining will not avail, but only irritate ourselves and others, and tend to make us less thankful for the many comforts we do enjoy.

The wise in secret always hide their pain,  
 And only, where redress is sure, complain ;  
 Contented rest with necessary ill,  
 And what they must submit to, seem to will ;  
 Whilst babbling fools, repining at their fate,  
 Their wants, their wrongs, their discontents  
 relate ;  
 And, ignorant of the make of human mind,  
 Solicit pity where contempt they find.

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That Men of Merit are so seldom rewarded,  
 arises from the judgment of the world being so

whimsical and injudicious, and their favours so capriciously, absurdly, and most unjustly bestowed, as we may see every day; so that if a man will fret at such things, he hath nothing to do but fret on, till death puts an end to his foolish sorrows.

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*Anecdote of Hogarth, the celebrated English Painter.*

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work entitled a Tail Piece, the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating around his table. My next undertaking, said Hogarth, shall be the end of all things. If that be the case, replied one of his friends, your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the Painter. There will so, answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, and therefore the sooner my work is done the better. Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) that he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling—the Moon in her wane—the Map of the Globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chain which held it dropping down—Phœbus and

his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of which is going out—a play-book opened, with *excunt omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. So far so good, cried Hogarth; nothing remains but this—and dashing off the similitude of a painter's palette broken, FINIS, (exclaimed Hogarth) the deed is done—all is over. It is a very remarkable fact, and little known perhaps, that he died in about a month after finishing this Tail Piece; and it is well known he never again took the palette in hand, to the great loss of Society.

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*Beauty of Person and Amiableness of Mind.*

Athenais, the daughter of Leartius, the Athenian philosopher, possessed such excellent endowments, both of person and mind, that her father distributed his wealth amongst his other children, and left her only her own merit for a dowry. To procure her subsistence, her friends placed her as a female attendant on Pulcheria, the Emperor's sister, at Constantinople, by whom she was baptized, under the name of Eudocia, and introduced as her favourite, to Theodocius himself; but the modesty of her manners, and the humility of her station, instead of obscuring, displayed her merits so advantageously, that they soon attracted the attention of the emperor, who with his sister's approbation, afterwards made her his wife, and placed her on the throne. A noble example of the wise and proper use of riches and power; that the grace and virtue of an amiable woman, and good wife, are superior to riches, was the language of the golden age.

## PERSISTENCE.

The Religion of the holy, humble, persevering Christian, is not like a blazing meteor, flying through the firmament with a bright train, and then quickly going out; but like the steady lights of heaven, that are constant principles of light, though sometimes hid with clouds. Nor like a flood which flows far and wide, bearing down all before it, and then dried up—but like a stream fed by living springs, which, though sometimes diminished, yet is a constant stream.



## MISSIONS.

The great object of the several Missionary Societies established in England and America, is vast beyond all calculation. It is nothing less than to evangelize not merely a village, a town, a city, a kingdom; but, if possible, the whole world.—The command of God sanctions the effort—the promise of God affords encouragement in making it.

*A Missionary Hymn.*

Arise thou son of righteousness,  
 In brightest glory shine,  
 Break forth, and all the nations bless  
 With light of life divine.  
 O'er desert plains, and barren hills,  
 Shed thy celestial ray;  
 From down the rocks, let pleasant rills,  
 Thro' all the vallies play.  
 Let the poor heathen see thy face,  
 Nor more in darkness rove;  
 But chang'd by all-sufficient grace,  
 Sing thy redeeming love.

Bless the cold regions of the North,  
 With thy enliv'ning beams,  
 And let their frozen souls burst forth,  
 To thee in grateful streams.

O'er the long tracts of Afric's coast  
 Pour forth thy heavenly light ;  
 Release the captive, save the lost,  
 And give the blind their sight.

Destroy the kingdom of thy foe,  
 Break down his haughty throne,  
 Let all his wretched captives know,  
 That thou art God alone.

Spread forth thy glories, fount of light,  
 The clouds of error chace,  
 Banish the blackness of the night,  
 From ev'ry mind and place.

Let myriads feel thy gracious power,  
 Who now in darkness rove ;  
 From pole to pole, from shore to shore,  
 Make known redeeming love.

Hasten the long expected spring,  
 When thy enliv'ning face,  
 Shall cause the glad'ning earth to sing,  
 And flourish in thy grace.

Jesus arise in sovereign power,  
 In all thy beauty shine,  
 Rise glorious sun to set no more,  
 And make the nations thine.

Set up thy throne Almighty king,  
 Thy royal rights proclaim ;  
 So shall the world it's tributes bring,  
 And bless thy matchless name.



*The Origin of Duelling.*

Duelling, in the manner practised in our time, was first brought up about the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There was one Rowland York, a Londoner (says Cambden) by birth, a man of a loose and dissolute behaviour, and desperately audacious, famous in his time amongst the common bullies and swaggerers, who first, to the great admiration of many at his boldness, brought into England that hold and dangerous way of Fencing with the Rapier in duelling. Whereas, the English till that time used to fight with long swords and bucklers striking with the edge, and thought it no part of a man, either to push or strike beneath the Girdle.



*Very interesting debate on Duelling, between John Bevil and George Myrtle.*

*Bev.* Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour.

*Myrt.* The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances, which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without ceremony or conference, to desire, that you will comply with the request in my letter, of which you have lately acknowledged the receipt.

*Bev.* Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style. But as I am conscious of the integrity of my behaviour with respect to you, and intend that every thing in this matter shall be your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleased to confirm face to face. You are therefore to take it for granted, that I have forgot the contents of your epistle.

*Myrt.* Your cool behaviour, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the unworthy use you have made of my simplicity and frankness to you. And I see your moderation tends to your own advantage not mine; to your own safety, not to justice for the wrongs you have done your friend.

*Bev.* My own safety! Mr. Myrtle.

*Myrt.* Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

*Bev.* Mr. Myrtle, there is no disguising any longer that I understand what you would force me to. You know my principle upon that point; and you have often heard me express my disapprobation of the savage manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

*Myrt.* Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! It would be a good first principle in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence at doing injuries, as—*[Turns away abruptly]*

*Bev.* As what?

*Myrt.* As fear of answering them.

*Bev.* Mr. Myrtle, I have no fear of answering any injury I have done you; because I have meant you none; for the truth of which I am ready to appeal to any indifferent person, even of your own chusing. But I own I am afraid of doing a wicked action; I mean of shedding your blood, or giving you an opportunity of shedding mine. I am not afraid of you Mr. Myrtle. But I own I am afraid of Him who gave me this life in trust, on other conditions and with other designs, than that I should hazard or throw it away, because a rash, inconsiderate man is pleased to be offended, without knowing whether he is injured or not. No, I will not for you or any man's humour commit a known crime; a crime which I cannot repair, or which may in the very act, cut me off from all possibility of repentance.

*Myrt.* Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this moralizing, shall not cheat me of my love. You may wish to preserve your life, that you may possess Lucinda. And I have reason to be indifferent about it, if I am to lose all that from which I expect any joy in life. But I shall first try one means towards recovering her, I mean by shewing her what a dauntless hero she has chosen for her protector.

*Bev.* Show me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authorised to contend with you at the peril of the life of one of us, and I am ready on your own terms. If this will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those who are quickly hot, and quickly cold again, they know not how or why. I defy you to shew wherein I have wronged you.

*Myrt.* Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You know not, I suppose, what it is to love, and from your large fortune, and specious outward carriage, have it in your power to come, without any trouble or anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, distracted with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy; your marriage goes on like common business; and in the interim, you have your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

*Bev.* You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and the defence of spotless innocence, will I hope, excuse my accepting your challenge, or at least obliging you to retract your infamous aspersions. I will not, if I can avoid it, shed your blood, nor shall you mine. But Indiana's purity I will defend. Who waits?

*Serv.* Did you call Sir ?

*Bev.* Yes, go call a coach.

*Serv.* Sir—Mr. Myrtle—gentlemen—you are friends—I am but a servant—but—

*Bev.* Call a coach ! *[Exit Servant.]*

*[A long pause—They walk sullenly about the room]*

*[Aside]* Shall I, (though provoked beyond sufferance) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too ; and shall I not have a due respect for the dictates of my own conscience ; for what I owe to the best of fathers, and to the defenceless innocence of my lovely Indiana, whose very life depends on mine ?

*[To Mr. Myrtle]* I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and have determined to convince you, by means I would willingly have avoided, but which are yet preferable to murderous duelling, that I am more innocent of nothing than of rivalling you in the affections of Lucinda. Read this letter, and consider what effect it would have had on you, to have found it about the man you had murdered.

*[Myrtle reads]* “ I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge that your manner of declining what has been proposed, of a treaty of marriage in our family, and desiring that the refusal might come from me, is more engaging than the Smithfield courtship of him, whose arms I am in danger of being thrown into, unless your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness.”—O, I want no more to clear your innocence, my injured worthy friend—I see her dear name at the bottom.—I see that you have been far enough from designing any obstacle to my happiness, while I have been treating my beneactor

as my betrayer—O Bevil, with what words  
I—

*Bev.* There is no need of words. To conquer more than to conquer. If you are satisfied I meant you no wrong, all is as it should.

*Myrt.* But can you—forgive—such me?

*Bev.* Have not I myself offended? I must have been as guilty as you, though I had the advantage of you, by knowing what you know.

*Myrt.* That I should be such a pre-  
wretch!

*Bev.* Prithee, no more.

*Myrt.* How many friends have died in the hands of friends, merely for the want of truth! what do I not owe to your superiority of standing! what a precipice have I escaped! O, my friend! Can you ever—forgive—could you ever again look upon me—with an eye of favour.

*Bev.* Why should I not! Any man may be violent where his honour is concerned. I was myself.

*Myrt.* O Bevil! You are capable of all that is great, all that is heroic.

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*On viewing the Vale and City of Nicæa at Sunrise.*

‘Just as the sun appeared, we emerged from the dell, in which we had been travelling, as if a sweet scene opened upon us as we advanced.—In front was the lake of Nicæa, gazing through its green valley.—Immediately between us and the lake, rose up a wooded hill, which, by intercepting the centre of the

pect, seemed to divide the expanse of water before us into two separate reaches—Along the opposite side of the lake ran a range of dark mountains, scarce yet, except on their most prominent parts, illumined by the sun;—the snowy summits of Olympus, empurpled by the reflection of the morning clouds, terminated the view.—*To the left*, the minarets of Nicæa were seen peeping out of the water at the extremity of the lake.—*To the right*, the lake stretched itself till it was lost among the windings of the mountains.

It is impossible to form an idea of a more complete scene of desolation than Nicæa now exhibits; streets without a passenger, houses without an inhabitant, and ruins of every age, fill the precincts of this once celebrated city. The deserted mosque, whose minaret we ascended in order to obtain a general notion of the plan of the place, bore evident marks of having been erected from the remains of a Christian church, and many of these remains, upon a closer inspection, shewed clearly that they had formerly belonged to a Pagan temple:—our Mahomedan mosque was falling to decay, and like its predecessors in splendour, must soon become a heap of rubbish—what a *generation* of ruins was here!

The walls of the City were still pretty entire—they embrace a circuit of nearly three miles; but the spot enclosed by them is mostly taken up with gardens and mulberry grounds;—there are not more than 400 houses standing within the whole circumference, and out of these only one hundred and fifty are tenanted.

The Greeks possess but one place of worship in the city—the cathedral—and this is without a roof. The Archbishop resides at an adjoining village. Such is the state of the cathedral of Ni-

cæa—so often throng'd with princes and prelates—  
so often echoing with controversy and contenti-  
on ;—it is now reduced to a mossy, untrod pave-  
ment, surrounded by four bare walls !<sup>2</sup>

*Journal of a route through  
Asia-Minor, Feb. 1800.*

NICÆA hail ! renew'd for fierce debate,  
For synods bustling o'er yon silent spot,  
For zealous ardour—for polemic hate....  
For truth preserv'd, and charity forgot....

Those scenes are fled....those domes are swept  
away....

Succeeding domes now totter to their fall,  
And mouldering mosques on moulder'd fanes de-  
cay,

While desolation bends to grasp them all....

Those scenes are fled....yet, solitary dale,  
The genuine charms of nature still remain....

The rising mountain....the retiring vale....  
The lake's broad bosom, and the shelter'd plain.

Delightful visions ! Raptur'd let me gaze  
And catch each charm that dawns upon the  
sight,

As, gushing from yon fount, the orient rays  
Roll off the floating glooms diffus'd by night..

Towering Olympus first receives the beams...  
His snow now crimson'd with the crimson  
glare,

Now swept by floods of fire, more bright he  
gleams,

Shoots from the sea of shade and swims in air..

The sun bursts forth...th' expanding plains grow  
green...

Each jutting eminence, in radiance drest,  
Rushes to day, while the deep glens between  
Still viewless sleep beneath their cloudy vest..

Now the full beams their broadest blaze unfold ;  
 No hovering mist the vale's gay tints destroy,  
 The lake's blue surface kindles into gold,  
 And nature wakes to light and life and joy.



*Letter from a young Gentleman in Maryland,  
 to his Brother, on his entrance at ——— Col-  
 lege.*

——— October 1809.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Most ardently do I desire, and feel myself interested in whatever concerns your honour and happiness, both in mind, body, and estate, and in obedience to these dictates, I write you, wishing to impress this sentiment deeply on your juvenile heart, that every man in a good degree, is the former of his own good or bad fame and fortune, and it is quite reasonable to suppose, that according to our present seed, time will be in all respects our future harvest ; and literary idleness can no more cloathe and fill the mind with the riches of wisdom and knowledge, than idleness in our business or profession can fill the pocket with riches. Therefore early and late, and all the day long, let your time be occupied about matters that will turn to your account in this world and that to come ; perhaps I should not say too much, if I declare you are one of those boys that love every place, and every place loves you ; the great ease and amiableness you possess, however pleasant to yourself and grateful to your friends, will, if not prudently managed betray you into a thousand snares ; therefore dear brother, look well to yourself in this respect, let your mind pause, and your eye attentively regard the conduct of the young gentlemen in the College ; before you chuse any



for companions; or suffer them to chuse you, be well assured that they are such young men that will either add to your store of wisdom and virtue, or that you are likely to add to theirs. Your name and fame and amusements will receive their direction, in a great degree, from the sort of company you keep, you will need the greatest resolution to guard against those sins and follies which young men placed in your situation are so apt to be led into, which are often productive of consequences so fatal to their constitution, as well as character. Added to this precaution, it is necessary that you should always be upon your guard, watching yourself, and endeavour to suppress those unholy propensities which too often intrude upon the most virtuous and secluded minds, and which are rendered peculiarly dangerous to young men, when placed in your situation. I believe you will feel the importance of paying the strictest attention to the several branches of your studies, so as to be equal, at least, if not superior, to any one of your age and class. As you must be aware, my dear brother, of the mortification a young man will always be subject to, from his class-mates, should he be thought to possess less information or ambition than they do; and on the contrary, with what respect and attention is he treated, by those whose estimation is worth possessing, when by close study and application, he acquires that learning, and those accomplishments, which not only serve to gratify his own feelings, from a consciousness of possessing much useful knowledge, and talents well improved; which will at once ensure the respect of the most reputable; and cause even the ignorant and wicked, to feel your decided greatness. Believing that all my pleasant expectations respecting your care and improvement will be realized;

I fondly anticipate the pleasure your dear brothers and sisters must feel, and none more than myself; when after the rapid lapse of a few years, you return home, the joy of your friends at seeing you a reputable and useful member of society. Beware of taverns and gaming houses, and all those pastimes which have blasted the character, and ruined the fortune of so many young men, the pride and promise of family and friends; and stay at home and read over and over Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, and conceive yourself for the time his son, and take the excellent instructions he there gives, and learn, Oh! learn this all important lesson, "give up a small present gratification, for a large future good."

When you feel relaxed, and wish to unbend a little, endeavour, with prudent respect and affection, to form an acquaintance with some virtuous and respectable family, and especially in the female part of it, enjoy that society which is calculated to refine and polish your manners, and consolidate and purify your good morals. With regard to politics, I would seriously advise you, love your country as the best on earth: fear God, and honour the President. I am as ever,

And forever,

Your affectionate Brother.



### *Erskine and Freeport.*

There were two boys at Westminster school, whose names were Erskine and Freeport. Erskine was of a soft and timorous, but Freeport, of a bold and hardy disposition. It happened one day that Erskine, by some accident, tore a piece of a curtain which divided one part of the school

from the other. As the chief master was extremely severe, the poor boy, well knowing, when the master came in, that he would most certainly be lashed, was seized with a sudden panick, and fell a crying and trembling. He was observed by his comrades, and particularly by Freeport, who immediately came up to him desiring him not to be concerned, and generously promised to take the blame upon himself. As he promised so he performed, and was whipt for the fault accordingly. When these two boys were grown up to men, in the reign of king Charles the first of England, the civil war betwixt the king and parliament broke out, in which they were on opposite sides. Freeport was a captain of the king's army; Erskine, a judge appointed by the parliament's army, the king's army was defeated, and captain Freeport taken prisoner. The parliament sent judge Erskine to take trial of the prisoners, among whom was his once generous school-fellow Freeport. They had been so long separated, they could not know one another's face; so that judge Erskine was on the point of condemning all the prisoners without distinction; but when their names were read over before pronouncing sentence, he heard his friend Freeport named, and looking attentively in his face, asked him, if ever he had been at Westminster school? He answered he had: Erskine said no more, but immediately stopt the proceeding, rode up to London, and in a few days returned with a signed pardon in his pocket for captain Freeport.

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The following Stanzas, from a 'view of Athens, by the light of a waning moon,' are natural and *pathetic*. They are introduced by a recollection

of the names that made Attica great and illustrious. Every one however would have made similar reflections in the same situation... would have recollected the happiness of his youth... and the joyous society who shared it with him; although it is not the talent of all who feel, to describe their feelings, with so much truth and tenderness. There is such an amiable strain of solemnity and resignation in the succeeding verses, one of which was awfully prophetic, that we shall transcribe them all without fear of censure.

‘ Ye glorious names—long honour’d—long caress’d—

Ye seats oft thought on, that at length appear—  
With what sensations do ye heave my breast—

What kindling fervours wake, unfelt but here?

Whence is it that those names, these seats should  
yield

A thrilling throb no other scenes e’er gave?  
Britain can boast full many a sweeter field,  
Sages as wise, and combatants as brave.

Some fond remembrance—some connected tho’t  
Hovers around each antiquated stone—  
Each scene retraced with conscious pleasures  
fraught,

And Athens’ youth recall’d recalls my own.

While history tells the deeds that grac’d yon vale,  
The spot where oft I’ve mark’d them memory  
shews—

The rising picture hides the fleeting tale—  
Illyssus vanishes and Granta flows.

Again I see life’s renovatèd spring  
With every opening hour and every smile,  
Unnipt by care—unbrush’d by sorrow’s wing,  
That welcom’d pleasure when they welcom’d  
toil.

Again I see that gay, that busy band,  
 With whom I wander'd by the willow stream,  
 Where nature's truths or history's page we  
 scann'd,  
 And deem'd we reason'd on the various theme.

Where are they now? some struggling in the  
 waves  
 Of care or trouble, anguish want or fear—  
 Some sunk in death, and mould'ring in their  
 graves,  
 Like the once busy throngs that bustled here.

Dim waning Planet! that behind yon hill  
 Hast'nest to lose in shades thy glimmering  
 light,  
 A few short days thy changing orb shall fill,  
 Again to sparkle in the locks of night:

And thou, fall'n city, where barbarians tread,  
 Whose sculptur'd arches form the fox's den,  
 In circling time perhaps may'st lift thy head  
 The queen of arts and elegance again.

But oh! lov'd youths, departed from the day,  
 What time, what change shall dissipate your  
 gloom?  
 Nor change, nor time, till time has roll'd away,  
 Recalls to light the tenants of the tomb:

Ye're set in death—and soon this fragile frame,  
 That weeps your transit, shall your path pur-  
 sue—

Each toil forego—renounce each favourite aim—  
 Glide from the fading world and sink with  
 you.

Father of spirits! ere that awful hour,  
 While life yet lingers let it feel thy ray;  
 Teach it some beams of scatter'd good to pour—  
 Some useful light, as it flits on, display!

I ask no following radiance to appear  
 To mark it's track, for praise or fame to see,  
 But oh, may *Hope* it's last faint glimmerings  
 cheer,  
 And *Faith* waft on the spark unquench'd to  
 Thee !'

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The Earl of Buchan in a letter to the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, speaking of America, says: America presents a country founded upon pure principles of Christian charity, and untainted morality, as flowing from that charity, such as the world never before exhibited. She therefore offers to the reflecting and inquisitive mind, considerations and hopes that enter deep and far into a happier futurity; therefore, whoever discourages a mutual exchange of kind regard betwixt Britain and America, is no friend to the happiness of either side of the Atlantic, or the interests of humanity at large.

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*London, June 28th, 1809.*

Mr. Lambert, whose immense bulk attracted a great number of visitors, when he a short time since exhibited himself in London, died on Wednesday morning at Stamford, in Northamptonshire. He arrived there on the preceding day, and sent for a printer in the evening, to give instructions for printing some hand bills announcing his intention of exhibiting himself, but this intention was frustrated by his sudden death early on Wednesday morning. He was in his fortieth year. He weighed 52 stone 11 pounds, at 14 pounds to the stone, 739 pounds, being 10

stone 11 pounds heavier than Mr. Bright of Essex. His coffin is 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, and 2 feet 4 inches deep, it was fixed upon two axletrees and four cog wheels, upon which he is to be rolled to the grave. He measured 3 yards 4 inches round the body, and 1 yard one inch round the legs. His cloathes cost him about 100 dollars a suit.

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*Ardent Spirits.*

Look not thou on the liquor when it sparkles, when it giveth it's colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, at the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

SOLOMON.

There is no prevailing evil that in such a degree debauches the morals, poisons the happiness and threatens to destroy the liberties of the people of this country, as the excessive use of ardent spirits. The extreme danger to the public, as well as the ruin to the individuals and to their families, resulting from this pestilential source, ought to be made the subject of frequent animadversion. In vain have the sages of this country formed republican institutions, in vain has the blood of it's patriots and heroes been shed, and in vain may we boast (indeed not long can we boast) of civil freedom, if the fatal practice of using ardent spirits as a common and daily beverage should continue and increase. The duties on spirits and on wines imported into this country, amount to more than six millions of dollars a year; a sum more than sufficient to give a constant support to good schools, for all the children of the country, between the age of seven and fourteen. You will observe that merely the duties on liquors imported to the U. States amount year-

ly to the aforesaid sum, exceeding six millions of dollars; and how enormous then must be the whole retail cost of these liquors. A large proportion of them it is granted is exported from hence to other countries, but meanwhile vast quantities of various kinds of ardent spirits are distilled at home, and this kind of manufacture rapidly increases every year. There were according to the returns for the year 1800, more than twenty thousand stills in this country, and their number since has probably increased to ten thousand more. Our land exceeding, in one respect, the goodly land of old, that flowed with milk and honey, flows with all the necessaries of life, but most abundantly with rum, gin, brandy and whiskey, and those streams are eagerly absorbed by the infatuated, and ever thirsty inhabitants, who spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not. The sums which in this country are yearly lavished in the purchase, and unnecessary use of ardent spirits, are of astonishing magnitude: they probably exceed the taxes for the support of all our governments, added to a sum sufficient to support a decent school in every considerable village throughout the Union.

The immense waste of property is however the least part of the evil; an excessive use of ardent spirits becoming general, is an inlet to almost every evil that can infest and debase society; it weakens and poisons the body and impairs the intellect, curdles the temper and corrupts the whole mind; it makes churlish as well as silly husbands, unnatural fathers, rebellious sons, idle and seditious citizens; it degrades man in some respects below the beasts that perish, but never perish in the ignominious manner that many human creatures do, by intox-



'ication. Speaking of ardent spirits, that eminent physician Doctor Rush of Philadelphia, says, they impair the memory, debilitate the understanding, and pervert the moral faculties. It was probably from these effects of intemperance in drinking upon the mind, that a law was formerly passed in Spain, which excluded drunkards from being witnesses in a court of justice. But the demoralizing effects of distilled spirits do not stop here; they produce not only falsehood, but fraud, theft, uncleanness and murder; like the demoniac mentioned in the new Testament, their name is Legion, for they convey into the soul a host of vices and crimes. A more affecting spectacle cannot be exhibited, than a person into whom this infernal spirit, generated by habits of intemperance, has entered; it is more or less affecting according to the station the person fills, in a family or in society who is possessed by it: is he a husband? how deep the anguish which rends the bosom of his wife—is she a wife? who can measure the shame and aversion she excites in her husband. Is he the father, or is she the mother of a family of children? see their averted looks from the parent, and their blushing looks at each other. Is he a magistrate, or has he been chosen to fill a high and respectable station in the councils of his country? what humiliating fears of corruption in the administration of the laws, and of the subversion of public order and happiness, appear in the countenances of all who see him. Is he a minister of the gospel? here language fails.—If angels weep, it is at such a sight. As to the next life, the drunkard is preparing for eternal torments, for inspiration expressly declares **No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God,**

*Marriage.*

It is much to be lamented, that persons about to make this most important change in life, are frequently less disposed to ask for information or take advice, than they are on almost every trivial occasion. If they be inclined to make a short excursion, to change their situation, or make any alterations in their place of residence; enquiries are made with care, information is sought with anxiety, and the most judicious of their friends are frequently consulted on the business; but in this matter, if any advice at all be asked, it is probably of young, inexperienced persons like themselves, or when the affections are entangled, and the resolution is too weak to follow it. It is strongly recommended to you, therefore, to ask advice of the most prudent pious persons you can find, *before* you take one step with the person to whom you feel any attachment: otherwise you may find it very difficult, either from yourself, or the person you address, afterwards to recede with honour and a good conscience.



Dr. Buchan says, a healthy nurse, wholesome air, and sufficient exercise, will do wonders; but when these are neglected, little is to be expected from any other quarter—the defects of constitution cannot be supplied by medicine.

The cloathing of an infant is so simple a matter that it is surprising how any person should err in it; yet many children lose their lives, and others are deformed by inattention to this article. Nature knows no other use of cloathes to an infant, but to keep it warm. All that is necessary for this purpose is to wrap it in a soft loose covering. Were a mother left to the dictates of nature

alone, she would certainly follow this method.—When an infant is kept too hot, it's lungs not being sufficiently expanded, are apt to remain weak and flaccid for life—hence proceed coughs, consumptions, and other diseases of the breast.—Children perspire more than adults, and if their cloathes be not frequently changed, they become very hurtful—The food of children should be varied ; they should not live entirely upon slops ; it relaxes their solids, renders them weak, and disposes them to the rickets, the scrophula, and other glandular disorders.

Exercise in the open air is absolutely necessary to the growth and strength of children. It is a common notion, that if children be set upon their feet too soon, their legs will become crooked. There is reason to believe that the very reverse of this is true ; every member acquires strength in proportion as it is exercised. Few things are more destructive to children than confined and unwholesome air—the nursery ought always to be the largest and best aired room in the house—every child should be kept properly cool in the cradle and in the bed. A crust of bread is the best Gum stick.

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CHRISTMAS HYMN,

Written and set to Music by *John Cole*.

*Recitative.*

While humble shepherds watch'd their fleecy  
 cares,  
 On Bethle'm's fertile plains ; lo, in the night,  
 A messenger from God alarm'd their fears,  
 By filling all the space with glorious light.

*Solo.*

Fear not, said he, behold I bring  
 Good news to all mankind ;  
 In David's town is born a king,  
 Who by this sign you'll find.

The lowing herds have left their stall,  
 To give your God a place ;  
 A Manger holds the Lord of all,  
 And glory fills the place.

He comes to bring the nations peace,  
 And reconcile to God  
 The fallen tribes of Adam's race,  
 And point to heaven the road.

*Recitative.*

He ceas'd to speak, when lo, heaven's choir ap-  
 pear'd,  
 And thus confirm'd the news the shepherds heard.

*Semi-Chorus.*

Glory be to God on high,  
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;  
 Peace, good will, to man is giv'n—  
 Jesus points the road to Heav'n.

*Full Chorus.*

Hail ! great Prophet, Priest, and king !  
 Thou didst our salvation bring.  
 Lead us to the realms above,  
 Where we'll sing redeeming love :  
 Until then, our feeble lays  
 We'll devote to Jesus' praise ;  
 And while pilgrims here on earth,  
 Celebrate the Saviour's birth.

*Why Lift the Hat ?*

Fashions, like prejudices, have commonly some latent utility ; this should be investigated and recorded, in order to prevent attempts to lay aside the convenient. The old way of bowing had no such merit. *Capita autem aperiri aspectum magistratum non venerationis causa jussere, sed, ut Varro auctor est, valetudinis, quo firmitiora consuetudine ea fierent.* Nat. Hist. lib. xxviii. c. 6. According to Pliny we then pulled off our hats in salutation, that we might become less liable to catch cold : for our custom, no doubt, has derived from the Romans. It did not answer this purpose ; the English of the last generation were remarkable for catarrhus disorders. Now that hats have neither tassels nor corners, it is far more convenient only to touch than to lift them.



*The six following lines on the children of Israel's passage out of Egypt, Mr. Pope thought superior to any thing he had ever met with in the English Language.*

When Egypt's king God's chosen tribes pursu'd,  
 In chrysal walls th'admiring waters stood—  
 When thro' the desert wild they took their way,  
 The rocks relented and pour'd forth a sea :  
 What limits can almighty goodness know,  
 When seas can harden, and when rocks can flow.



*Curran's Speech on the Trial of Hamilton Rowan, Esq. for a Libel.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

I ask you, do you think as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that

you ought to speak this language at this time to men that are too much disposed to think, that in this very emancipation, they have been saved by their own parliament, by the humanity of their sovereign. Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions. Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult the Catholics, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth their advocate—I put it to your oaths. Do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men, bold and honest enough to propose that measure, to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it. Giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, [here the speaker should hold up a paper in his hand] giving universal emancipation. I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from British soil, which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot on British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom might have been pronounced—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the God sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells be-

yond the measure of his chains, that burst around him, and he stands redeemed, regretted and disenthralled, by the irresistible g of universal emancipation.



*Curran's Remarks on the patriot Muir, who  
Transported for Sedition.*

GENTLEMEN,

At the commencement of the unfortunate which has deluged Europe with blood, the of the English people was tremblingly alive terror of French principles. At that moment general paroxysm, to accuse was to convey. The danger loomed larger to the public eye, the misty medium through which it was conveyed. We measure inaccessible heights by the shadow which they project, where the lowness and distance of the light form the length of the shadow.

There is a sort of aspiring and adventurous credulity, which disdains assenting to obvious truths, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances as it's best ground of hope. To what other cause, gentlemen, can you ascribe that in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has gravely found guilty of a libel, for publishing resolutions to which the present minister of kingdom had actually subscribed his name. What other cause can you ascribe, what imagination is still more astonishing in such a case as Scotland—a nation, cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth; cool and ardent, adventurous and severing, winging her eagle flight against

blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks and a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Humes, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns's; how from the bosom of a country like that, genius and character and talents should be banished to a distant barbarous soil, and condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life.

But I will not further press any idea that is painful to me, and I am sure must be painful to you; I will only say you have now an example of which neither England nor Scotland had the advantage, you have the example of the panic, the infatuation and contrition of both. It is now for you to decide, whether you will profit by their experience of idle panic and idle regret, or whether you meanly prefer to palliate a servile imitation of their frailty, by a paltry affectation of their repentance. It is now for you to shew that you are carried away by the same hectic delusion, to acts of which no tears can wash away the fatal consequences, or the indellible reproach.



### *On Old Prejudices.*

A Burgher Elder, lately observed in the associate Synod, in Scotland, that the use we ought to make of our forefathers is to stand on their shoulders, and try how much farther we can see.



*On Uniformity of Sentiment.*

Charles 5th, after abdicating his throne, was peculiarly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches, and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike; he reflected, it is said, with a mixture of surprise and regret, on his own folly, in having bestowed so much time and labour, on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the intricate and mysterious doctrines of religion. [Dr. Robertson's Charles 5th, vol. 4th, p. 313.] The remark is perfectly just—uniformity of sentiment in religion, can never be produced by human authority. It can only arise from men's consciences being brought into subjection to the authority of God, and from their diligently studying his word, to know his will.

*Great Men not always Great Speakers.*

The famous American philosopher, Dr. Franklin, so justly celebrated for his wisdom and genius, seldom or never made a speech in Congress, Yet, such was the estimation of his judgment and penetration, that his opinion, delivered in a short sentence or two, had generally the greatest weight. Neither had Mr. Addison any talents for public speaking.

*Academic Flattery.*

Clermont Tonnere, bishop of Noyon, a man ridiculous for his attachment to high birth, gave

an annual prize to the French Academy, to be bestowed on the best poetical composition ; but the only subject to be treated of was the praise of Louis XIV. After all the ordinary topics of adulation had been exhausted, the Academy proposed, for the year 1700, the following text for the prize-poem : “ That the king possesses all the virtues in so eminent a degree, that it is impossible to judge by which of them he is principally characterised.” When this topic was shewn to the king for his approbation (for this was always done previously to it’s being given out ; and his Majesty, moreover, sat to hear the piece recited) inured as he was to flattery, he felt that it was *rather too much*, and put his negative upon it. The academy then, by advice of the bishop, let it down a little in the following manner : “ That the king unites in his person so many great qualities, that it is difficult to judge which forms his principal character.” Even this qualified dose of incense proved too strong for his Majesty’s relish. The Academy and Bishop, almost reduced to despair, tremblingly proposed their third edition : “ That the king is not less distinguished by the virtues of a man of worth, than by those of a great prince.” This luckily did not offend the monarch’s modesty, and he suffered it to pass without further alteration.



## RELIGION,

*An Occasional Hymn.*

Through shades and solitudes profound,  
 The fainting traveller winds his way ;  
 Bewildering meteors glare around,  
 And tempt his wandering feet to stray :

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,  
 The sudden moon's inspiring light,  
 When forth she sallies through the sky,  
 The guardian Angel of the night !

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below,  
 Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain ;  
 The world's a wilderness of woe,  
 And life a pilgrimage of pain !

Till mild RELIGION, from above,  
 Descends a sweet engaging form,  
 The messenger of heavenly love,  
 The bow of promise in a storm !

Then guilty passions wing their flight,  
 Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease ;  
 RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,  
 And all her paths are paths of peace

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,  
 And folly flies her chastening rod ;  
 She makes the humble contrite heart  
 A temple of the living GOD.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
 Where bright celestial ages roll,  
 To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
 She points the way and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears  
 The Gate of Paradise restor'd ;  
 Her voice the watching Cherub hears,  
 And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,  
 May we the crown of glory gain :  
 Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,  
 And reign with God, for ever reign.

## BOSTON,

The metropolis of Massachusetts, and the most considerable and flourishing town of the Eastern States—it is situated in Suffolk county, upon a peninsula of an irregular form at the head of Massachusetts Bay. The city is about two miles in length, and about nine furlongs in breadth, lying somewhat in the form of an amphitheatre around the head of the bay, which gives it a very handsome and striking appearance in sailing into the harbour; the city consists of about 100 streets, 40 lanes and 30 alleys, besides several very spacious squares and courts; on these are erected about 3300 houses, and this, like the other great flourishing American cities, increases in magnitude, strength, and respectability every year. The principal public buildings are a state house, an elegant edifice, a court house, Faneuil hall, a spacious alms house, a theatre, a work house, a Bridewell, a powder magazine. The coffee houses and taverns are many of them very respectable, especially the new exchange coffee house, which is spacious and superb. The intended new custom house is to be built on a fine new street, called Custom House Street, nearly of equal distance from Long and India wharves; a situation recommended by a great number of principal merchants. It will have a 60 feet front, and is to be furnished with a stone colonnade surmounted by the arms of the United States, to be decorated with marble and provided with fire proof vaults and stores for storing goods—together with apartments for the messenger and proper officers.—India wharf exhibits a complete assemblage of more than 30 warehouses 5 stories in height, built in the most respectable, secure and substantial manner, and in a

style of uniformity varied by such bold appropriate ornaments as are suited to the nature of the buildings. Long wharf also for extent and grandeur, with it's improved pier, exceeds every thing of the kind in the United States. In this city are 9 free schools supported at the public expense, in which the children of every class of citizens freely associate together. The number of pupils is about 1000 boys and 800 girls ; of the boys about 100 are upon a course of instruction in the languages and preparation for the university. There are besides these, many respectable schools, supported at private expense. Several humane and literary societies have been incorporated for benevolent purposes, and promoting useful knowledge ; among the most important of these are the bible and missionary societies—in these good works and labour which proceedeth of love, we have reason to hope that Boston is not a whit behind her sister states. On the west side of the city is a mall, a handsome public walk, ornamented with several rows of trees ; and Beacon hill, on which a monument has been erected in commemoration of some of the most important events in the late revolution. The harbour is capacious enough for 500 vessels to ride at anchor in good depth of water, whilst the entrance is so narrow as scarcely to admit 2 ships abreast ; and from this port, a set of active and enterprising merchants and seamen carry on an extensive trade to all parts of Europe, and the East and West Indies. Several manufactures are carried on in this town and neighbourhood with great spirit and persevering improvement. And here are markets abundantly supplied every day in the week, with all kinds of excellent provisions. This city was settled about the year 1630 from Charleston, and called Boston, out of veneration

to the reverend Mr. Cotton of Boston, in old England, who was minister of the first church here. In Boston are five banks of very respectable capital. Here are the following places of worship—9 congregational churches, 3 for Episcopalians, 3 for Baptists, 2 for Methodists. The Friends, Sandemanians, Catholics, and Universalists, have one each. Some of these are ornamented with handsome spires, and are generally very good buildings. The number of inhabitants are about 40,000, and still fast increasing. The air is pure, the people healthy and happy, and the country for many miles around Boston is thickly settled, well cultivated, and the towns and villages prospering.



#### NEW YORK,

The first city in America, in respect of commerce, and the second in point of population, consisting of numerous streets, lanes and alleys in an irregular form, as the situation of the ground on which it stands would not admit of a uniform plan similar to that of Philadelphia and some other towns of the United States. It was necessary for the convenience of commerce, that the principal streets should extend parallel to the rivers; to intersect these by others at right angles was impossible. The ground which was unoccupied previous to the peace of 1783, was laid out in parallel streets; these are well situated, and add great beauty to the city. Broadway and many other parts of the town abound with public and private buildings, finished in a very handsome style, and the increased and increasing magnitude of the city, compared with what it was

fifteen years back, when the author was well acquainted with it, is truly astonishing. New York contains the following religious houses, viz: Episcopalian churches, 8; Dutch Reformed, 5; Quakers, 2; Independants, 1; Methodists, 4; English Presbyterians, 4; Scotch Presbyterians, 3; Lutherans, 2; Calvinists, 1; Baptists, 4; Moravians, 1; Universalists, 1; Jews, 1. The other public Buildings are a College, Jail, Poor-House, Bridewell, Hospital and Federal Hall, the place where the first president (Washington) was solemnly, amidst a croud of spectators, inaugurated into his important office. Here are one City Library and four Circulating Libraries, and now building, a new City Hall, on a grand scale of architecture and exquisite workmanship, 216 by 108, the wings two stories high, and the centre building three stories high, with a handsome dome at the top, the great front and sides of superb white marble richly carved; it stands in Murray street, facing the spacious park. Also seven market houses, which are supplied with great abundance and variety of excellent provisions. The handsome college which was incorporated in 1787 by the name of Columbia, consists of an elegant stone edifice 3 stories high, with 4 staircases, 12 apartments in each, a Chapel, Hall, Library, Muscum, Anatomical Theatre, and a school for Experimental Philosophy. The situation is somewhat elevated, and commands a delightful and extensive prospect of the adjacent country. The college consists of two faculties, the faculty of arts, and the faculty of physic; in the faculty of arts there are seven professors, one of natural philosophy, the mathematics, Astronomy, Geography and Chronology, the Latin and Greek languages, natural history, agriculture, French language, logic and moral

philosophy, law and belles-lettres ; in the faculty of physic there are a dean and 6 professors, one of Anatomy, Surgery, Botany and Materia-Medica, and one of Midwifery, who is also Clinical Lecturer in the hospital. There are a large number of students in the faculty of physic ; the funds are \$32,500, the interest of which is sufficient to supply their present exigencies. Navigation is always open at New York, except a few days when the weather is uncommonly severe. The scarcity of good water was formerly a great inconvenience to the citizens, but they are now supplied by means of pipes, which convey water through every street. The citizens of New York have been long distinguished for their politeness, affability and fellow feeling for distressed objects, and perhaps there is no city on the American Continent, where so many charitable institutions exist, as in New York. The number of inhabitants is supposed to be about 90,000, with a proportionate number of dwelling houses, which are increasing constantly.

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#### PHILADELPHIA,

The metropolis of Pennsylvania (and for the perfection of arts, sciences and literature, the London of America) is situated in a county of it's own name, on the W. bank of Delaware, 120 miles above it's confluence with the Atlantic, by the course of the river ; 6 miles N.E. of the junction of Schuylkill and Delaware, and 60 from the sea, at Little Egg Harbour, in a W. N. W. direction. The river is here 1362 yards wide, with sufficient depth of water to admit a 64 gun ship. The first charter for this city, was granted



by William Penn (the illustrious Quaker) in 1701, to the east side of Schuylkill. This plot, which is 2 miles in length and 1 in breadth, is intersected by a great number of streets, crossing each other at right angles; the number of streets at present, are about 305 (and still rapidly increasing), and several of these are again intersected by lanes or alleys. The number of squares built within the limits of the city, are about 118, besides a great number in the very populous suburbs. The number of inhabitants have lately been estimated at nearly 100,000. The streets are illuminated every night by nearly 1000 lamps, consisting of two branches each: they are inclosed in glass lanthorns fixed upon the top of posts, which are erected on the edge of the foot way; the lamps consume yearly about 1000 gallons of oil. The houses for public worship are between 30 and 40, viz, 6 for Quakers; 7 for Presbyterians and Seceders; 4 for Episcopalians; 4 for Roman Catholics; 2 for German Lutherans; 6 for Methodists; 1 for German Calvinists; 1 for Swedish Lutherans (which is the oldest church in the city) 1 for the Covenanters; 1 for Moravians; 3 for Baptists; 1 for Universalists; 1 for the Episcopalian Africans, and a Jewish Synagogue. Among the public buildings are a State House and Offices; 2 City Court Houses; 1 County Court House; a University; a Jail; the Philosophical Society's Hall; a noble Library; an Hospital; a Dispensary; an Alms House; 4 incorporated Banks; 2 dramatic Theatres; a medical Theatre and Laboratory; a large and handsome Museum, growing richer and better every month; 4 brick Market-houses, well supplied with all the necessaries and dainties of life; a House of Correction, and a large Powder Magazine, besides numerous Academies and

**Schools.** Few cities in the world of the same population and riches are better provided with charitable institutions both private and public; and this charitable disposition undoubtedly helps to bring down the blessings of Heaven on this large and flourishing city. The stupendous water works of Philadelphia differ from those of London, Paris, New York and many other cities, inasmuch as they are not the property of a private company for private emolument. Every street is supplied by public fountains or hydrants to which every citizen has admittance, and which are so constructed as to water the streets as often as necessary, at the same time private houses, on paying an annual rent to the corporate treasury, in proportion to their consumption, may be supplied to their highest stories. These water works as well as the bank of Pennsylvania, are the design, and have been executed under the direction of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, and all the materials used are, with very few exceptions, of American growth and manufacture.—Upon the whole it may be said, that the commerce, manufacture, and growing greatness, in all respects, of this place, make it probable that in a few years Philadelphia will not only be the largest city in the new, but of equal rank with many of the most important cities in the old world.

The new fountain in the Centre-house yard, belonging to the water works, has lately been ornamented by an elegant marble female figure as large as life, standing upon a pile of rocks, holding in her hand, declined upon her right shoulder, an elegantly carved bird, in the attitude of fluttering to get from it's confinement, and spouting forth from it's extended beak a fountain of water from 15 to 20 feet high.

said, that the founding of this city was a symptom of vanity in the illustrious personage whose name it bears. May it be asked, Is there neither envy nor peevishness in this remark? We are inclined to ascribe it's rise to a laudable motive; it was the suggestion of a great and comprehensive mind, looking forward to the prosperity and happiness of future generations; an honourable wish to perpetuate his name to posterity, by a useful, a durable and noble monument, a great and flourishing city. The man who is the means of raising but one blade of grass, is said to be praiseworthy—if the building of but one house adds to the comfort of the community—how much more praiseworthy is that man, who is the founder of a city intended to be the depository of the Arts and Sciences, the emporium of a free People and the capital of a great Republic?—Other great men, as they have been erroneously called, have rendered their names famous by the destruction of cities, and by the misery of nations—Washington's fame rests on other principles; in having fought for the liberties of his countrymen; in assisting to frame for them a free constitution; and in devising means for their future happiness and prosperity.

May the *City of Washington*, therefore, fulfill the intentions of it's illustrious founder—May it be the seat of justice, learning, and science; the fountain of good laws, and the rallying point of all the republican virtues.

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CHARLESTON,

The metropolis of South Carolina, is situated in a county and district of it's own name, upon a

neck of land between Cooper and Ashley rivers, which unite on the east side of the town, and empty into the ocean six miles E. by S. of it. The plan of the town is regular, consisting of several parallel streets, which extend E. and W. from river to river; these again are intersected by others at right angles. A few of the streets are spacious, but most of them too narrow for so warm a climate; particularly those which have been built according to the original plan, a fault too common in the plan of most towns laid at that early period. Their general breadth is from 35 to 66 feet, having drains underneath to carry off the filth. The new buildings in this city are generally built of brick, 3 stories high, very elegant, neat, airy, and convenient, and well calculated for the climate, having piazzas and balconies. This, like most of the towns in America, has greatly improved within a few years; the public buildings are a State house, an Exchange, an Armoury, a Poor house and Orphan house, besides a College and several Academies and Schools for Education. The houses for public worship are, Episcopal churches, 2; for Methodists, 2; for Independants, 2; for Scotch Presbyterians, 1; for Baptists, 1; for German Lutherans, 1; for Roman Catholicks, 1; for French Protestants, 1; for Quakers, 1, and a Jewish Synagogue. The situation of the town is healthy and agreeable, and Charleston carries on an extensive trade to Europe and the West Indies, and ranks the 4th commercial town in the Union. Here is a public Dispensary for the relief of the poor who are supplied with the best Medical assistance gratis. There are various charitable, friendly, and humane societies in Charleston; the Orphan society in this city, would do honour to any age or

nation ; the very sight of these children, together with the order and harmony which attends the institution, must be a luxury indeed to every feeling heart. Here is also an excellent Marine hospital and fine Botanic garden ; the 2 New Market houses are handsome buildings, and well supplied with good provisions. It is supposed that the bacon of Carolina is not surpassed by any in the world. The harbour of Charleston is very spacious, and very great improvements have been, and are still making through the city generally. It contains about 30,000 inhabitants, whites and coloured people together, and still increasing ; there are 3 banks in the city stored with rich capitals.

To the honour of our National Legislature and to the gratification of every humane person, the importation of slaves finally ceased on the first of January 1808. Of the African slaves the Eboes are said to be most vindictive and dangerous, the Karamantes the most light spirited ; Angolas or Gullahs, as they are commonly called, are sullen but faithful ; the Mandingoes are the most placid and best humoured, and are prized the most. The climate of Charleston, in winter, resembles very much the climate of the middle states in the beginning of April ; the mornings and evenings are somewhat cool, and require a fire, but during the middle of the day a fire would generally be more oppressive than agreeable.

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POETIC COMMENT

*On that text, " Fools make a mock at Sin."*

Who laughs at Sin, laughs at his Maker's frown,  
Laughs at the sword of vengeance o'er his  
head ;

Laughs at the great Redeemer's tears and wounds,  
Who, but for sin, had never wept and bled.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at the numerous woes,  
Which have the guilty world so oft beset—  
Laughs at the whole creation's groans and throes ;

Of all the spoils of death and pains of hell.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at his own disgrace,  
Welcomes approaching torments with a smile,  
Dares at his soul's expense his fancy please,  
Affront his God, himself of bliss beguile.

Who laughs at sin, sports with his guilt and shame—

Laughs at the errors of his senseless mind ;  
For so absurd a fool then wants a name,  
Expressive of a folly so refin'd.

*Rev. Dr. Jos. Stennett.*

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*Death of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.*

“ In the worst inn's worst room, with mat  
half hung,

The floors of plaster and the walls of dung ;  
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw ;  
The George and garter dangling from that  
bed,

Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red—  
Great Villiers lies—alas ! how chang'd from  
him,

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim.”

*The Unfortunate Female.*

‘ A Gentleman, in the medical line, was, sometime since, requested to visit a patient, and was conducted up three pair of stairs, into a gloomy, shabby, sky-lighted apartment; when he entered he saw two young females sitting on the side of a very poorly furnished bed, and without curtains; on approaching he found one of them nearly in the agonies of death; supported by the other, who was persuading her to take a bit of bread dipped in spirits; but the pale emaciated figure refused, saying in a feeble, languid voice, it would but contribute to prolong her misery, which she hoped was approaching to an end; and looking at the doctor, said, you have come too late, sir; I want not your assistance—and thus addressed him—

*Oh, could'st thou minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Or stop th'access and passage to remorse—*

Here she fetched a deep sigh, and dropped upon the bed—every means of relief was afforded, but in vain—for in less than two hours she expired.

In a small box by the side of the bed, were found some papers, by which it appeared that the young woman was of good family, and had more than an ordinary education—that she had changed her name and concealed that of her parents, whom she pitied; and whose greatest fault had been too much indulgence and a misplaced confidence in the prudence of their favourite daughter.

On the back of some directions respecting her funeral, the following pathetic lines were written: and some little money in the box was assigned to have them engraved on a tomb-stone:—  
thus—

## VERSES

FOR MY TOMBSTONE,

(If ever I should have one,)

*By a Prostitute and a Penitent.*

The wretched victim of a quick decay  
 Reliev'd from life, on humble bed of clay,  
 The last and only refuge for my woes,  
 A lost, love-ruin'd female, I repose.  
 From the sad hour I listen'd to his charms,  
 And fell half-forc'd in the deceiver's arms ;  
 To that whose awful veil hides every fault,  
 Sheltering my sufferings in this welcome vault ;  
 When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd or in drink,  
 My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think ;  
 Nor could rejected conscience claim the pow'r,  
 T' improve the respite of one serious hour.  
 I durst not look to what I was before,  
 My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more.  
 Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,  
 Old, ere of age, worn out when scarce mature—  
 Daily debas'd, to stifle my disgust  
 Of forc'd enjoyment, in affected lust !  
 Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt and want,  
 My home, a brothel, and the streets my haunt ;  
 Full seven long years of infamy I've pin'd,  
 And fondled, loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind :  
 Till the full course of sin and vice gone through,  
 My shatter'd fabrick fail'd at twenty-two !  
 Then death, with every horror in his train,  
 Here clos'd the scene of naught but guilt and  
 pain !  
 Ye fair associates of my op'ning bloom,  
 O, come and weep and profit at my tomb ;  
 Let my short youth, my blighted beauty prove,  
 The fatal poison of unlawful love.  
 O, think how quick my foul career I ran,  
 The dupe of passion, vanity and man.



There was no more to be said, and the king, in his rage,  
 departed to his tent—



### THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

Edward, King of England, Duke of Burgundy, Earl of  
 Flanders,

Having taken the King of France, after the  
 battle of Crécy, and siege to Calais. He had  
 reduced it to such an impregnable a manner,  
 that the soldiers of France proved ineffectual  
 to raise the siege, or throw succours into the  
 city. The citizens, however, under the conduct  
 of the Viscount, their gallant governor, made  
 a memorable defence.

Day after day the English effected many a  
 breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm  
 by morning: but when morning appeared, they  
 wondered to behold new ramparts nightly raised,  
 erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put her sickle into her second  
 harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army,  
 lay down before the town. The eyes of Europe  
 were intent on the issue. The English made  
 their approaches and attacks without remission,  
 but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all  
 their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than  
 arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean  
 carcasses of their half starved cattle, they tore  
 up old foundations and rubbish, in search of ver-  
 min; they fed on boiled leather and the weeds  
 of exhausted gardens: and a morsel of damaged  
 corn was accounted matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the  
 enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth: the

English joined battle, and after a long and desperate engagement, count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of their governor, the command devolved on Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue. Eustace soon found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he would permit them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated to the last degree against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty.

He answered by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and notable sovereign; that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the Plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they inflamed the common people.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with throbbing hearts the sentence of their conquerer. When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every face, each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how should

they desire to be saved at the price proposed: Whom had they to deliver up, save parents, brothers, kindred or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence?

To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, ascending a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: "My friends and fellow-citizens, you see the condition to which we are reduced; we must either submit to the terms of our cruel and enslaving conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

"We well know what the tyrant intends by his specious offers of mercy. It does not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable, he would also make us criminal; he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, save that of being unworthy of it. Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety.

"Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? Who, thro' the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers then, whom you would destine to destruction?

"You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other?

“ There is, my friends, there is one expedient left ; a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient ! Is there any hero to whom virtue is dearer than life ? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people. He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind.”

He spoke, but an universal silence ensued.— Each man looked around for his example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed :—

“ It had been base in me, my fellow citizens, to promote any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation which might attend a first offer on so signal an occasion. for I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous for this martyrdom than I can be, however modesty, and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

“ Indeed, the station to which the captivity of Count Vienne has unhappily raised me, imports a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely, I give it cheerfully—who comes next ?”—“ Your son !” exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—“ Ah ! my child !” cried St. Pierre ; “ I am then twice to be sacrificed—But no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few, but full my son ; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality.”

“ Who next, my friends ?—This is the hour of heroes.”—“ Your kinsman !” cried John de

Alas—"Your kinsman!" cried James Wissay—  
—"Your kinsman!" cried Peter Wissant!"—  
—"Ah!" exclaimed Walter Mauny, bursting into  
tears, "why was I not a citizen of Calais?"

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was  
quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were  
now envious of so ennobling an example. The  
keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Wal-  
ter. He took the six prisoners into his custody.  
He ordered the gates to be opened and gave  
charge to his attendants to conduct the remain-  
ing citizens with their families through the camp  
of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired  
permission to take their last adieu of their deli-  
verers—What a parting! what a scene! they  
crowded with their wives and children about St.  
Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embrac-  
ed, they clung around, they fell prostrate before  
them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and  
the joint clamour of their mourning passed the  
gates of the city, and was heard throughout the  
camp.

At length, St Pierre and his fellow victims  
appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and  
his guard. All the tents of the English were in-  
stantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all  
parts, and arranged themselves on each side to  
behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band  
of patriots as they passed.

They murmured their applause of that virtue  
which they could not but revere even in enemies;  
and they regarded those ropes which they had vol-  
untarily tied about their necks, as ensigns of  
greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the royal pre-  
sence, "Mauny," says the king, "are these the  
principal inhabitants of Calais?"—"They are,"  
says Mauny, "They are not only the principal

men of Calais ; they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."

"Were they delivered peaceably ;" says Edward ; was there no resistance, no commotion among the people ?" Not in the least, my lord. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

The king, who was highly incensed at the length and difficulty of the siege, ordered them to be carried away to immediate execution ; nor could all the remonstrances and intreaties of his courtiers divert him from his cruel purpose.—But what neither a regard to his own interest and honour, what neither the dictates of justice, nor the feelings of humanity could effect, was happily accomplished by the more powerful influence of conjugal affection.

The queen who was then pregnant, being informed of the particulars, respecting the six victims, flew into her husband's presence, threw herself on her knees before him, and with tears in her eyes, besought him not to stain his character with an indellible mark of infamy, by committing such a horrid and barbarous deed.

Edward could refuse nothing to a wife whom he so tenderly loved, and especially in her condition ; and the queen not satisfied with having saved the lives of the six burghers, conducted them to her tent, where she applauded their virtue, regaled them with a plentiful repast, and having made them a present of money and cloathes, sent them back to their fellow citizens.

[In this very-interesting account we have proof enough, if proof were wanting, of the direful effects of war.—Oh War! War! the dreaded, dreadful scourge of foolish sinful man.—Let pre-

sidents, let kings and emperors reflect, how awful the responsibility attached to their high station, let them well consider how much they owe to God and man, and by all honourable and conciliating means seek peace and pursue it.—And may the Olive branch of peace bud and blossom and bear forth fruit, until it fills the whole earth, and there is nothing left to hurt or destroy in all God's holy Mountain.

THE AUTHOR.]

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*Reverend Peard Dickinson's account of the late Lord George Gordon, the supposed Author of the Riots which happened in London, 1780.*

In the latter end of the year 1789, Mr. Wesley, being desirous of knowing something of the real character, and the religious opinions of lord George Gordon, requested me to pay his lordship a visit, he being then confined in Newgate. My friend Mr. Saucé, (late of New York) obligingly accompanied me thither. We were conducted to the felon's side of Newgate, and ascending a considerable number of steps, at length found his lordship in the attic story, in the room formerly occupied by the unfortunate Dr. Dodd.

On knocking at the door, we were presently admitted by a tall gentleman, of a pale and languid aspect and manner. His lordship was dressed in a light drab-coloured surtout, which was much faded and nearly thread-bare. His chin was ornamented with a short, irregular, pointed beard, which gave him a most dejected and plaintive appearance. We apologized for our intrusion, and informed him we had waited upon him with Mr. Wesley's respects, who had

heard, with concern, many things which had been reported, of an unfavorable kind, more especially with respect to his lordship's religious opinions, which he hoped were ill grounded. But we, therefore, should be happy to hear what his real opinions with respect to revealed religion, were. His lordship, who had hitherto appeared to speak with a great deal of caution, now began to throw off all reserve. Having expressed much respect for Mr. Wesley's character, and approbation of the good that he had done in the nation, he began to speak with frankness, and desired me to inform him, that he believed the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, to be of divine original: that our Lord had appeared according to the ancient predictions of the Jewish Prophets, in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, in Judea, and taught mankind the most sublime truths, and the most perfect system of religion and morals: that the circumstances of his doctrine, miracles, life and death, had been faithfully recorded by the Evangelists: that in these, we, as Christians, ought to turn our attention to the example of Christ, which, in his opinion we were scrupulously to follow in every respect, in order to obtain a perfect conformity to him. Thus for instance, as our Lord was born in Judea, and conformed to Jewish customs, opinions and manners, so we were bound to imitate his example in these things. For this reason, added he, I think it right to conform to his example in appearing as a *Jew*, and in maintaining an external conformity to his life and manners. These, Sir, said he, are my real sentiments. We thanked him for the obliging and unreserved manner in which he had communicated them to us. Some miscellaneous conversation afterwards took place, and as we were rising to take leave of him, he



desired me to give his compliments to Mr. Wesley, and to tell him that he should be happy to see him. At the same time he made many apologies for the poor manner in which he was obliged to accommodate those, who did him the honour of calling upon him in his present situation.

We now took our leave, and he politely attended us to the staircase, and then withdrew.— We were not a little gratified by his affability and openness, by which means we had obtained as much information as we wanted. I could not perceive any traits of uncommon eloquence in his conversation, nor any remarkable energy either of thought or sentiment. But much allowance was doubtless to be made for his present situation. I am rather apprehensive, from the best view that I could form of his character, that he sometimes suffered himself to be misled by mistaken notions, and by following any sudden impression or impulse of the mind, without considering the principles from whence such impressions might proceed, or the consequences that might follow. And thus, by a fervour of enthusiasm, he was led to undertake things, which involved himself and others in many calamities.



*Extract of a letter, written by the Rev. Dr. Stenhouse, to the Rev. Mr. Steadman.*

“ I have in my study what I call a *burning-drawer*; with a large capital B fixed upon it, to be a guide to my executors: in which are my own private papers, and the letters of some particular friends; which in order to refresh my memory with I sometimes read, and know not well

how to part with ; though I believe I shall *myself* burn almost every thing in it."

Possibly the Dr. received the hint of a *burning drawer* from the will of Abp. *Tennison*, in which is the following clause.—“ And whereas I have several books and papers in a deal-press marked B, and in a deal-box marked M, I do hereby direct my executors to cause all the said books and papers to be burnt and destroyed within ten days after my decease, and not to suffer any person to look into these or any of those books and papers.”

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FREEDOM.

Tempt me no more. My soul can ne'er comport  
With the gay slav'ries of a court :

I've an aversion to those charms,  
And hug dear Liberty in both mine arms.

Go, vassal souls, go cringe and wait,  
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,  
Then run in troops before him to compose his  
state ;

Move as he moves ; and when he loiters, stand ;  
Ye're but the shadows of a man.

Bend when he speaks ; and kiss the ground ;  
Go, catch th' impertinence of sound ;  
Adore the follies of the great ;  
Wait till he smiles : but lo ! the idol frown'd,  
And drove them to their fate.

Thus base born minds ; but as for me,  
I can and will be free :

Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,  
My soul grows firm upright,  
And as I stand, and as I go,  
It keeps my body so ;

No I can never part with my creation right,  
 Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,  
 I cannot make this iron knee  
 Bend to a meaner pow'r than that which form'd  
 it free.

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd  
 Pindarical ; then on a branchy shade  
 I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid :  
 Nature that listen'd to my strain,  
 Resum'd the theme, and acted it again  
 Sudden rose the whirling wind  
 Swelling like Honorio proud,  
 Around the straws and feathers crowd,  
 Types of a slavish mind ;  
 Upwards the stormy forces rise,  
 The dust flies up and climbs the skies,  
 And as the tempest fell the obedient vapours  
 sunk ;  
 Again it roars with bellowing sound,  
 The meaner plants that grew around,  
 The willow and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the  
 ground :  
 Hard by there stood the iron trunk  
 Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd ;  
 In vain the winds their forces try'd,  
 In vain they roar'd, the iron oak  
 Bow'd only to the heav'nly thunder's stroke.

---

*Happy Frailty.*

- “ How meanly dwells th'immortal mind !  
 “ How vile these bodies are !  
 “ Why was a clod of earth design'd  
 “ To inclose a heav'nly star ?  
 “ Weak cottage where our souls reside !  
 “ This flesh, a tott'ring wall ;

- " With frightful breaches, gaping wide,  
 " The building bends to fall.
- " All round it storms of trouble blow,  
 " And waves of sorrow roll ;  
 " Cold waves and winter storms break thro',  
 " And pain the tenant soul.
- " Alas ! how frail our state !" said I ;  
 And thus went mourning on,  
 'Till sudden from the cleaving sky,  
 A gleam of glory shone.
- My soul felt all the glory come,  
 And breath'd her native air ;  
 Then she remember'd heav'n her home,  
 And she a pris'ner here.
- Straight she began to change her key,  
 And joyful in her pains,  
 She sung the frailty of her clay,  
 In pleasurable strains.
- " How weak's the prison where I dwell !  
 " Flesh but a tott'ring wall,  
 " The breaches cheerfully foretell  
 " The house must shortly fall.
- " No more, my friends, shall I complain,  
 " Though all my heart-strings ache ;  
 " Welcome disease, and every pain,  
 " That makes the cottage shake.
- " Now let the tempest blow all round,  
 " Now swell the surges high,  
 " And beat this house of bondage down,  
 " 'To let the stranger fly.
- " I have a mansion built above,  
 " By the eternal hand ;  
 " And should the earth's old basis move,  
 " My heav'nly house must stand.

" Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,  
 " (I long to see the God)  
 " And his immortal strength sustains,  
 " The courts that cost him blood."

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls :  
 " I come, my Lord, my love :"  
 Devotion breaks the prison walls,  
 And speeds my last remove.

---

#### THE EXCELLENCY OF LEARNING.

It will be allowed by all, that the great purpose of education is to form the man and the citizen, that he may be virtuous, happy in himself, and useful to society. To attain this end, his education should begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrive at firmness and maturity of mind, as well as of body. Sincerity, truth, justice, and humanity, are to be cultivated from the first dawns of memory and observation. As the powers of these increase, the genius and disposition unfold themselves ; it then becomes necessary to check, in the bud, every propensity to folly or vice ; to root out every mean, selfish and ungenerous sentiment ; to warm and animate the heart in the pursuit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto discovered no surer method of giving right impressions to young minds, than by frequently exhibiting to them those bright examples which history affords, and, by that means, inspiring them with those sentiments of public and private virtue which breathe in the writings of the sages of antiquity.

In this view, I have ever considered the acquisition of the dead languages as a most import-

ant branch in the education of a gentleman. Not to mention that the slowness with which he acquires them, prevents his memory from being loaded with facts faster than his growing reason can compare and distinguish, he becomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of ancient times ; he admires their justice, temperance, fortitude, and public spirit, and burns with desire to imitate them. The impressions these have made, and the restraints to which he has been accustomed, serve as a check to the many tumultuous passions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to controul. Every victory he obtains over himself serves as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes sensible of his weakness, which, at the same time that it teaches him moderation, and forgiveness to others, shews the necessity of keeping a stricter watch over his own actions. During these combats, his reasoning faculties expand, his judgment strengthens, and, while he becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himself in the practice of virtue.

A man thus educated, enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accustomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the strength of virtue and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their source, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himself of the wisdom and experience of past ages.

---

*Remonstrance to Winter.*

Ah ! why, unfeeling Winter ! why  
Still flags thy torpid wing ?

Fly, melancholy Season fly,  
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring,—the young cherubim of love,  
An exile in disgrace,—  
Flits o'er the scene like Noah's Dove,  
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,  
Alights her airy form,  
Cold blow the winds—and dark and bleak  
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair,  
For shelter and defence,  
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,  
And drives her weeping thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,  
Of her unmindful grown,  
Feels the chill magic of thy look,  
And lingers into stone.

She woos her embryo-flowers in vain,  
To rear their infant heads ;—  
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain  
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand,  
Their green luxuriant charms :  
Bare in the wilderness they stand,  
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,  
Lament thy long delay :  
And strain their little stammering throats,  
To charm thy blasts away.

Ah, Winter ! calm thy cruel rage,  
Release the struggling year ;  
Thy power is past, decrepid Sage !  
Arise and disappear.

The stars that grac'd thy splendid night  
 Are lost in warmer rays ;  
 The Sun, rejoicing in his might,  
 Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping Winter, why  
 Still flags thy frozen wing ?  
 Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—  
 And yield the year to Spring,

---

*Reflections on Genius Unnoticed and Unknown.*

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest.

GRAY

Nothing has a greater tendency to elevate and affect the heart than the reflection upon those personages who have performed a distinguished part on the theatre of life, whose actions were attended with important consequences to the world around them, or whose writings have animated or instructed mankind. The thought that they are now no more, that their ashes are mingled with those of the meanest and most worthless, affords a subject of contemplation, which, however melancholy, the mind, in a moment of pensiveness, may feel a secret sort of delight to indulge. "Tell her," says Hamlet, "that she may paint an inch thick ; yet to this she must come at last."

When Xerxes, at the head of his numerous army, saw all his troops ranged in order before him, he burst into tears at the thought, that, in a short time, they would be swept from the face of the earth, and be removed to give place to those who would fill other armies, and rank under other generals.

Something of what Xerxes felt, from the consideration that those who then were, should cease



to be, it is equally natural to feel from the reflection, that all who have formerly lived have ceased to live, and that nothing more remains than the memory of a very few who have left some memorial which keeps alive their names, and the fame with which those names are accompanied.

But serious as these reflections may be, it is not so deep as the thought, that even of those persons who were possessed of talents for distinguishing themselves in the world, for having their memories handed down from age to age, much the greater part, it is likely, from hard necessity, or by some of the various fatal accidents of life, have been excluded from the possibility of exerting themselves, or of being useful either to those who lived in the same age, or to posterity. Poverty in many, and "disastrous chance" in others, have chilled the "genial current of the soul," and numbers have been cut off by premature death in the midst of project and ambition. How many have there been in the ages that are past, how many may exist at this present moment, who, with all the talents fitted to shine in the world, to guide or to instruct it, may, by some secret misfortune, have had their minds depressed, or the fire of their genius extinguished.

I have been led into these reflections from the perusal of a small volume of poems which happens now to lie before me, which, though possessed of considerable merit, and composed in this country, are, I believe very little known. In a well-written preface, the reader is told, that most of them are the productions of Michael Bruce; that this Michael Bruce was born in a remote village in Kinross-shire, and descended from parents remarkable for nothing

but the innocence and simplicity of their lives : that, in the twenty-first year of his age, he was seized with a consumption, which put an end to his life.

Nothing, methinks, has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the consideration of genius thus depressed by situation, suffered to pine in obscurity and sometimes, as in the case of this unfortunate young man, to perish, it may be, for want of those comforts and conveniences which might have fostered a delicacy of frame or of mind, ill-calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my part, I never pass the place, (a little hamlet, skirted with a circle of old ash-trees, about three miles this side of Kinross) where Michael Bruce resided ; I never look on his dwelling—a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a sashed window at the end, instead of a lattice, fringed with a honeysuckle plant, which the poor youth had trained around it ;—I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily ; and looking on the window, which the honeysuckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion ; I wish, and my heart swells whilst I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy.—I cannot carry my readers thither ; but, that they may share some of my feelings, I will present them with an extract from the last poem in the little volume before me, which, from it's subject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

A young man of genius, in a deep consumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himself

Every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting; but how much must every feeling on the occasion be heightened, when we know that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate but even to write a poem on the subject!

In the French language there is a much-admired poem of the Abbe de Chaulieu, written in expectation of his own death, to the Marquis de la Ferre, lamenting his approaching separation from his friend. Michael Bruce, who it is probable, never heard of the Abbe de Chaulieu, has also written a poem on his own approaching death; with the latter part of which I shall conclude this paper.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns  
 The vernal joys my better days have known:  
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
 And all the joys of life with health are flown,  
 Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,  
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,  
 And count the silent moments as they pass.  
 The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest;  
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.  
 Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;  
 And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true.  
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu.  
 I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;  
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore.

1 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,  
 2 Which mortals visit, and return no more.  
 3 Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !  
 4 Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,  
 5 Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
 6 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless  
 7 ground.

1 There let me wander at the close of eve,  
 2 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes ;  
 3 The world and all it's busy follies leave,  
 4 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

1 There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,  
 2 When death shall shut these weary aching  
 3 eyes,  
 4 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
 5 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn  
 6 arise.



*The following compliment, from an elegant poet  
 of the present day, was most respectfully of-  
 fered to JOHN WESLEY.*

O I have seen, (nor hope perhaps in vain,  
 Ere life go down, to see such sights again)  
 A vet'ran warrior in the christian field,  
 Who never saw the sword he could not wield :  
 Grave, without dullness, learned without pride,  
 Exact, yet not precise, thought meek, keen-  
 ey'd ;

A man that could have foil'd at their own play,  
 A dozen would-be's of the modern day ;  
 Who when occasion justified it's use,  
 Had wit as bright as ready to produce—  
 Could fetch from records of an earlier age,  
 Or from Philosophy's enlighten'd page

His rich materials, and regale your ear,  
 With strains it was a privilege to hear.  
 Yet above all, his luxury supreme,  
 And his chief glory was the Gospel theme ;  
 There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,  
 His happy eloquence seem'd there at home.  
 Ambitious not to shine or to excel,  
 But to treat justly what he lov'd so well.



*Elegy sacred to the memory of HENRY FRANCIS DUNCAN, of Edinburgh.*

If rising virtue claims the poet's tear,  
 If worth, if genius call forth pity's sigh,  
 Who will not weep o'er Henry's youthful bier,  
 Who will not grieve that worth like his should die !

Too short thy days, for fate, alas ! decreed,  
 That spring's fair blossoms soon should charn  
 no more,

That fondest parents soon, too soon should bleed,  
 With poignant anguish and affliction sore.

But parents cease to mourn your lovely boy,  
 Now snatch'd from trouble, care, and anxious  
 pain ;

To those bright mansions of immortal joy,  
 Where bliss supreme shall never-ending reign.

Sweet youth farewell—yet long we'll mourn thy  
 doom,

Long kindle incense at affection's shrine ;  
 And oft will wander to thy early tomb,  
 And oft in sorrow read this mournful line.

“ Here Henry rests, a youth belov'd by all,  
 His parents' hope amid declining years ;”

More would I say, but sacred friendship's call,  
Demands the tribute of my bursting tears.

VIRGINIENSIS.



*An account of the great Earthquake in Jamaica, 1692.*

Of the great earthquake at Port-Royal in Jamaica, an eye-witness writes thus. It happened on July 7, 1692, just before noon, and in the space of 2 minutes, shook down and drowned nine tenths of the town. The houses sunk outright thirty or forty fathom. The earth opened and swallowed up the people in one street, and threw them up in another: some rose in the middle of the harbor. While the houses on one side of a street were swallowed up, those on the other side were thrown on heaps. The sand in the street rising like waves in the sea, lifted up every one that stood upon it; then suddenly sinking into pits, the water broke out and rolled them over and over. Sloops and ships in the harbour were overset and lost: the Swan Frigate was driven over the tops of many houses. All this was attended with a hollow rumbling noise. In less than a minute, three quarters of the houses, with their inhabitants, were all sunk under water; and the little part which remained was no better than a heap of rubbish. The shock threw people down on their knees, or their faces, as they ran about to look for shelter. Several houses which were left standing, were removed some yards out of their places. One whole street was made twice as broad as before. In many places the earth cracked, opened and shut with a motion quick and fast; and two or three hundred of these openings might be seen at a time.—

In some of these, people were swallowed up, in others caught by the middle and pressed to death. In others, the heads of men only appeared, in which condition dogs came and ate them. Out of some of these openings whole rivers of water spouted up a prodigious height; and out of all the wells the water flew with a surprising violence. The whole was attended with a noisome stench, and the noise of falling mountains at a distance, while the sky in a minute's time turned dull and reddish like a glowing oven. And yet more houses were left standing at Port Royal, than in all the island besides. Scarce a planter's house or sugar work was left throughout all Jamaica. A great part of them was swallowed up; frequently houses, people and trees at one gap, in the room of which there afterwards appeared a large pool of water. This when dried up discovered nothing but sand, without any mark that house or tree had been there. Two thousand people lost their lives; had it been in the night few would have escaped. A thousand acres of land were sunk; one plantation was removed half a mile from it's place. Yet the shocks were most violent among the mountains. Not far from Yall house, part of a mountain, after it had made several leaps, overwhelmed a whole family, and great part of a plantation, though a mile distant. A large mountain, near Port Morant, about a day's journey over, was quite swallowed up, and in the place where it stood, remained a lake four or five leagues over. Vast pieces of mountains, with all the trees thereon, falling together in a confused manner, stopped up most of the rivers, till swelling abroad, they made themselves new channels, tearing up every thing that opposed their passage, carrying with them into the sea, such prodigious quantities of timber that they

seemed like moving islands. In Liguania, the sea retiring from the land, left the ground dry for two or three hundred yards. But it returned in a minute or two, and overflowed a great part of the shore. Those who escaped from the town got on board the ships in the harbor, where many continued two months, the shocks all the time being so violent that they durst not come on shore. The noisome vapours occasioned a general sickness, which swept away three thousand of those that were left.

The following account of this memorable event is given by the Rector of Port Royal :

On Wednesday, June 7, I had been reading prayers, (which I have read every day since I came to Port Royal, to keep up some show of religion, among a most ungodly people) and was gone to the President of the Council. We had scarce dined when I felt the ground heave and roll under me. I said, " Sir, what is this ?" He replied composedly, " It is an earthquake. Be not afraid ; it will soon be over." But it increased more and more, and presently we heard the church and the tower fall. Upon this we ran to save ourselves ; I quickly lost him, and ran towards Morgan's Fort, as that was a wide open place, and secure from the falling of houses. As I ran, I saw the earth open and swallow up multitudes of people, and the sea mounting over the fortifications. I then laid aside all thought of escape, and went homeward to meet death in as good a posture as I could. I was forced to go through two or three narrow streets, the houses fell on each side of me. Some bricks came rolling over my shoes, but none hurt me. When I came to my lodging, I found all things in the same order that I left them. I went to the balcony, and saw that no houses in our street were



tallen. The people seeing me, cried to :  
 come and pray with them. When I came  
 the street, every one laid hold of my clo  
 and embraced me. I desired them to kneel  
 in a ring and prayed with them near an hou  
 I was almost spent between the exercise and  
 of the sun. They then brought me a chain  
 earth working all the time like the rolling c  
 sea, insomuch that while I was at praye  
 could hardly keep on my knees. By the t  
 had been half an hour longer with them, i  
 ting their sins before them, and exhorting  
 to repentance, some merchants came and de  
 me to go on board one of the ships in the  
 bour. From the top of some houses whic  
 level with the water, I got into a boat, and  
 on board the Siam Merchant. The day  
 this happened was exceedingly clear and aff  
 no suspicion of evil. But about half an hou  
 eleven, in less than three minutes, Port R  
 one of the fairest towns in the English pl  
 tions, was shattered in pieces, and left a d  
 ful monument of the justice of God.

About ten years after the town was rebu  
 terrible fire laid it in ashes. Yet they rebuilt it  
 more. But in the year 1722, a hurricane r  
 ed it a third time to a heap of rubbish. Wa  
 by these extraordinary calamities, which s  
 ed to mark it out a devoted spot, they rem  
 the public offices from thence, and forbade  
 market to be held there for the future.



KIRKSDALE ABBEY.

*A Poem, by C. C.*

See how the sharp corroding tooth of time  
 Hath rent these massy walls! the stones  
 solve;

And, like the feeble sinews of old age,  
Relax, and shrink, and crumble to the ground.

Ah me! shall ruthless Time's devouring pow'r  
Thus bow the firmest works of busy man?

'Tis even so. Yea, lastly, he himself,  
The great projector of these haughty piles,  
With all his riches, honours, and renown,  
Hides his poor head in dust—and is no more.

Come then, my friends, upon a surer base,  
Let's build such pleasures as will ne'er decay—  
Such, as in endless youthful beauty shine  
When life's gay dream (like to a tale that's told,  
Is past, and in oblivion's shade forgot.  
Safe on that rock, which rears it's noble head,  
Beyond mutation's stroke, and every foe,  
Let's build our heav'nly house—a house wherein  
No moth, nor rust, nor thief, nor time, nor  
death,

Can e'er approach it's treasures to annoy.

Now in your bloom, and health, and smiling  
years,

The golden season grasp—now lay up store  
In fairest mansions of celestial peace;  
So, when this earthly transient scene is o'er,  
Bright cherub angels, natives of that land,  
Shall lead you, raptur'd, to your radiant home,  
Where all the myriads of the ransom'd throng,  
Shall hail you welcome to the mount of bliss;  
There God's unsullied light, and life, and love,  
In one incessant glory's blaze shall crown  
Our souls with joy, and everlasting rest,  
Beyond what man, or angels' tongue can name,  
Or largest stretch of human heart desire.

N. B. The above lines were addressed, upon  
the spot, to a company of young persons, whilst  
viewing the ruins of that place near Leeds, in  
Yorkshire, on July 16, 1771.

*The Dying Christian.*

His steady eye surveys the happy shore,  
Where grief, and pain, and sickness are no  
more ;

He counts the mighty ransom that was given  
'To waft the sinner's soul in peace to heaven—  
Dwells on the promis'd bliss to lost mankind,  
While praise exalted fills his humble mind—  
Not to himself, but to his Saviour flies,  
And in his boundless love exulting dies.

*The Orphan Boy's Tale.*

Stay Lady ! stay for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,  
Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake ;  
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy ;  
But in the Nile's proud fight he dy'd,  
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child ! how pleased was I,  
When news of Nelson's victory came,  
Along the crouded streets to fly,  
And see the lighted windows flame.

To force me home my mother sought—  
She could not bear to see my joy,  
For with my father's life 'twas bought,  
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud ;  
My mother shuddering clos'd her ears—  
" Rejoice, rejoice," still cry'd the crowd—  
My mother answer'd with her tears.

Oh! why do tears steal down your cheek,  
 Cry'd I, "while others shout with joy;"  
 She kiss'd me and in accents weak,  
 She call'd me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy," I said,  
 When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,  
 And her eyes clos'd—I shriek'd for aid,  
 But ah! her eyes were clos'd in death.

My hardships since I will not tell,  
 But now no more a parent's joy,  
 Ah! Lady I have learnt too well,  
 What 'tis to be an orphan boy.

Oh were I by your bounty fed!  
 Nay, gentle lady do not chide,  
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—  
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.

Lady you weep, what is't you say,  
 You'll give me cloathing, food, employ:  
 Look down dear parents, look and see,  
 Your happy, happy orphan boy.

*Mrs. Opie.*

---

### *Hals the Painter.*

Haerlem has given birth to several eminent painters, particularly Bergham, Wouwermans, Ostade and Ruysdael, all of them very celebrated artists. Hals also, though he was born at Malinés, in Flanders, having fixed his residence in this place, it's inhabitants are proud of owning him for a citizen; and the celebrity of this painter proved the means of attracting Vandyke hither on his way to England, where he had been invited by Charles the First. Wishing to be unknown on his arrival, Vandyke employed a stra-

tagem to seduce Hals from an alehouse, where it was his custom to pass away much of his time in low company, and spend all the money his profession enabled him to realise. A pressing invitation from a stranger of distinction, who wished to have his portrait finished at one sitting, was accordingly sent to him ; but it was with difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to quit his much lov'd liquor and company. At length he complied with the message, and was introduced to Vandyke ; who suffered no expression to escape him that might lead to a discovery. Hals commenced his business, and worked in his best manner ; the stranger also appeared to be greatly delighted, and declared how much he should like to possess a talent which produced such beautiful effects, and did not appear to him to be of very difficult attainment. He then took the pencil and began to sketch a subject. His mode of proceeding soon made Hals entertain doubts as to the quality of his guest, and he exhibited, as he felt, the utmost astonishment, when he beheld a most masterly sketch of himself, finished by the hand of his distinguished visitor : he suddenly exclaimed, ' You are Vandyke ! for no other man could have produced such a portrait.'—As he pronounced these words, he threw himself on that great painter's neck, and remained for some time absorbed in speechless wonder and delight.

---

*For a Lady's Sampler.*

Jesus permit thy gracious name to stand,  
 As the first effort of an infant hand ;  
 And while her fingers o'er this canvass move,  
 Engage her tender heart to seek thy love ;  
 With thy dear children, let her share a part,  
 And write thy name thyself upon her heart.

## INDEX.

Preface,	1
Introduction,	4
Education, and it's Advantages,	5
Patriotism a Virtue,	6
The Russian Peasant,	19
The Cheapside Apprentice,	20
Lines written by the King of Prussia,	21
Extract from an Oration by Mr. Verplank of New York,	24
Reasons for the use of the Phrase "Let us Pray,"	25
Reasons for the perpetuity of the American Republic,	26
Hints to persons who come late to worship,	ib.
A Serious Repartee,	27
Lines on the Death of an Infant,	28
Advice to Young Ladies,	30
Lions born in Paris and London,	32
Hassan, or the Camel Driver,	33
The Good Child,	35
Observations on Oriental Eclogues,	36
The Sweet Briar,	50
Singularities of J. Howard the Philanthropist,	ib.
Eloquence,	51
Early Genius,	55
Comparison between the Gospel of Christ and the Koran of Mahomet by Dr. Porteus, late Bishop of London,	ib.
Curious Tradition,	58
Ancestry,	60
The Pupil's Address to his School Companions,	62
Erskine's Defence of Christianity,	68
Extract from the Speech of Clement Caines, Esq. on the Slave Trade,	69
A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Dodd,	71
Sir Isaac Newton's View of the Woes that would come upon Europe,	78
The Magnitude of our Globe,	80
Beauties of Wales,	ib.
Character of Mr. Fox by R. B. Sheridan, Esq.	84
Lines by the Dutchess of Devonshire on Mr. Fox,	85
Extract from the Oration of Joel Barlow on the 4th of July, 1809,	88
Magnanimity,	88
The Laplanders,	89
Comparison between Alfred the Great and Washington the Great,	89
Conclusion of the Rev. Mr. Knox's Oration on the death of General Washington,	89

An Oration on Duelling, Addressed to the Ladies,	92
The aged Beggar to the Young Lady,	94
London,	95
Bath,	ib.
Constantinople,	96
Dublin and the Hospitality of the Irish,	99
Politeness,	105
Little Grievs Speak, Great Grievs are Dumb,	ib.
Tully's Glimpse of Heaven,	106
The Faithful American Dog,	ib.
Calcutta,	108
Madras,	110
Quadrupeds of India,	113
Cicero's Maxims,	115
Peter Walking on the Sea,	116
On Defamation,	ib.
The Grand Artificer,	118
Sonnet on a beautiful Starry Night,	123
The Great Catastrophe,	ib.
On the Influence of Innocence and Honour,	127
Remedy to Pacify an Angry Husband,	129
Elegantly drawn Character of General Washington,	130
Expedition across the Valley of Ice in the Glacier of Montanvert,	135
Of Pearls, Diamonds, Rings, and Seals,	139
Of the Trial of the Dead,	141
Curious Description of an Edinburgh Inn,	ib.
Of the Pastoral Poetry of Pope, Phillips, Shenstone, and Allan Ramsey,	144
Of Thompson, Parnell, Akenside and Armstrong,	148
Of Hammond and Gray,	151
Of Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, Hume, and Robertson,	152
Speeches for and against Captain Smith,	153
Character of Charlemagne,	155
A New Office of Initiation for all Youths of the Supe- rior Class,	158
Dialogue between two Seamen after a Storm,	159
Burnet on Leighton,	162
Debate between Messrs. Henry, Madison and Innis	163
Manner of Travelling in Lapland,	168
The Nature of the Turkish Government, and the Grand Signior's Procession to the Mosque,	171
The Persons and Manners of the Turkish Ladies,	173
Poetic Introduction at an Exhibition,	176
On the Invention of Water Clocks,	177
Debate between Mr. Fox, Gen. Tarleton, Sir William Young, and Mr. Wilberforce, on the Abolition of the Slave Trade,	178

Description of Pompey's Pillar in the Neighbourhood of Alexandria, in Egypt, and an Anecdote of some English Sea officers there,	185
Duke of Marlborough's Letter,	188
Soliloquy at the Grave of a Father, by a Young Lady of Baltimore,	189
Letter from E. Collinson, jun. Esq. to Mr. Kingston,	191
Lines Addressed to General Washington,	193
An Affectionate Address to Parents,	194
Christ, the Great Subject of the Scriptures,	195
Mr. Burke's Character of Lord Chatham,	196
Rural Solitude,	198
The Substance of a Charge delivered by the Lord Arch- bishop of Armagh,	200
The Navigator and the Merchant,	202
Description of Heaven,	ib.
Anecdote of a Sailor,	203
General Washington's Confidential Letter,	208
Sir Walter Raleigh's Giants,	209
Oration on Benevolence,	210
The Folly of Complaining,	213
Men of Merit Seldom Rewarded,	ib.
Anecdote of Hogarth the Painter,	214
Beauty of Person and Amiability of Mind,	215
On Perseverance,	216
On Missions,	ib.
A Missionary Hymn,	ib.
The Origin of Duelling,	218
Very Interesting Debate on Duelling,	ib.
On Viewing the Vale and City of Nicæa at Sunrise,	222
Letter from a Gentleman in Maryland, to his brother, on his entrance at College,	225
Erskine and Freeport,	227
Stanzas on a View of Athens,	228
The Earl of Buchan's Letter,	231
Lambert, the English Giant,	ib.
Ardent Spirits,	232
On Marriage,	235
Dr. Buchan on the Nursery,	ib.
Christmas Hymn,	236
Why Lift the Hat,	238
Lines on the Children of Israel's Passage,	ib.
Curran's Speech on the Trial of Hamilton Rowan, Esq. for a Libel,	ib.
Curran's Remarks on the Patriot Muir, who was trans- ported for Sedition,	240
On Old Prejudices,	241
On Uniformity of Sentiment,	242



Great Men not always Great Speakers,	119
Academic Flattery,	ib.
Religion,	243
Boston,	245
New York,	247
Philadelphia,	249
Baltimore,	252
Washington,	253
Charleston,	254
Poetic Comment on "Fools make a Mock at Sin,"	256
Death of the Duke of Buckingham,	257
The Unfortunate Female,	258
Genuine Patriotism,	260
Rev. Peard Dickinson's account of the Late Lord George Gordon,	266
Extract of a letter from the Rev. Dr. Stonhouse, to the Rev. Mr. Steadman,	268
Freedom,	269
Happy Frailty,	270
The Excellency of Learning,	272
Remonstrance to Winter,	273
Reflections on Genius Unnoticed and Unknown,	275
Lines on the Rev. John Wesley,	279
Elegy on Henry Francis Duncan,	280
Account of the Great Earthquake in Jamaica,	281
Kirkdale Abbey,	284
The Dying Christian,	286
The Orphan Boy's Tale,	ib.
Hals the Painter,	287
For a Lady's Sampler,	294

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